FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

AUDUBON'S WILLOW PTARMIGAN.

WE give to-day in the series of Audubon reproductions the portrait of the Willow Ptarmigan, with the chapter from the Biography descriptive of the bird.

This ptarmigan is hardly known as a game bird outside of Newfoundland, where it is commonly pursued with dog and gun and is known as "partridge." It occurs in one form or another in Labrador, northern Maine and in the British Possessions generally, but as a bird for the sportsman is but little hunted except in the island mentioned. The Nova Scotia Game Society members are contemplating an attempt to introduce the willow ptarmigan into their country.

Beautiful as is the plate of the willow ptarmigan, it of course can give no idea of the rich and vivid coloring of the birds and the surroundings of their summer home. The enlarged comb of the male in the breeding season is bright crimson; the feathers on the side of his neck are rich reddish brown or rufous, the back feathers are dark orange brown barred with black and tipped with gray. The colors of the female are more modest, as becomes her sex, being tawny barred with black. The hen and her chicks are resting on a rock covered with gray green lichen, and the green barren sweeps away toward the sky. Near the birds grows the plant known as Labrador tea, and in the lower left hand corner of the foreground are some wild peas. Among the many beautiful plates of this great work this is one of the most charming—a picture of bird life at home.

THE FOREST AND STREAM'S reproductions of Audubon bird portraits in half-tone from the rare first edition are as follows, with dates of those already printed:

BLACK DUCK, Sept. 26, 1896.
PRAIRIE CHICKEN, Oct. 24.
CANVASBACK DUCK, Nov. 21.
WILLOW PTARMIGAN, Dec. 19
AMERICAN GOLDEN PLOVER, Jan. 23, 1897
SHOVELLER DUCK.
REDHEAD DUCK.
PURPLE SANDPIPER.

It has already been told that there are some of the original Audubon copper plates still preserved in museums and elsewhere. Miss M. R. Audubon sends us this interesting note of some others, from her father's journal: "On July 19, 1845, the copper plates were greatly injured in a fire in Beaver street, though not destroyed. They are, however, in such a condition that it is doubtful whether they can ever be used."

Of these Miss Audubon writes: "They were sold by my grandmother, Mrs. J. J. Audubon, many years later. Two, the Snow Goose and the Great White Heron, are in my possession, having been given me by an utter stranger, who most liberally sent them to me, hearing I regretted owning none. This gentleman (whose name I withhold at his request) has a number set in the walls of his dining room. He wrote to me that his father bought them at a sale of old copper some years ago. Besides these and those owned by the museums there are a number of odd ones owned by different persons, of which I hear from time to time."

THE HAZARD OF THE FIELD.

WITH each recurring season, when shooters go afield and afloat in pursuit of game, accidents happen from the use of shotgun and rifle, and then betimes there come to the public reports of maiming or death accidentally inflicted by the use of such firearms. These accidents may be such as neither forethought nor prudence could guard against, yet they are almost invariably accredited to the criminal carelessness of the offending individual, or to his stupidity.

As the public sees such misfortunes, there is nothing to palliate, nothing to condone, nothing to excuse them. Let an accident happen as it may, if done with a gun, nearly everyone will consider that the man causing it is an unpardonable offender, and the prejudgments of it are tenaciously held against him. The man who caused the accident may be grief-stricken and overwhelmed at the injury or death of his friend or his victim, and would gladly take all the misfortune on himself could he do so. The accident might be such as would have happened to anyone else under the same circumstances, nevertheless many of the men who can write exhaust their stock of invectives in publicly denouncing him; others declaim with self-righteous vehemence against him; and all these self-constituted censors may be many miles from the scene of the misfortune and know nothing of its circumstances except what they gather from rumor. As an accident with the gun or rifle is more or less sensational, many men consider it a fit subject for venting their splenetic utterances, though unconscious of the Pharisaical implication which pervades their words, and indifferent to the fact that their information is seldom full enough to warrant even a just opinion in private.

Accidents in other vocations and avocations may happen and do happen every day. They are inseparable from life. The public, by observing that they are beyond the power of man to prevent, have come to accept them as a mournful matter of course,

Society guards against the accidents of life as much as possible, and, failing betimes, exercises its sympathy and care for the unfortunates; and he who caused the injury, if blameless, is sympathized with as one suffering from a grievous misfortune himself. He who would take it upon himself furiously and indignantly to inveigh against the ordinary accidents of life would draw but little attention to his own excellence by such means.

But accidents from the use of guns have come to be considered a lawful subject for the disposal of such ill-tempered sayings as are not available at other times. These accidents are seemingly considered as special accidents, differing from other accidents. There are thousands of mechanisms in the industrial world which day by day swell the numbers of those who have passed away, and of those who go through life maimed in body, broken in spirit and incapacitated for life's struggles, yet, as these mechanisms are not made for the special purpose of killing, any accident caused by their use is disassociated from such idea.

But guns are made specially for killing purposes, and though they may be used ever so legitimately in sport, an accident from their use nearly always is considered as the outcome of carelessness or negligence. The public is slow to learn that there will always be a certain percentage of accidents in the use of guns as there will be in the use of all mechanisms which have to deal with high powers, whether of horses in harness, steam in boilers or other steam appliances, electricity in wires and motors, etc. Each peculiar force has its list of victims, ever increasing. What is true of the forces employed in the industrial world will be equally true of the forces used in the pursuit of game.

There will be accidents which no care and forethought can prevent. In the industrial occupations of life men are taught carefully, yet with all the knowledge and skill derived from teaching and experience serious accidents happen. In sport with the gun many men have but a day or two each year, or but a few days at most; therefore it is not at all strange that they are awkward and at times thoughtless in the handling of firearms

The self-taught individual rarely thinks of his gun as being a dangerous weapon till he prepares to fire. He carries it full-cock on his shoulder, bearing with deadly menace on whoever may be walking behind him; or resting it on his forearm and pointing it forward, to bear on whatever may be before him, whether the same be man or dog. He is the man who pulls, muzzle first, his gun from the rear end of the wagon, or through a fence after he has crossed it, and something catching the trigger the gun is discharged and he is shot. Such a man as he rests on the muzzle of his cocked gun, hand on muzzle and both under armpit—a dog jumps up on him and touches the trigger and again the same old accident occurs Or he carries the loaded gun in the wagon, takes it in hand to alight, slips and again there is a tragedy. And nearly all these occur from thoughtlessness or ignorance, the result of a narrow personal experience, or neglect to learn from the writings of men of full knowledge, or from careless habit continued from careless beginnings.

No man, be his experience great or small, can consider that he is handling his gun correctly if there is a possibility that from his imperfect manner of manipulating it he puts any of his fellows in danger. He should persist in carrying his gun muzzle upward or downward at angles which preclude all possibility of danger, and this till the discipline becomes so fixed that it becomes habit. He should never take a loaded gun into a wagon, nor leave it out of his hands with a load in it. If he sets down his gun it is often unexpectedly picked up by some meddlesome and perhaps ignorant interloper who is curious to understand its mechanism and to try its workings. As a general rule, when among strangers it is a safe presumption that if the owner of a gun wishes one to examine it he will ask him to do so; till he does so it will be a safe course to let it alone.

From a standpoint of safety, the precautions necessary may be summed up in a few words: No shooter should place his gun with the muzzle pointing toward himself or anyone else. He should never carry a loaded gun in a wagon; never cross a fence, or other obstruction where a fall is possible, without first putting his gun at half cock or at safety, or, if need be, removing the cartridges; and he should never put his gun out of his hands without first removing the cartridges when people are about.

When he hears of an accident he should forbear saying "I told you so," and as for his opinion thereon he should consider that it is all bad enough without adding his disapproving opinion to it. He may look back in his own experience and find a time when such an accident was possible to himself, a time when he was ignorant of proper methods, but when fortunately no accident happened to him, and instead of vituperating the offenders he should consider that there may be those deserving of sympathy as well as much to deplore.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

A RICH treat is in store for those whose good fortune it shall be to sit down in a cozy corner with the Christmas Number of the FOREST AND STREAM, which will be that of next week, dated Dec. 26 Here are some of the titles:

A CAMP GHOST STORY. By G W M

THE BARON AND THE WOLVES By Ernest Seton Thompson. With illustrations by the author.

STORIES OF AN HEROIC AGE—CHARLEY REYNOLDS. By George Bird Grinnell.

HOLLAND—CONCLUSION. By S. T. Hammond.

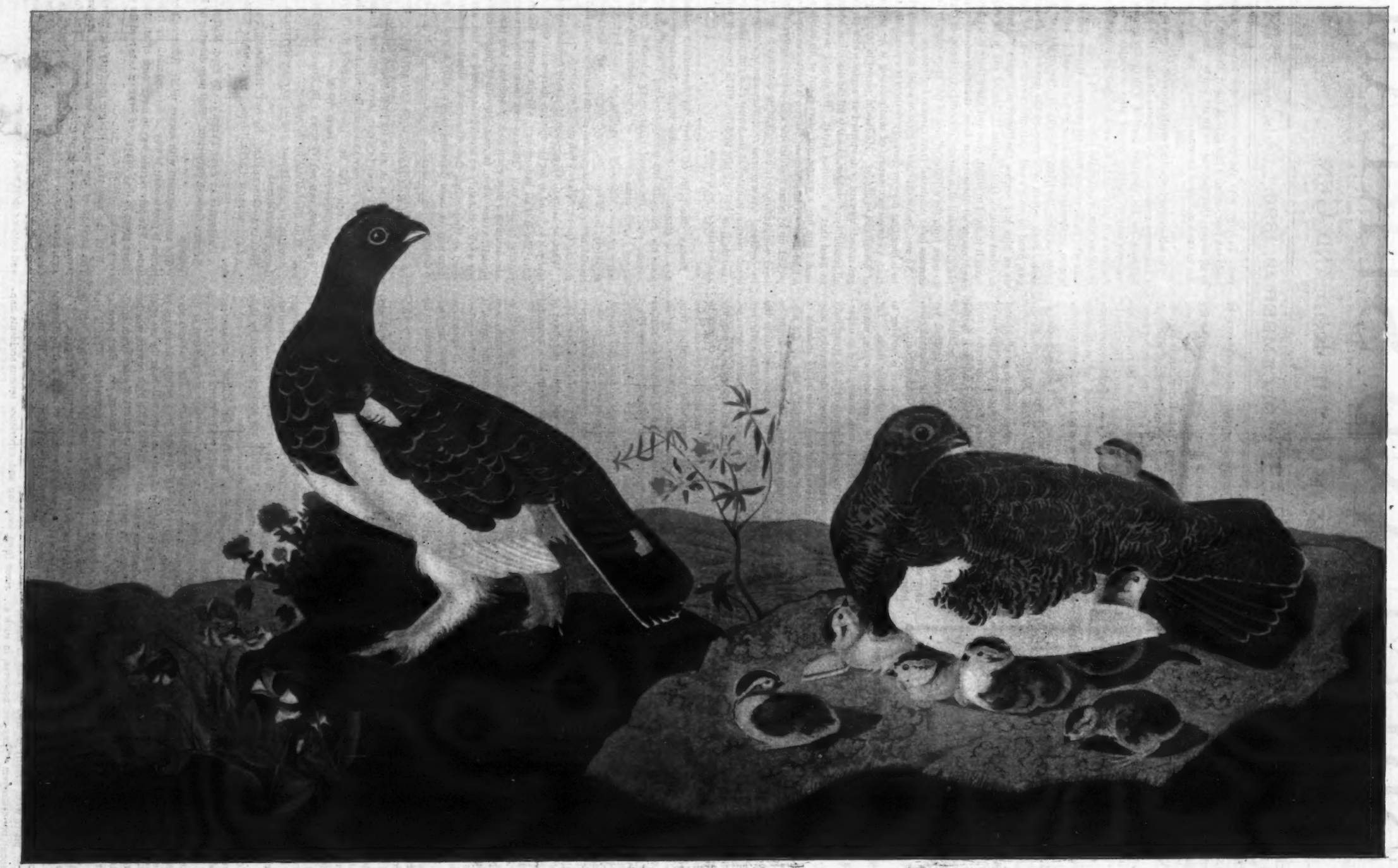
A LETTER FROM UNCLE LISHA. By Rowland E. Robinson.

A CHRISTMAS AT PORT TYLER'S. By Fred. Mather.

RUFFED GHOUSE SHOOTING. Full-page drawing by Edm. Osthaus.

The announcement with respect to Mr. Robinson's contribution is provisional; it may be deferred until the following issue. The only certain way to make sure of all the good things given in the FOREST AND STREAM is to read the paper every week.

With the new year will begin the forty-eighth volume. The prestige of the paper as the American sportsman's favorite journal will be maintained in 1897. The FOREST AND STREAM will be as interesting, as instructive, as helpful, as of old. It will contend not less sturdily for the protection and advancement of the interests of field and stream, and outdoor sport with rod and gun.



AUDUBON'S PORTRAIT OF THE WILLOW PTARMIGAN.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HUNTING IN GREENLAND.

I SUPPOSE when I tell my reader that the deer hunt I am going to describe was not crowned with success, and that our efforts were useless, he will drop this article with disgust and look for something more ideal. But this particular hunt was so unique in a way off there in Greenland, so surrounded by peculiar conditions, that I think it will not fail to be of some interest, especially to him who has the true sporting instinct, and appreciates as only the hunter can the hardships and trials of the chase.

Again I want my reader to understand that he is not reading fiction, but a true account of actual adventure that four of us went through last summer. Were it fiction it would not have had such a miserable ending, and our party would have returned to camp with all the meat and heads they could carry.

The great Nugsuak Peninsula is a body of land situated on the west coast of Greenland, well up in the latitude of 71°. It is some hundred miles long and fifty wide, and extends from the great inland ice in a northwesterly direction to Baffin's Bay. The interior of this peninsula is but little known, and as far as I could ascertain from the Danes living in that locality we were the only white men who had gone over the ground. Bounded on three sides by fiords five to ten miles wide, laden with icebergs, and on the fourth by the impenetrable ice sheet, it rises abruptly to an average elevation of 4,000ft., where there extends a field of perpetual snow forcing itself out between the mountain peaks and down their sides in the form of glaciers. And such was the general character of the country in which we hunted deer.

We, that is John Phillips, myself and two Eskimos, Thui and Johnathan by name, made the party. Phillips was a tall, slender fellow, not yet of age, but strong, and with a grit and persistence that made him an admirable companion on such a trip. The two natives were wee bit of men picked up at the settlements as the best hunters, and as knowing a little of the country through which we were going. They were dark, dirty fellows barely 5ft. high, but could carry a pack on their backs, supported by straps across the forehead, for miles across the worst kind of going, and apparently enjoy it.

Our departure was made from the mouth of a salmon river, Ekaluit, on the north side of the peninsula, where our Boston party of students and professors had pitched the big tent. Provisions were taken for just four days, that being the time allowed us by the head of the party, and consisted solely of baked beans, biscuit and coffee, and a liberal allowance of black tobacco for the two guides. We wore the Eskimo coat of sealskin—"natsek," as it is called—woollen trousers and the "kamiks," or skin boots, for footwear. Thui absolutely forbade our taking walking boots on account of the noise they made with the hobnails on the rocks. Their loss was sadly felt before we got back, for the skin boots offered no resistence to the rough ground, every little piece of rock making itself felt through the thin soles.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of that latter day in August Thui stuck his head in the tent and said it was good to go, and after a hot breakfast and a careful examination of our traveling gear we were off, making our way through the lowlands and following up the valley through which Ekaluit River made its way. The valley was perhaps a mile wide, covered with the low blueberry and cowberry bush and dwarf willows, the whole flanked by two chains of mountains rising to the ice cap. The sides of the mountains were bare of vegetation, as were the huge banks of talus running from the cliffs far out into the valley, and the rock was invariably gneiss. For perhaps three hours we kept up this valley, which ran in a southeasterly direction, and found the walking pretty fair, the best we were destined to have on the trip. At each stop, which was always just before reaching the crest of some elevation, Thui unslung his pack, got out a small telescope and carefully scanned the outlook ahead for signs of game.

Presently the Eskimos turned off abruptly to the right and began the ascent of the cliffs, which here, along the side of a waterfall from the snow above somewhere, afforded us sufficient footing. It was hard climbing, but frequently looking back we could see how rapidly we were getting up, and soon we reached the top and found ourselves on the edge of a slightly rising table-land, with patches of snow ahead and the ice rising and disappearing on both sides. We were evidently on a divide and the stream we had ascended drained it. Here we stopped to take our lunch of biscuit.

Traveling now was over rock that seemed to have been broken up by frost action. Huge slabs were detached from the ledge and splintered into sharp, angular blocks which had not yet had time to weather. Small fields of snow were crossed, joining the ice fields on both sides of us, and soon we found ourselves on a slight descent, but had not made over a mile or two when we came to a halt on the edge of enormous cliffs overlooking a wonderful and surpassingly beautiful scene. Below us perhaps 3,000ft., and at right angles to the direction we had been coming, lay a lake some ten miles long and one and a half wide, of a light chocolate color. It was hemmed in on three sides by a ragged buttress of rock rising to the height that we now were, through which came at almost uniform distances a number of blue glaciers, shimmering in the sunlight and distributing tiny delta streams to the lake. From the water's edge lowlands, rich with blueberry bushes and moss, undulated to the mountain sides, where they met the talus. Down came the glaciers from the edge of the ice cap, some of them running far out over the lowlands and surrounded by moraines as fresh and gray as though they had been made that day. At the lower end of the lake the valley turned abruptly to the left, hiding the outlet from our view. It was in this arena then that we made our descent and chose for our scene of action the next three days.

Along about halfway down, after we had got into the belt of vegetation again, Thui suddenly stopped, stooped over and quietly remarked that we would get "tuktuk" (deer) very soon. This was good news. There were the comparatively fresh tracks of the caribou and it was tolerably certain they could not be many miles away. The natives had told us that "innuit" (people from the north) had frightened all big game away from this part of the peninsula and the chances would be against our finding game here, but now our spirits came up with the thought of deer so near us, and we hastened on down the mountain side and on to the lowlands, where we turned to the right.

The walking was now much like that which we had at first, only we were obliged to be continually going over great piles of morainic boulders. The water we found to be laden with glacial silt, a mud from the surface of the ice and too fine to settle quickly. There were small pieces of ice floating about here and there from one or two glaciers which had succeeded in reaching the water's edge.

Camp that first night was made under the shelter of a tremendous boulder 60ft. long and 20 thick, and tilted so as to leave a large space underneath, where we built our fire and turned in for the night. The meal consisted of a can of Boston baked beans, we spreading the contents of the can over a rock, where we all helped ourselves. The natives then prepared a fire with a certain green, pithy vine similar to the cowberry bush, and proceeded to make the coffee. Taking the raw kernels, they spread them over a piece of thin rock and placed it over the fire until the coffee was roasted black. Then grinding it between two stones, the empty bean can was brought into play; it was filled with water, the coffee added and heated to boiling. The result was a black, strong, rich drink, which I found to be just what I wanted to stay my nerves.

"Turning in" simply meant going to sleep with us, for we had no tent, sleeping bags or extra clothing, but just as we were trying to find a smooth place to lie on Thui beckoned to us to come over where he was. He was sprawled out flat on the rocks with his eye to the telescope, intently taking in the slopes on the further side of the lake.

"Tuktuk, tuktuk!" he exclaimed, in his native tongue, almost as excited as we were when we heard it. "Two, old man, little child." But look as hard as we would we could not make them out. Thui said they were sleeping, and at that distance, some two miles away, no wonder they were invisible to our inexperienced eyes.

We took his word, however, that they were there, Johnathan confirming Thui's statement, and you have no idea what spirit this news put into us. Next morning we were up and after a hasty meal started off down the lake with the intention of rounding it and coming up the other side.

We scared up a few ptarmigan and two arctic hares that day, but they were only given a passing glance. How I wish, now that I know how our trip turned out, that I had bagged those two white skins. At noon we reached the foot of the lake, and crossing a large delta flat, spreading out from a glacier surrounded by a Titan dam of terminal and lateral moraines several hundred feet high, turned to the left at right angles to our former path and found another lake, smaller than the first, about three miles in length, spreading out before us. This lake was surrounded in the same way as its neighbor by extensive lowlands and hemmed in by the cliffs, and at its further end could be seen a river flowing out of it to the west and disappearing behind a chain of mountains. Evidently this was our only place to cross and a bee line was made for it.

But there is no country in which distances are so deceiving as Greenland; there is nothing in the landscape to give it scale and allow the spectator an idea of how far off an object may be. Nothing but rocks and boulders which vary in all sizes up to that of a large house.

So we found ourselves at dusk still two miles from the river and sought the protection of some friendly rocks for the night. Before turning in the natives discovered two more deer through the telescope just across the small lake. These John and I easily made out. They were a doe and a fawn this time and they were browsing among the piles of talus on the reindeer moss. Their fall coat was gray and an exact copy in color of the carpet of moss and willow over which they were slowly moving.

This sight, together with a liberal dose of the black coffee, put us in good condition for the night, and we smoked our pipes with a satisfaction and assurance that the morrow would bring us to our quarry, and I crawled in out of sight under a stone as big as a hut without noticing the bank of clouds collecting over the mountain tops to the east.

At 3:30 in the morning I awoke, for the first time cold. I crawled out of my den. There was a half snow, half rain, falling, and a heavy fog was slowly advancing up the valley. I called to John and the natives roosting among the rocks, and after some time managed to get a fire for our coffee from a few dry vines collected under shelving stones. At 7 we were off down the valley along the base of another lateral moraine, and after crossing several streams from the glacier reached the shore of the river at 9 o'clock.

The stream at this point was some thousand feet wide, but with the exception of its middle, where the greater current ran, it was not deep, many boulders and ledges protruding above water. The gradient was very marked, the whole river sliding along down hill to meet another lake, probably greater than any we had yet seen and whose head was just visible under the fog. We could see out in the middle of the stream, by bits of ice on the surface, that there was a rapid fall at this place, but it was all too apparent by the slope of the divide at this point.

We sat down and took off our socks and sealskin pants, keeping on the boots for protection against the rocks, and with Thui ahead with a stick, which I still believe he brought all the way for this purpose, that is, to feel his way, we started in. The water was cold, cruelly cold, and could not have been far from the freezing point judging from the feeling and the pieces of ice it contained. After getting out some distance Thui and Johnathan turned to the left and started up stream, John and I meekly following, dragging our benumbed limbs after us.

We were above our knees now and getting near midstream. Here the natives, after poking about for awhile, gave us to understand, by plunging the stick under water and then placing it against their sides, thus showing the depth of water, that it was too much for them and that they were going to try it again further up stream. So back we went to shore and trudged up a few hundred yards. This time we reached the deep water about three-quarters of the way across.

Up to this time I had kept my temper pretty well under control, thinking that we were doing the best under the circumstances and that the natives knew their business better than we; but when I saw them stop probing after sunken stepping stones, deliberately get out their pipes, light them and enter into a lengthy discussion as to the comparative merits of crossing above or below or of fording at all, this in ice water up to our knees, I must confess that I let loose the vials of my wrath on those poor fellows' heads and sent them to a warmer place than Greenland. They took it humbly enough and simply said it was too deep for them and began to make for the shore.

This was too much for me. With a call to John to follow, which he had the common sense to ignore, I took my rifle in my hand and waded out into the current, and was soon up to my hips slipping on and off the stones on the bottom, which seemed to be covered with some kind or slime.

Somehow or other I got across right side up and with a dry Winchester, and sitting down I took off what garments were wet and proceeded to wring them out. Looking back, I saw John and the two natives disappearing down stream, and I knew they were going to try it again there. I got into my wet clothes again, which were now thoroughly soaked, for it was raining hard, and started running up and down the shore for circulation. The wind was coming up and I waited anxiously for my companions to join me. Finally they came into view rounding a low island down stream, but to my disgust on the same side of the stream as before. I beckoned them to come over where I had made it, and after some demurring and another powpow between Thui and Johnathan over their everlasting pipes they concluded to make the attempt. But they never reached the other side. They got over as far as before, and were some half hour dissecting the river bottom with their poles before they gave me to understand that they should not dare to make the attempt. As I think it over now at a later day, I hardly wonder at their caution and am inclined to be more lenient with them than when the thing occurred. For the Eskimo, as I have said before, is a "wee bit of a man," and with their two heavy packs strapped to their heads it would have been a foolhardy thing for them to have attempted to reach the bank on which I was standing, especially when you think that hardly one native in 100 knows how to swim.

"John," I yelled at the top of my voice, "come on and let those black devils go back if they want to." But I might as well have tried to raise the dead as to make him hear across this stream, which was continually rising and making considerable noise on its race to the lower lake. I motioned to him to join me, but to my dismay he shook his head, and with the two natives made for shore. And then I did what I have since regretted—I retreated after them. For now, looking at the situation after a lapse of two months, surrounded by all the luxuries of a civilized home, I wonder why I could have prevailed upon myself to go back when there was game only a mile or two away; to have come such a distance, and gone through so much, and now to give up the object of the trip when almost within my grasp. I know what the opinion of my readers will be, and cannot blame them, seeing it as they do from the position of a looker-on; but I will say that when I found myself on the other side, alive and kicking, I thanked my lucky stars that I had been permitted to join my companions once again. Twice on the way over did I lose my foothold and go under; twice was I borne down by the current and brought up against a projecting boulder down stream. The struggle in that current the last hundred feet, with all my wet clothing tied in a bundle around my neck like a millstone, and still clinging to my rifle, was something I never want to go through with again. But thanks to a strong constitution and the invaluable experience of a boyhood spent for a good part in and about the river of a Vermont village, I got back and into my clothes, and following the others labored on to our former camping place among the rocks.

I was none the worse for my ducking, and none of us as far as I could see showed any ill effects from our five hours in the river except Johnathan. I found him, much to my surprise, shaking as though with the palsy, and his teeth chattering like castanets. Out of the pack he carried I got a suit of dry underwear and gave it to him, sleeping myself that night in wet clothing, and a disagreeable night it was.

As luck would have it, the temperature fell during the night to freezing, and the wind, coming from the east, penetrated into our rocky cells, chilling us to the bone. We were up several times during the night exercising to keep warm, and longing for daylight and the sun.

It came at 6 o'clock, bursting through the clouds, and stayed with us just two hours, which was enough for us to think that life was still worth living. We managed with perseverance to make a fire sufficiently hot to cook coffee, and then after eating the last of the beans and biscuit, tightening our belts and adjusting the loads, we started for Ekaluit, fully twenty miles away. I will not bore you with the details of that tramp. Starting in fair spirits—for we took the bitter medicine of the day before with a hunter's philosophy—our little cavalcade pushed on through snow, rain and fog for twenty hours; not daring to stop on account of the cold, and continually hounded by the thought that the nearest food was only at the tent. Thui had told us that morning that he should try a different route home, a cross cut, and said it was only three miles. Now an Eskimo mile is a Danish mile, and equivalent to four English miles; but as we tramped on that day and the next night and the following morning, over lowlands, up the cliffs, across the ice cap among the influence of the glaciers, and finally down the other side, putting mile after mile behind us, I am sure we covered about double that distance before reaching our destination.

And all over the most detestable kind of walking. I don't mind thirty miles on one of the turnpikes out of Boston; but over huge erratics and across an ice cap which satisfied all the conditions, on a miniature scale, found in crossing the great island of Greenland itself, with our feet shod as they were, the last half of the distance amounted to nothing less than slow, long drawn out torture.

As we ascended the cliffs overlooking the lakes we halted for a moment and took in at a glance the scene below us, which had even now a wonderful fascination. It seemed to me as though nowhere else on the face of the earth could there be such scenery, such savageness to those chains of mountains with the ice streams glinting and clinging to their sides, such unearthly hues to the lowlands and lakes themselves, and all shrouded in a stillness that was oppressive. Then we turned and

plunged into the fog. How those Eskimos kept their bearing across that waste of snow was surprising, although I imagine it was by the direction of the wind, which was, fortunately for us, at our backs.

We were in the fog ten hours, in blinding snow while on the ice cap, and came out on the north side when the moon, breaking through a rift in the clouds, lit up the surface of a glacier far below. Following down its left bank, a crossing was made over its slippery coating of wet ice, and the natives started off up the side of an adjoining spur into the fog again.

I was well nigh exhausted now, about midnight, and John was calling on me to stop. I yelled to the natives ahead to give us a rest, but they had no mercy. So, realizing our dependence on them to get us to camp, not having the slightest idea where we were, John and I drained the last drop of spirits from his pocket flask, and for the hundredth time screwed up our will forces and plunged into the mist after them.

The end was nearly over now. I vaguely remember wandering around in the fog with the moon dimly shining through it lighting up a waste of boulders; boulders everywhere, and four dark objects slowly picking their way over them, keeping together for fear of losing each other. Once, as we reached the ridge of the spur, we came through the mist and looked out over Umanak Fiord and among the islands and nunataks to the north, with a band of blood-red sky lying along the horizon.

Wearily we toiled down the slopes into Ekaluit, where almost before we knew where we were the white walls of the tent loomed through the misty morning air, and we entered, rousing the heavy sleepers within, and asked for food and drink. Nourishment, a long, refreshing sleep and a week nursing tender feet, and the deer hunt, with its deleterious effects, was a thing of the past.

It will go down to history as a chapter of failures, yet I am glad to have the memory of such an unusual experience. My hunter's instinct still troubles me at times when I think of the swollen river, the loss of game and the ignominious retreat, but on the other hand I have just enough humanity to be happy in the thought that on that retreat rested the safety of a doe and fawn browsing on the now snow-covered lowlands in the heart of Nugsuak, Greenland.

RUSSELL W. PORTER.

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

II.—Cocos Island.

COCOS ISLAND is a little beauty spot, west-southwest from Panama, distant some 600 miles. Its shores, generally steep and rocky, are indented by several little bays, each with its tiny white beach. Lying in a region of frequent rains, it is one of the best watering places in the Pacific.

Then there are the old legends of its once being a piratical rendezvous, and the supposition of buried treasure which always hovers around such places. Indeed, I believe there was once a schooner fitted out in San Francisco to search for buried treasure on Cocos Island. I never learned if they found any.

The island is small, but high, the sides nearly perpendicular, with a flat table-land at the top. It is very heavily wooded, and the trees are in turn covered with a dense network of vines and creepers everywhere dotted with bright yellow and white flowers, something like a morning glory, but larger.

The island is at its best after a shower. Like all tropical countries, the rain comes in torrents. It rains fiercely for perhaps an hour and then stops as quickly as it began, the sun breaks through the clouds and every leaf is all alive with sparkling rain drops. Beheld from the anchorage the island is then a magnificent scene. The green wall of foliage, with its myriads of yellow and white flowers, each leaf and flower bright with rain drops, hundreds of little waterfalls breaking out from the green wall, and falling with a grand sweep to the beach below. Then there is game—pigeons very like in size and color to the wild pigeon of America; and wild hogs, said to be descendants from stock left by Capt. Cook.

Back in the 60s I was one of the crew of an American bark which called at Cocos for water. The casks were easily filled by rolling them up the beach to one of the numerous waterfalls. Our work was soon done, and then all hands went off for a frolic. One boat, with the second mate, went for cocoanuts, while the rest, with the mate, went hog hunting. Our mate was very unpopular, but there was so much fascination in the idea of going after wild hogs that he had by far the larger party.

The mate, Mr. Allen, carried the only gun and went ahead. We floundered along through the thick bushes, over rocks, wading streams and fighting mosquitoes for some time. We had nearly reached the highest part of the island when one of the party discovered a hog some distance away. Mr. Allen saw that he could get no good chance where he was, but on looking about saw a small ledge a few rods off that promised a better opportunity. Creeping along carefully, he reached the place where, by pushing the gun through some vines, he thought he had the game sure; but that little ledge proved to be the lair of an old sow with her family of young pigs. As the mate shoved his gun through the vines the old sow took it for a challenge, and with a grunt and a roar charged directly at his face, which from his crouching position was all she could see. Then came the catastrophe. The mate had taken position on the edge of the ledge; at his back was a ravine some 20ft. deep, its sides forming an acute angle, and the whole composed of rough rock covered with a mat of vines and creepers. In his haste to regain his feet Mr. Allen lost his balance altogether, and with a wild yell of fright went over backward, gun one way, mate another, the old sow stopping at the edge of the cliff to snarl her defiance. It was fun for the boys, but mate Allen was badly demoralized. To make it worse, his gun had been discharged in the tumble, and before he could shake himself together and reload the game was gone. "What are you laughing at?" he roared, glaring round at the men.

The next sight of game proved more fortunate. Mr. Allen shot a large boar, breaking his foreleg, and the men finished him with clubs. We rolled him down to the beach, cleaned, cooked and tried to eat, but it was a miserable failure. We might get along with its being tough, but the flavor was beyond human endurance.

Among our crew was a long-geared Yankee from Boston. He had become dissatisfied with the ship, and made up his mind to desert. The night after the hunt he rolled his clothing up as snug as possible, packed it in a tub and climbed down the cable, while his mates lowered the tub after him. Reaching the water, and putting a line from the tub around his neck, he struck out for the land. The distance was barely two miles and he was a powerful swimmer, so we felt no fear for his reaching the shore. We met him some months afterward in Talcahuano, Chili, when he told us his story. He said: "After I left the ship I laid my course by a star, and struck out for the shore. I took my time about it, for I knew I had a long swim, and I wanted my strength to last me to the end. I got along very well for a while until in crossing a tide-rip my tub was swamped and hung up and down. I did not dare to let go of it, for all my clothes were there, and it would be death to land without them. I would not let them go and turn back to the ship, and so I shut my teeth hard and held on for shore.

"Many times during that swim I thought it was all over with Dick; but somehow I couldn't give up as long as I could move a leg. At last, however, I thought my time had come sure; I could just keep my lips above water, while my legs were almost up and down, and so stiff I could hardly move them. I was just taking a good-by look at the stars when my toes touched bottom. That gave me a little lift and I soon crawled out on the beach, dragged my tub after me and lay there until I had recovered some of my strength.

"A few days after a bark came in and I swam off to her, went up to Tomby and shipped, and here I am."

We had fine sport bathing here. We would go ashore, strip at some little basin under a waterfall, lather ourselves from head to foot and then stand under the cascade and wash the soap off.

We caught many fish, some marked like trout, but without the adipose dorsal. Then there were leatherjackets, John Dorys and many others that I could not name.

But our play was soon over, our water casks were full, and with one man short we stood out to sea, while many eyes were turned regretfully for a last look at fair Cocos.

TARPON.

AFTER DEER.

A Tramp in the New Brunswick Woods.

EARLY on the morning of Dec. 29 three sportsmen (would-be) and a driver started away from the market square of a New Brunswick town in a big two-horse sled. We sat on hay and were covered up to the chins with robes and blankets. Our names: Duncan, Jack and Allegor. The driver, a farmer in summer and a lumberman in winter, had been named by his parents and the parson Bob Black, and renamed by a colored cook from Washington, D. C., Bob White. So Bob White he was called.

After we had traveled through the hills for nearly an hour Allegor, the recorder of this trip, espied fox tracks through the woods at the roadside, and got out with his rifle to try to shoot something. Bob White smiled a thin smile under his iron-gray moustache, but said nothing. The other two laughed loudly and pulled the blankets closer to their chins. The horses continued their sedate trot, leaving Allegor alone, with the snow nearly reaching to his waist. As he was plunging forward two partridges puffed up suddenly from under the snow and perched on the branch of a birch tree a few rods in front of him. The hunter raised his gun and knocked the head off the nearest bird. Then he fired at the further bird, which flew away unharmed. Partridge in hand, he plowed his way back to the road and shouted after his companions.

That evening Bob White and his passengers arrived safely at Snodge's camp on the Dunbar, and were regaled with pork and beans, warm bread, and tea hot and strong enough to throw a Chinaman into nervous prostration. The cook served the grub; the "boss" was "mighty glad to see them," and the men grinned and spit, which attentions were due chiefly to Jack's checked knickerbockers. Then every man lighted his pipe, more wood was forced into the red-hot cooking stove and the boss told a story. More stories followed, stories of huge loads of logs hauled by small horses, of shipwreck, of big crops, of accidents on the steam drives, and of fights with bears and panthers. We did our best to help things along and all the boys tried our tobacco.

Our blankets, which had been warmed by the fire, were spread at one end of the camp, and after a fond good night we retired and dreamed awful dreams of Indian devils and bull moose. At about 4 in the morning Allegor awoke and saw the teamsters light their lanterns and go noiselessly out of the door to feed their horses. Then the cook got up and started his fire, and by the time his beans were hot and his tea steeped the whole camp was afoot.

After breakfast, with our snowshoes on our feet, our guns in our hands and everything else we owned on our backs, we struck off into the forest in search of the red deer. The sky was clear, the temperature several degrees out of sight below zero and our hearts light. The only points we exposed to the weather were our noses, and by keeping our pipes in a red-hot state all the time we saved those valuable smellers from freezing. Duncan led the way, I next, and Jack, with many attempts to walk out of his snowshoes, brought up the rear. Duncan, as seen by his loyal followers, was a sight never to be forgotten. The pack on his back was lumpy and bulky, and only allowed the top of his bearskin cap to show above it. Our frying-pan, which had been tied to one of the straps, kept count of his steps by whacking him in the small of the back. His legs were buried in three pairs of stockings, and the butt of his canvas-cased rifle frequently jerked back and each time struck Allegor below the belt.

After traveling thus for a great many miles and seeing nothing possessed of life except a red-headed woodpecker who seemed possessed of humor also, and laughed at us from the top of a dead tree, we decided that it was dinner time and that our watches were wrong (they made it 10 o'clock), and so stopped and unslung our packs. Duncan with a snowshoe cleared a space at the foot of a maple tree, and Allegor, axe on shoulder, went forth to chop some dry limbs off a huge beech which had been recently blown to the ground. Jack, with a look of grim determination on his brow and cartridges in both barrels of his shotgun, went back to slay the humorous woodpecker. It was not long before a brisk fire was throwing smoke and warmth into the air, and the frying-pan, filled with thin slices of fat bacon, was ready to place on top of the first bed of coals. While Duncan was melting snow and Allegor was trying to find the tea, two reports rang through the woods, followed by victorious cheers, rendered in Jack's barbaric voice.

"It must be a deer," said Duncan.

"Or a bear," said I.

In a few minutes Jack appeared, carrying one squirrel. The idiot held it aloft by the tail in his innocent glee, and Duncan said something which caused the complication of forked sticks we had reared above the fire to fall asunder. When the bacon was fried to a turn Jack in his modesty pocketed the deceased squirrel and condescended to eat and drink with his less fortunate companions. Toward the end of the meal I noticed that Duncan, who was sitting opposite to me, had stopped eating, and, doughnut in hand (half of it was in his open mouth), was gazing at something outside my line of vision. The expression on my friend's face was so wild that instead of turning my head to see what was behind me my eyes glued themselves to that unfortunate particle of doughnut, where it lay midway between his jaws and cavernous throat. Presently, however, he slid his hand to his rifle, raised it and fired within half a foot of my ear. Then the spell was broken, the doughnut swallowed with a gasp, and I turned my head. I saw the hindquarters of some sort of animal disappearing among the distant trees.

Duncan sprang up, yelling, "I hit him! I hit him!" but as he didn't find any blood on the snow he returned and glanced at the fire and made remarks not complimentary to the modern rifle. Jack, with a smile wherein modesty and pride were strongly mingled, drew the squirrel from his pocket.

After finishing dinner and repacking the grub, we tramped on through the woods, still heading north. Toward sundown we found a flock of partridges, and managed to bag five of them. We had now reached the primeval forest of spruce, and as the twilight was slowly stealing down we looked for a place to spend the night. A very suitable one was found on the lee side of a hedge of spruce bushes, and Jack and Allegor immediately set to work scooping out a trench in the snow. Duncan attacked a tree with his axe, and soon had the greater part of it split into firewood. A camp-fire in the winter woods requires a great deal of fuel.

By the time that the last streak of daylight had faded away from the wintery hill tops we three were comfortably seated in our trench, with fir boughs and blankets under us, the fire in front and high walls of snow protecting us from the night wind. Partridges hissed in the pan and slices of frozen bread were placed to thaw. After a most savory supper, pipes and pouches were drawn forth, more wood was turned on to the fire, and a few yarns were spun. The wind died out to an occasional sigh in the forest, and the big stars gazed down at us through the tree tops. Now and then the silence of the night was startled by the crying of a fox or the hooting of an owl.

Gradually our tired, outstretched legs became wonderfully comfortable and our snow-strained eyes began to close; so we tucked away our pipes, rolled ourselves up in our blankets and floated off into a land of rest and dream. At intervals throughout the night some one was awakened by the cold and sat up long enough to feed the fire.

Before 6 in the morning the delicate aroma of coffee rose to the brightening sky, and the remaining partridges sizzled in the frying-pan alongside of a few slices of fat pork. It was with some regret that we took up our packs after breakfast and left our snug retreat, making our trail still northward.

We wanted to strike MacNab's lumber camp before night, and from there take a team back to town. But this was not to be.

After tramping for a few hours we started three deer in a low piece of alder land, and started hotly after them. What wind there was blew off the deer. It was 8:25 when we sighted the game, and 3:30 when we stopped for lunch. We had been running pretty steadily all that time. After smoking our pipes and repacking our loads Duncan wanted to ascertain how far out of our course the chase had taken us, and began to look for his pocket compass. It was not in its usual place, on his watch guard; it was not in his pocket; then where in thunder was it? No one could tell him, so he began staring disconsolately at the grim tree trunks, to see which side the moss grew on. We found the moss after a while, but did not feel quite sure if it should cover the south side of a tree or the north side. Duncan said that it grew on the north to protect the bark from cold winds, and Jack swore that it grew on the south because it couldn't help it.

This dispute was not settled until we reached civilization. That night we camped in a snug little hollow, making a deep trench, as on the previous night, and eating some bacon and two small squirrels for tea. Before rolling in we sang songs to cheer our heavy hearts, and shivering hares came out onto the moonlit snow to hear our choice rendering of "The Younger Son was a Son-of-a-gun" and "Sweet Marie."

But why describe the events of the two following days? We tramped like heroes, and Duncan froze his nose. We finished the bacon and bread, and didn't see any deer, partridges or hares. Jack fell down a snowed-over gully and broke his pet pipe, and I burnt a hole through the sole of my shoe-pack. We shot and ate everything we saw, but we didn't see very much. On the evening of the third day after losing the compass we were rejoiced to hear the rattle of chains, the shouts of men and the jingle of sled-bells. We broke into a brisk run, and soon came out onto a well-beaten hauling road. Four teams, with their drivers, choppers, tenders and swampers, were returning from the landing, and onto the rear team we clung, and soon found ourselves in comfortable quarters in the lumbermen's shanty. We ate as we had not eaten for three days, and then we inquired our whereabouts. "This is MacNab's camp on the North Tay," said the boss. So we got there despite the moss on the trees.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

HOLLAND.

(Continued from page 463.)

ALONG the old road until it turns sharp to the right a bird could occasionally be found, and from the turn in nearly a straight line to the old orchard, grown up to alders, there were nearly always several woodcock to be found. Beating out the alders, we generally found two or three grouse, and from there, turning short to the right along the fence, up to the corner, both grouse and woodcock made it their home.

Crossing the fence at the upper corner, we are in a nearly square patch of good-looking cover, and rarely were we disappointed in it. Many years ago the lower corner at the far side was the favorite place of a noble grouse that invariably flushed and went up the mountain before we had reached the middle of the cover. I saw him the first time that I was here, and for eight years I do not remember to have visited the spot without obtaining a fleeting view of him. Of course we hunted the ground in the orthodox manner each time, and the bird knew just when to flit. One day, however, in company with my friend Williams, a badly wounded woodcock flew along the upper edge of the cover nearly to the far side, and we followed it. After securing the bird we turned into the cover and worked back along the lower edge, thus reversing our usual course. Our old friend, the grouse, was on the alert, and we heard him rise some distance ahead of us, and caught a glimpse of him as he swung into the upper corner where we had wounded the woodcock. Going straight for him, we of course cut off his retreat to the mountain, and, as we expected, he laid close and both dogs obtained a point at close quarters; and it was only after persistent kicking among the grass and bushes that we forced him to rise; finally he rose just behind us and started for his favorite haven, but his seconds were numbered, and we grassed him not 20yds. from where he started. On examination he proved to be a royal bird, in splendid plumage and condition, and one of the largest specimens we had ever seen.

Two years later the old settler told us the tale of Lou Jackson and the king partridge, and as the haunt of this bird was scarcely a stone's throw from the edge of the cover in question, we came to the conclusion that if this was the bird the spirit of old Lou could now rest in quiet, and that future generations of grouse and woodcock could roam through the long-deserted spot so well loved by their ancestors unmolested by uneasy spirit or frightened half to death by warnings of a vindictive bird.

Returning to the team through the lower edge of the birches, a bird or two would generally be found among the scattered clumps of birches, and, as I have before mentioned, we were pretty sure to find one or two under this oak tree. One of us would then drive the team about a quarter of a mile to a small brook that crosses the road, while the other would beat out the triangular patch between the road and the old road before mentioned, nearly always finding a bird or two.

One day my dog pointed just at the lower corner, where you see that tall clump of alders, and I went round the end and was just going into the brush when a grouse rose about 20yds. behind me and started for the woods, flying just this side of the house. I did not see the house until I heard the shot rattle against it as the bird dropped, and I at once started for the door to apologize, but was met halfway by a female, who began scolding before she left the house, and in spite of my humbly tendered apology, offered in my very best style, she never let up a particle, but heaped anathema and red-hot expletives upon my devoted head until I could stand it no longer, and left her still scolding; and it was not until I had passed beyond the sound of her voice that I remembered that I had left my bird where it fell, and so badly was I broken up that I dared not go back after it.

The cover each side of the little brook was a very likely looking place, and occasionally we would strike it very rich here, but often we would find it entirely bare, or perhaps a single bird would reward us.

One day, with my friends Patton and Sabin, in working up on the right hand side to the timber, we found fourteen woodcock and bagged every one, shooting in turn, without a miss. As we were crossing to work down the other side a bird flushed wild above and partly behind us and flew across into the timber. Although it was a very long shot I put well ahead and cut loose, but the bird kept on without making a sign. After Patton, in his inimitable manner, had soundly rated me for spoiling our record, we followed the bird about 200yds., when we found him dead as a stone upon a large flat rock lying exactly in the center of a patch of dark green maze just the size and shape of a dinner platter. This of course set matters straight again and we worked out the remainder of the cover, securing four more birds.

Again taking the team, we drive to the top of the hill, to where a long unused road turns to the left. Formerly we drove along this road, but it was discontinued and fenced up twenty years ago, and since then one takes the team around nearly a mile while the other walks down the old road to the little cover on the left known as the "chestnut tree," where we usually found two or three birds, and on the hillside beyond, and at times in the swamp below the road, grouse were frequently found in abundance.

When we arrive at the main road we find the team hitched to that scrubby apple tree and our companion ready to join us as we cross the road into the cover known as the "spoon woods." For a small cover this was one of the best for both grouse and woodcock, and I have frequently assisted in bagging from six to ten woodcock in this small patch of birches and alders in the lower corner, while the hillside to the right among the witch hazel was always a famous spot for them.

One day here, in company with my friend Fred Eaton, there was a wild grouse that led us a weary chase over the cover two or three times. Finally he flew to the upper corner to the right, and while Eaton went up the road I followed the bird with the dog and obtained a nice point about 50yds. from the corner. When I signaled Eaton he mounted the wall, and as he straightened up I walked in and flushed the bird, which flew past him out into the open. In turning around Eaton tumbled down, the wall of course falling with it, but before he struck the ground I heard the crack of his gun and could hardly believe my eyes as I saw the bird collapse and come down like a stone. This was one of the most remarkable shots that I ever saw.

Taking the team, we drive east to the main road, where we take the right and continue on until we come to a road that turns squarely to the left and skirts a grove of good-sized trees. But twenty-five years ago this grove was nearly all saplings and a famous place for woodcock.

A short distance further and we come to a barn, where we leave the team and walk down the lane, past the houses, crossing the track at the head of the sawmill pond, and here we are in the "sawmill cover"—the most extensive as well as the best grounds in this vicinity. When I first knew this spot that forest of alders and birches was scarcely as high as my head, while that grove of birches above to the right was a cornfield, and that group of stately pines still further to the right was part of a dense thicket where you would scarcely find a tree that was 6in. through. These scattered hickory trees, now almost smothered with tall birches, were then in open pasture, surrounded, as you can still see, with a fringe of alders and birches several rods in width, where you was sure to find birds if any were to be found in this vicinity. Many famous bags have been gathered in here, and it was not at all rare to find from twenty to forty woodcock in this one cover.

One afternoon Sabin and I found forty-three birds here, and succeeded in persuading all but one of them to accompany us home. Mr. Ashmun and Uncle Aaron Howe a few years previous made a bag of fifty-six in one day. Mr. B. F. Bowles and myself killed here one morning forty birds, and as he was very anxious to beat the record made with Sabin we worked out the ground thoroughly and beat up the thicket on the hill further than we were justified in doing, so far as woodcock were concerned, but not another long-bill did we find. We bagged five grouse, however, and Mr. Bowles was in great glee, but when we joined Sabin and Mr. Ashmun, who had driven on to the "south ground," they counted out the grouse and decided that the score was a very good second.

The "south ground" lies on top of quite a hill, some mile and a half south of the sawmill cover, and is reached from here by turning back past the grove and turning to the left and keeping the main road until nearly there, when we turn short to the right to the top of the hill, when the road bears to the left, and a few rods further we hitch our team at a large house on the right. We then follow the road to the next turn, where we get over the fence and go straight ahead some twenty rods, and we are in a mixed cover of alders, birches, weeds and swamp that in the good old days afforded us lots of sport. Grouse were always plentiful here, and often we found woodcock in abundance. Working along on the right hand side, just at the brow of the hill, which slopes steeply down quite a distance to a dense swamp, we generally found grouse that nearly always flew to a line of swamp to the left, which extends through the whole length of the cover, thus giving us on our return a second chance at those that escaped. When we arrive at a fence nearly at the lower end we turn squarely to the left and work toward that tall elm tree, some fifty rods away.

Twenty feet from this tree, on the right hand as we approach it, is a beautiful spring, where we often took lunch.

One day Sabin, Mr. Bowles and I were here; Sabin seated with his back against the tree, Mr. Bowles to the left, while I sat on this stone near the spring. We had spread out our lunch and were enjoying ourselves when my eye caught a glimpse of a bunch of fur in the crotch of the tree about 50ft. from the ground, and I caught up my gun and quietly slipping in a charge of No. 4 let drive at the bunch and down came a coon, striking the ground close to Sabin, and in the death struggle floundering into his lap. Sabin, always cool and self-possessed, claimed that he was not disturbed in the least, and it was not until I saw him several times bring up his gun and let the bird go without a shot that I came to the conclusion that he was most decidedly rattled.

I may as well finish the coon story right here. Well, through much tribulation, we alternately toted that coon the whole length of the cover, and with a sigh of relief deposited him in the wagon, but when we arrived at the hotel that coon had unaccountably disappeared. As we had stopped to hunt two or three times on our way Mr. Bowles and I concluded that some one in want of meat had, with malice aforethought, deprived us of our hard-earned prize, but Sabin coolly asserted that we had not even seen a coon. Upon my next visit to Holland I was told of a wonderful coon dog that had just been sold to a party from Worcester, who paid big money for him, as he could go out hunting alone and kill and bring home his coon.

I have on two occasions visited all the grounds described in one day, but usually this was impossible, as when birds were plentiful the covers were more thoroughly worked out than when they were scarce. Often, too, we would vary our route and take in other covers, and it would be two and frequently three days before we made the entire round.

One favorite cover we often paid a visit to, after finishing "the birches," lies on the road to Wales. Taking the first road to the right after leaving this cover, and driving nearly to the top of the hill, we hitch our team at this barway on the left under the wild cherry tree, and crossing the road we climb the fence just beyond the cross fence and find ourselves in what is known as the "walnut sprouts." This forest of hickory trees, when I first came here, was a sparse thicket of birches and alders, and these trees were saplings, or sprouts, as such growths were called, scarcely one of them 15ft. in height.

This was one of Mr. Ashmun's favorite covers, and he used to tell of many glorious days here; but I never happened to strike it very rich, although we generally found a fair amount of birds. One day I came here with Mr. Ashmun, and as we neared the top of the hill we heard two or three shots at the upper end and soon others followed, showing us that some one was ahead of us. Driving on, we found the team of Mr. D. B. Wesson, who with Messrs. Bowles, Storrs and Sabin were in the cover. Judging by the shooting, they must have found hundreds of birds, for I never heard such a cannonading as they kept up all through the cover. The result, however, did not pan out so well as we anticipated, owing to the fact, as each one privately informed me when we met at the hotel in the evening, that the other three got rattled by the frequent rises, and, like the Irishman, they shot too promiscuously. They had a good showing of birds, however; but all agreed that they had not bagged more than one-half that were in there.

Across the road from this cover was a straggling growth of alders that ended just below the house by the spring, where the little brook begins, that frequently held two or three and often half a dozen birds.

One day Mr. Ashmun and I, after finishing the sprouts, beat out this cover, and sat down by the spring for a short rest. After a few minutes we saw the lady that lived in the house coming down the path for a pail of water, and in response to a hint from Mr. Ashmun I asked her why the spring was called the bogy spring.

With a merry laugh she bade us resume our seats, and turning the pail bottom up she sat down on it and told us a tale that without doubt would have taken high rank among the wild legends of the Ever-green Isle, had the principal actor been on his native heath.

"When I was a little girl," she began, "father brought home from Stafford an Irishman to help on the farm. Part of his chores was to fetch a pail or two of water from this spring night and morning, and I frequently accompanied him, as I was greatly amused with his queer brogue and curious ways. He had been here about two weeks when one night about sunset, as I was coming to the spring with him, we stopped by that rock a few rods above, while Mike sang to me a wild Irish song about a bogy that would walk, and a banshee that would screech and moan, causing a lady fair and her lover bold no end of trouble, ochone! I was sitting on the rock facing this way, and just as Mike was beginning the last line I saw Mr. Thompson, as he was coming from his wood lot, stop and kneel down at the spring to get a drink. Mike finished his song, and turned around just in time to see him rise out of the ground. 'The bogy! the bogy!' whispered Mike, with eyes starting from his head.

"Mr. Thompson lives half a mile east of here, and he turned to go home, disappearing behind the clump of alders, and at the same time frightening from the bushes a mink that ran directly toward us. This put the finishing touch to Mike's terror, and ejaculating, 'Holy mother! he's turned to a cat!' with a wild howl he broke for the house at the top of his speed, and taking the road back to Stafford, he was soon out of sight, and we never saw nor heard of him afterward, and ever since we have called it the bogy spring."

The Mr. Thompson mentioned above lived on a cross-road that joined the main road where we hitched our team at "the birches." Sometimes we drove down this road, but generally we drove from the hotel on the Brimfield road to the first turn to the left, and after driving a short distance one of us would get out and work the cover to the right while the other would take the team on to the end of this cover, and after working this out, finding generally several birds, we would drive to the top of the hill, where we take the left hand, and are soon at Mr. Thompson's house, where we hitched our team under the shed, and going to the house would spend a few minutes with the worthy couple talking over the prospect for game and invariably joining our friend in a glass of cider. Crossing the road to the alder run that ends just opposite the house, we worked it out to the upper end, generally finding several woodcock and often a grouse or two.

Late one afternoon Sabin and I drove here from "the birches" and entered the cover after sunset, bringing to bag seven birds, bringing down two of them after it was too dark to see unless the birds were well in the air. While returning to the team we heard the whistle of the wings of a bird coming into the cover, and stopping awhile we heard several others, one of which Sabin brought down, although I failed to get a glimpse of it. The next morning Sabin, although deaf as a post, claimed that the whistle of those wings had been in his ears all night, and as I had had considerable of the same experience we decided to drive straight to the place and put to the test the truth or falsity of the whisperings of somnus.

For once our dream came true, and I do not remember a more enjoyable hour among the woodcock than fell to our lot that beautiful October morning. In this small patch of alders we flushed nineteen birds, and every one was handsomely grassed at the first rise. Returning to the house, we laid our birds on the grass and Mrs. Thompson assisted us in smoothing out their plumage. After counting them she exclaimed, "A remarkable find and a wonderful score. Why! you have beaten Mr. Ashmun and Uncle Aaron Howe, who came here a few years ago and prided themselves no little upon killing eighteen, with only two misses."

SHADOW.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A RAMBLE IN THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS.

WE had crossed the summit of the Big Horn Mountains and were fast leaving behind the luxuriant vegetation of the eastern slope for the pale green of the sagebrush desert.

From a land of rich grasses and beautiful flowers and noble pine forests and numberless cold, fresh-water springs and streams we had passed, in the brief space of an hour, to a desolate waste of sagebrush and sand without water, except for a few widely separated and poisonous springs of alkali water.

On the eastern slope showers had been of almost daily occurrence; halfway down the western slope a cowboy told us it had not rained there in eight months.

But in exchange for the beauty and freshness of the eastern slope we had the weird grandeur of the Big Horn Basin. Nothing that I had ever seen in the mechanism of nature bore very much resemblance to this great basin. Here, at the southern boundary of the basin, the waters of the Wind River, meeting the opposition of the Owl Creek Mountains, have chiseled their way through—not gone round, as is usually the case. Again the same waters transferred to the Big Horn rivers and recruited by the melting snows from all the mountains slanting into the basin meet the opposition of the Big Horn Mountains, and what do they do? Go round? No! with the insistence which I have never before witnessed in anything except man, they have chiseled their way through, eating away the rock and soil to a depth of 5,000ft.

In just such contrast to the usual rules laid down by the Great Master Mechanic are all the decorations of the basin constructed. The hills are odd, too odd to describe. They bear about the same resemblance to the ordinary hills and mountains as the debris of a house wrecked by a cyclone bears to the house before the storm struck. A strange land indeed is the Big Horn Basin when viewed from the western slope of the mountains through the haze of a smoky September morning.

All forenoon we plowed our way downward through the desert sand. All forenoon we viewed the strange shapes of the corrugated and variegated hills; all forenoon yellow clouds of sand and white clouds of powdered gypsum and red clouds of powdered paint rock rose from beneath our wheels and drifted away on the slumbrous air. We had noisily admired the flowery parks and somber pines, and had laughed with the turbulent streams of the other side; here we silently wondered.

By noon the scorching heat of the sun and the irritation caused by alkali dust settling on our skin had begun to draw our attention from the wonders about us when we turned down into Medicine Lodge Cañon, with its rock-fretted stream and fresh, green foliage and clustered fruits and red banks of rosebuds—an oasis in the desert indeed. Here in the rock-bound avenue of loneliness we pitched our tents and prepared to enjoy a few days' surcease from toil of travel.

On Tongue River, near the summit, we had feasted on mountain grouse, the most delightful of all the grouse family. Here we feasted on mountain trout, the most delicious of the finny tribe.

After one day of trout fishing—which is an excellent pastime for women and children, but has not the attractions to hold a strong man in subjection—I shouldered a gun early in the morning for a day's ramble on the mountain side. Climbing out of the cañon on the right, I followed up the divide between Medicine Lodge Creek and the next gully on the right; though somewhat steep, the ascent was regular and the trail smooth, while the morning air was cool and bracing and stimulated to continued exertion, and I climbed steadily on till near noon, when I met a rancher on his rounds, who informed me I was eight miles from camp. I could see the tops of the pines that grew along the sides and in the bottom of Medicine Lodge Cañon near the upper end, and I walked down and seated myself on the verge of the wall to rest. The cañon was not deep here, and half a mile further up I could see its abrupt ending.

Ever since crossing the summit the atmosphere had been unduly cloudy, preventing anything like a satisfactory view of objects at a distance; but to-day the haze had dispersed, and the Big Horn Basin lay mapped out before me with surprising distinctness. I could trace the Big Horn River by its silver thread from where it laved the feet of the Owl Creek Mountains, sixty miles to the southwest of me, to where it was lost in the gloom of the Big Horn Cañon, a like distance to the northwest.

But what caught and held my wandering gaze was the snow-capped peaks and frowning gorges of the Continental divide far across to the west of me? What a magnificent distance it was away! How its thousand of snowy peaks glistened in the sun! How its northernmost, shadowed wall frowned, and how threatening were its jagged precipices and frowning cañons and gorges; and all of it so grandly far away. My eyes, after wandering over the queer shaped and colored hills and fragments of mountains and the silver-threaded network of streams in the basin, would return again and again to this great masterpiece. But they returned once too often, for at last I discovered that the Continental divide was moving to the north and also rising to higher altitudes, and then a gleam of blue sky beneath it revealed to me that I had been having "duck fits" after "duck fit" over a very ordinary summer cloud. As before stated, water is very scarce on that side of the range, and what with climbing and the heat of the noonday sun I began to feel the need of some and decided to climb down into the cañon and look for it.

I had discovered before leaving camp that the creek came out of the mountain only two miles above camp, but I hoped to find some spring where I could slake my thirst. Down under the pines, where the sun never penetrates, it was cool and the way was smooth; but the cañon was dry. Keeping on down its bottom, I continued my search. The scenery was grand and the walking good, and I soon began to leave the pines behind, while the side of the cañon assumed more of the perpendicular and towered higher and higher above me. At last a crackling sound drew my attention, and turning up a side draw I saw the coveted water dropping from an overhanging rock like rain falling from the eaves of a house. The crackling was caused by the drops falling on a large flat rock below; from there it ran in tiny streams to a depression in the rock, and formed a splendid basin of sparkling water. Satisfying the demands of nature from the pool, I cast about for a convenient place to scale the wall, but I soon discovered that if I scaled it at all it would be a desperate climb. But why scale the wall at all? The camp was in the cañon below, I could follow on down to it. This I decided to do.

For half a mile or so I got on very well, and then the way began to narrow and become more obstructed, while the walls towered ever higher and more insurmountable. From the top down was a thousand feet of perpendicular rock wall, and then the base sloped in to the center of the cañon, forming a letter V at the bottom. The point of the V was a dense tangle of trees, shrubs and vines, compelling me to climb along the steep sides. The cañon was narrow, and I calculated that should both walls fall inward at once their tops would meet at least 500ft. above me.

The tops of the walls were surmounted by all manner of fantastic shapes carved in sandstone by wind, water and the passing ages with their respective little hatchets. As the sun sank lower and lower and the shadows in the cañon became denser and denser, I became mindful of the fact that I was likely to spend the night down there. Yet I did not regret coming, for the grandeur of the place was a satisfactory tender for a night by a camp-fire with nothing to eat. At the thought of camping out I felt for my match safe only to find I had left it in camp. Anticipating a hard climb, I had left my vest in camp with the match safe in the pocket.

I must either reach camp or spend the night in scrambling over the rocks, for my underclothing was damp with perspiration and it would not do to lie down in the cold night air. The sun was not down yet, however, and I could not be more than four miles from camp, but the climbing was a slow process, and I might not reach it before darkness made it dangerous to proceed. About this time I was encouraged though by the roar of water below. I had been informed that it was only two miles above camp to where the water made its first appearance in the stream. I was then only a little over two miles from luxurious repose, with a good trail covering a mile and a half of that distance.

I noted a great many places as I passed where huge slabs of stones had broken from the face of the cliff and fallen hundreds of feet to the sloping base below, where it was ground to fragments and scattered down the slope. As I was clambering over one of these piles of crushed rock, steadying myself by placing my hand on the rocks on the upper side, I was brought up standing by the warning hiss of a rattlesnake. Looking sharply about, I soon located the old fellow, whose domain I had intruded upon, lying half coiled among the rocks somewhat above me and at a safe distance.

I had evidently disturbed him at his evening meal, for his jaws half inclosed a small animal, of which I saw numerous specimens in the mountains, which resembled a young rabbit and also had some resemblance to a rat.

I have since wondered if this animal was not the lagomys of Webster's Unabridged, though that is said to be a native of Siberia and upper India. Picking up a stone, I hurled it at my challenger, missing him of course, and as the stone came rattling back no less than three other notes of warning issued from the rocks about me. Reflecting that these fellows would have little chance to injure me or my kind in the future, I concluded not to kill them, but to go away from there, which I did as rapidly as the ground would permit.

I had scarcely got a safe distance from the temptation to kill those snakes when two mountain grouse fluttered from the rocks in front of me and went sailing down the cañon. Here at least was game that had some respect for me, and I sent a couple of loads of No. 7 shot after them. The birds had hardly collapsed in mid-air when the tremendous roar of the two shots rebounding from the precipice near which I was standing went crashing against the opposing wall, only to be hurled back with redoubled fury; like some fabled foe of Hercules, it seemed to gain strength at every contact with the rocks until the roar was appalling. In spite of my philosophy I winced at every recoil lest the walls give way and come tumbling about me. Standing still, I waited for the echo to spend its force, which it finally did by straying away down the cañon and losing itself in the distance.

Scarcely had the sound died ere another grouse rose from the same spot and skurried away, but he was safe, for, though I was not afraid of the grouse, I did not want to risk knocking down the mountains and spoiling the scenery again. Yet the agitation had not been great, for the clumps of feathers that marked the spot where each grouse had met his fate were still drifting near.

Soon after this I missed the roar of the water, and climbing down to the stream found that "the faithless thing was dry." This left me in doubt as to the distance yet to be traversed before reaching camp.

Following on down the dry bed of the stream, and clambering over boulders weighing all the way from 1lb. to many tons, I soon heard the roar of water again. Boiling up through the boulders, it rushed along for 100yds. or so and again disappeared. Stooping to get a drink from this short reach, I noted several trout from 10 to 12in. long dart away and hide among the stones. Some day in the future some adventurous trout fisher will explore this cañon with rod and fly and great will be his reward. Another thing I noticed, in a narrow spit of sand, was the huge cat-like tracks of a mountain lion. I began to think there were whole lots of things in this cañon I could get along without and hurried on.

Though it was deep twilight below, looking far aloft I could still see the line of light creeping higher and higher up the face of the cliff, which marked the descent of the evening sun. Fainter and fainter grew the light, until it rested only on a dome of rock which towered high above the rest, where it dallied for a minute with a strange red glow, twinkled and was gone. Then a few scattered stars flashed out in the narrow strip of sky above and night was over the land.

As I crept along through the darkness, stumbling over rocks and stones, and tearing through bramble bushes, I was again startled by a challenge. "Who! who! who!" Demanded a voice from the cliff above me. At first I was minded to answer "None of your business," but, as the challenge was taken up by the rocks and echoed and re-echoed with such earnest persistence, I became penitent and answered "It is only me."

From that time on the challenge was incessant, it came from above and from below, from before and behind, in tones of entreaty and of stern demand, in whispers and in roars, a never ceasing babble of who, who, who. I was evidently a stranger in that locality.

Just how the rest of the journey to camp was accomplished I cannot tell, as it was too dark for me to see. At one place, where I was pushing my way through a thick tangle of bushes, I stepped off a ledge of rock and landed in a net of grapevines a couple of feet below. Working a hole through the vines, I let myself down to another ledge. Another place I walked out on a ledge of rock, supposing I was going round the base of the cliff as usual, when I suddenly caught the gleam of water beneath; one more step and I had taken a plunge into the creek from a 20ft. elevation, but it seemed a foolish thing to do, and I called a halt.

I remember standing there and winding my watch. The lowering of the walls was the first sign of approaching camp, and then I came to the horses grazing on a little flat, and next came the white-walled village only a few rods away.

I had expected to find the camp in tears over my prolonged absence, but it was only snores—muffled, yet audible. I slipped into my tent and striking a match looked at my watch. It was ten minutes after 12.

After retiring I heard a faint who, who, who, from the outer air and I drowsily answered: "It is only me," and slept, and a red-letter day was done. E. P. JAQUES.

GENESEO, Ill.

Pennsylvania's Game Commission.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 7.—Commissions have been issued to the following gentlemen as Game Commissioners: William M. Kennedy, Allegheny; E. B. Westfall, Williamsport; James H. Worden, Harrisburg; C. K. Sober, Lewisburg; Charles H. Heebner, Philadelphia, and Major I. B. Stearns, Wilkes-Barre. They will no doubt take up the work at once and try and make some report on the condition of affairs in the State, as well as make some suggestions as to legislation, as the act requires, although they have but a short time in which to do it. There is, however, a good amount of data which they can make use of. F.

A THUNDERSTORM ON THE MUSKOKA LAKES.

SEPT 28, 18—.—The sun had sunk behind the western hills, bathing a tiny cloud that hung just over the horizon with a rich, ruddy hue. The soft evening light fell across the autumn-tinted woods, blending and giving added richness to their already indescribable beauty of varied color—color peculiar to Muskoka foliage in its lovely autumn garb. The roar of Bala Falls, with its ceaseless monotone, knowing neither day nor night, sleeping nor waking, alone seemed not to feel the touch of Mother Nature, as in the quiet of that evening hour she "touched each nodding bough to rest, and calmed each brood in their toubled nest." But like time, ever forward, ever onward, heeding neither that men may weep along its brink nor the silent stars that gaze serenely into its troubled, tossing waters, on it rolled tumultuous through the slumbering wood.

And just above its roar at this same hour the little Typsy stood proudly upon her keel once more, looking not a whit worse for her recent immersion, while the little group of toilers on the shore stood over her with no less pride and satisfaction in the result of their arduous labors in raising her from the gloomy depths into which she had been plunged so ingloriously a few hours before. A fire had been kindled under the boiler, and while it was fulfilling the twofold mission of drying the engine and making steam for the home trip, our party repaired to the hotel near by to enjoy a well-earned meal and recount the strange vicissitudes of that already eventful day. For since the early morning when we left home to bring back our little craft, rowing several miles and covering several more in that still more ordinary method of walking, common to rich as well as poor in that scarce broken country; then footsore and weary, obliged to call a farmer from his field to drive us at a quarter a head the remainder of the journey behind two jaded oxen, in the bottom of a springless wagon, jolting and jarring over the rocky, untraveled road—the philosophy of which progress is best described by an experience of Thoreau on a similar, only more so, excursion, where he says, "When the runners struck a rock 3 or 4ft. high the sled bounced back and upward at the same time; and as the horses never ceased pulling it came down on top of the rock, and so we got over." But the concussion we sustained made that drive linger long in our memories, and altogether our day had been a succession of events too numerous and trifling to detail, from the bagging of a few ducks, for which, lacking a dog, we were obliged to swim, to Squirt's successful beheading of a beer bottle with a revolver shot, in the absence of a corkscrew—but all of which added variety and interest, and even a shade of adventure, to the day's journey. But suffice it to say that when we reached our destination to our great delight our craft had been brought up safely from below the falls, where it had done service on that most picturesque Moon River, and now lay on its ways within a few feet of the water, in readiness to be borne out upon the bosom of that broader expanse on which it should henceforth sail.

But every pride has its fall, and so our little Typsy, exulting in an opening of wider usefulness as it looked out across the deep blue waters through which it soon should gayly plow its way, was doomed to like disaster. The order had been given, the blocks struck out from under the rollers, a flag floated lightly from the bow, the expectant crowd stood in readiness to cheer its departure; and amid it all she moved slowly, gracefully down the inclined plane till, just as she reached the water's edge, the unsecured ways tilted to a perpendicular, precipitating our boat until it stood at right angles to the surface below. Not for long, however, for her nose had already buried itself, and in less time than it takes to write it she had listed to port, filled and gone down into seventeen feet of water, which in another moment had closed over her, leaving not even the smokestack visible to mark her resting place. The waiting cheer of the spectators stifled itself into a dismal moan, and the laborers who had toiled all night in anxious hope now looked at each other in dull silence, except where one had found an outlet for his pent-up feelings in a string of oaths as long as our whole day's journey, to whom our "cook," with a gravity that became his humor, handed a lever with a laconic suggestion as to its greater utility in such an emergency—a suggestion ultimately acted upon and attended with such success that, after four hours of patient, steady application to such rude rude appliances as were at hand, the craft had regained the surface and its equilibrium, and was now standing there as gayly as before, its vanity but slightly modified.

The small, white clouds of steam that circled about her seemed to fill her with impatience to quit the scenes of her misfortune, and while we were still engaged with our evening meal her fast generating power had several times been forced to expend itself through the safety valve—"a very necessary attachment to boilers and men," as our philosophic cook pointed out, "but frequently omitted by nature in putting together the latter, hence the oft recurring explosions among them."

But our boat was not more impatient than we to start on our homeward journey, and detailing a couple of the crew to forage for firewood, which fortunately lay near to hand at the schoolhouse hard by, and for which I now take this first opportunity, on behalf of the party, publicly to thank the corporation—a little courtesy omitted at the time, chiefly owing to the absence of any representative of their interests—we stepped aboard, amid many good-byes, and quietly steamed away.

Twilight was deepening to night as we rode out through Bala Bay, and already the brighter stars were peeping through the coming darkness. Overhead Altair and Vega were shining with growing luster, and well up in the eastern sky the bigger stars in the constellations, Pegasus, Andromeda, and following the line northerly, Algol and Capello just above the northeastern hill, had already silently taken their places as vigils over the sleeping earth. Away in the western sky, behind the tiny cloud that a little while ago was bathed in sunset hues, a light flickered intermittently, as if from the dying embers of the sun; and except this glimmering light, nothing in that silent and serene sky suggested or portended the storm that was to follow while we sailed across that peaceful bay, where, bounding it on every side, the forest stood against the horizon grim and silent too, save a chirp here and there of some belated bird. Bala Park was passed, and Sandy Point, and still the darkness of the growing night alone marked the passing moments. Bu

now the little cloud in the west, emitting its phosphorescent light, began to extend along the horizon toward the northern sky. The lightning flashes, now more vivid, mingling with the darkness and making it more deep, added some to the difficulty of navigating, and the Kettles were still before us. But on we pressed, enjoying the ever changing scene around us and above us. For now the sky about the horizon seemed fringed from east to west, and north to south, with this surcharged cloud; now flashing in the east, now in the west, alternately—beacon lights along the far-off hills, signaling across the valley of night, they seemed.

And then, with a sigh of relief that even the weird beauty of the scene could not make one insensible to the danger of navigating on such a night, the Kettles were passed, and its great rock shoal lay behind us.

Mortimer's Point was reached, and still deeper grew the night. The lightning now flashed incessantly around the horizon, lighting up the shore where the tall pines stood out solemn and grim, or revealing the lonely islands that dotted the lake before us, giving to the scene a strange, weird and wild beauty.

Cooper's Point passed, and before us stretched the open lake, in which we must meet and battle with the furious storm which we saw to be imminent.

The quickly gathering clouds now filled the northern sky with a lowering, rolling, heavy mass of inky blackness, out of whose dark depths the fierce lightning flashed in ragged, irregular tongues of lurid flame; so bright were they that the shore for miles was illumined till every tree stood out as at noonday, while the darkness that followed was so deep in contrast that the ship's bow could not be discerned from the pilot window. A peal of distant approaching thunder once or twice followed these flaming forks; a sudden puff of wind and all was still again, in one of these momentary calms that always precede the worst storms, when the skirmishing lines have withdrawn or fallen back to reunite with the advancing army for the grand charge. It was not long coming—a flash of lightning, a crash of thunder, a raindrop or two, a gust of wind, and before the windows were fairly closed and our craft made tight the storm had burst.

And what a storm! One of nature's field nights. Fiery tongues leaped across the heavy sky; the thunder roared and crashed in its awful sublimity—these, the grand artillery forces, pouring forth their deadly volleys, until the very planet itself seemed ready to stagger before the terrible onslaughts, and with their tumult mingled the beating rain and the angry wind that in its fury now lashed the cruel waters into foam, tossing the crested waves high over our little craft, but through it all she plowed steadily on against the terrific odds. The lifeboat we had in tow had quickly swamped and was dragging through and under the water, retarding our already strained ship. But nothing daunted, our gallant Typsy pressed on, as if endeavoring to regain her lost prestige, and her saucy little puff! puff! through the exhaust contrasted strangely with the roar of the tempest without, an incongruity that did not escape the notice of our philosopher, who observed that it was "not unlike the walk of puny man through the great universe, with its unsolved problem of life and death and immortality; as unconscious of his proper relations to infinity, and with as little reverence for the truly great as this vain craft that cannot stop its noise, even amid the sublimity of a storm. Lord, teach man humility!" he added. We thought he had forgotten his words when a little later he broke into song, his deep, sonorous bass mingling with the thunder's deeper tone. But he assured us that the song was but the channel through which the emotions welling within him could find an outlet, and give relief to his bursting soul. Truly, our cook was no mean philosopher, for what other song is there, what other art worthy the name? And in song we passed the hour in that open lake before Horseshoe Island and the Indian River were reached, an hour of thrilling experience, in which I for one suffered an intensity of feeling such as is seldom one's good fortune or pleasure to enjoy. For who so dull as could fail to respond to the inspiration of so sublime a spectacle or to the strange witchery of such weird grandeur. No longer a battle, now that the first fears of uncertainty were over, but one of nature's grand pyrotechnic displays, illumining alike the mountain clouds that rolled majestically across the sky, the lonely far-off hilltops and the deep valleys that slumbered beneath, while the heaving waters around us were dotted here and there with a lonely wooded island that at the bidding of the lightning flash rose out of the impenetrable darkness and the darker depths, as if called forth by the magician's wand.

The storm had not moderated when we reached the river, and the darkness was still so great that we were altogether dependent on the lightning's gleam to discover to us the narrow channel, marked on either side by buoys, a difficult task enough in daylight on that tortuous, shallow river. Now a vivid flash, and a line of these white buoys stretched along the river like ghostly sentinels guarding the shore on each side; the next flash and the first of the line had shot past a window within a foot or two of the boat, its specter-like form aglow with the light of its own world. But never slackening for a moment, on we sped, and as much by luck as good generalship reached Port Carling in safety at midnight. The rain was still falling heavily as we pulled through those gloomy locks, and the wind and tempest had long since snuffed out the dim lamps that nightly hang there to guide the late mariner while the village sleeps on undisturbed. And so dark was it at this time that we were obliged to creep cautiously along the canal banks on our hands and knees to reach the gates.

This point passed, and the storm began to abate, the rain had ceased, and by the time we had entered Lake Rosseau for the homeward stretch we had left it fairly behind us and heard its indistinct rumbling far to the south.

The remaining five miles proved as peaceful as the other had been boisterous. The sky had broken in the north, and through the rifts the northern constellations were appearing and disappearing again, as the scattering clouds hurried along to overtake the storm and continue their night's frolic in some other part. And before we reached our harbor the stars shone out clearly in the morning sky. The slender crescent of the waning moon too rose peacefully in the east,

"And over the waters in silvery white
Pale moonbeams tread in a path of light."

And amid a quiet, even more profound than that in which we left Bala Bay a few hours before, we entered port, and were soon gladly sharing the warmth of a good log fire that awaited us.

ISAIAH SCOTT.

Natural History.

THE WILLOW GROUSE.*

(*Tetrao saliceti*, TEMM.)

MALE, FEMALE AND YOUNG.

ALTHOUGH I have not seen this beautiful bird within the limits of the United States, I feel assured that it exists in the State of Maine as well as in the northern districts bordering on the great lakes. Theodore Lincoln, Esq., of Dennisville, in Maine, shot seven one day not many miles from that village; and the hunter who guided me to the breeding grounds of the Canada grouse assured me that he also knew where the "red-necked partridge" was to be found. The places which he described as frequented by them seemed to bear as near a resemblance to those in which I found the species in Labrador and Newfoundland as the difference of latitude and vegetation could admit. I have also seen several skins of individuals that were killed near Lake Michigan.

The willow grouse differs in its habits from the Canada grouse in several remarkable circumstances. In the first place neither myself nor any of my party ever found the former solitary or single. The males were always in the immediate vicinity of the nest while the females were sitting, and accompanied them and the young from the time the latter were hatched until they were full grown; and whenever we met them we observed that the males and the females manifested the strongest attachment toward each other as well as toward their young. In fact, so much was this the case that when a covey happened to come in our way the parents would fly directly toward us with so much boldness that some were actually killed on the wing with the rods of our guns as they flew about in the agonies of rage and despair, with all their feathers raised and ruffled. In the meantime the little ones dispersed and made off through the deep moss and tangled creeping plants with great rapidity, squatting and keeping close to the ground, when it became extremely difficult to find them. This is the only American species of grouse I am acquainted with that possesses these habits; in all others found in the United States the male not only leaves the female as soon as incubation has commenced, but both fly from man and urge their young to do the same from their earliest age.

The willow grouse, moreover, join their broods whenever an opportunity offers, and we found flocks of old and young in which the latter were of very different sizes. This species rarely if ever alights on bushes or trees after being fully grown, and appears to resort at all times by preference to the ground, living among the naked rocks of the open morasses.

The young birds do not acquire their full summer plumage before they are two years old. Many of these middle-aged birds, as I would call them, which our party procured early in the month of July, differed greatly from the older birds, which had their broods then quite small. They were much lighter in color, their tails were shorter, and they weighed less, but afforded much better eating. Some of them had young, but their broods were much smaller in point of number, seldom exceeding four or five, while the old birds frequently had a dozen or more.

The flight of the willow grouse resembles that of the red grouse of Scotland, being regular, swift and on occasion protracted to a very great distance. They have no whirring sound of their wings, even when put up by sudden surprise. Whenever we found a pair without young they were extremely shy and would fly from one hill to another often at a great distance. If pursued they would be seen standing erect and boldly watching our approach until we got to the distance of a few hundred yards from them, when they would run from the naked rocks into the moss, and there squat so close that unless one of the party happened to walk almost over them they remained unseen and could not be raised. When discovered and put up they were easily shot on account of the beautiful regularity of their flight. In rising from the ground they utter a loud and quickly repeated chuck, which is continued for 8 or 10yds.

Young birds shot in Newfoundland on Aug. 11 weighed 6½oz. and were fully fledged. Their primaries were of a sullied white, but their legs were not closely covered with hair-like feathers, as in the old birds. Although this species breeds in the districts inhabited by the Canada grouse, it never enters the thickets to which the latter resorts, but always remains in the open grounds.

One day while in search of young wild geese in a large oozy and miry flat, covered with a floating bed of tangled herbage, we were much surprised at finding there several willow grouse. They were extremely shy and flew from one part of the marsh to another. We procured with great difficulty two, which proved to be barren females.

To give you an idea of the difficulties we had occasionally to encounter in our endeavors to procure birds in that country, it will suffice to say that one of us was so mired in the flat just mentioned that it was with extreme difficulty another of us succeeded in extricating him, to the great danger of being himself swamped, in which case we must all have perished had no aid arrived. We were completely smeared with black mud, and so fatigued that when we returned we found it impossible to proceed more than a few yards before we were forced to sit down on the dangerous sward, which at every step shook for a considerable space around, so that we were obliged to keep at a distance from each other and move many yards apart, constantly fearing that the least increase of weight would have burst the thin layer that supported us and sent us into a depth from which we could not have been extricated. But once out of the bog, we were delighted with the success of our enterprise, and as we refreshed ourselves from our scanty stores, when we had reached the rocky shores of the sea, we laughed heartily at what had happened, although only a few hours before it was considered a most serious accident.

As I am speaking of fowling in Labrador, allow me to relate an incident connected with the willow grouse. Among our crew was a sailor who was somewhat of a wag. He was a "man-of-war's-man," and had seen a good deal of service in our navy, an expert sailor, perhaps the best diver I have seen, always willing to work hard and always full of fun. This sailor and another had the rowing of our gig on an excursion after grouse and other wild birds. Thomas Lincoln and my son John Woodhouse managed the boat. The gig having landed on the main, the sailors, who had guns, went one way and the young travelers another. They all returned, as was previously agreed upon, at the same hour and produced the birds which they had procured. The sailor had none and was laughed at. While rowing toward the Ripley we heard the cries of birds as if in the air; the rowing ceased, but nothing could be seen, and we proceeded. Again the sounds of birds were distinctly heard, but again none could be seen, and what seemed strange was that they were heard only at each pull of the oars. The young men taxed the tar with producing the noises, as they saw him as if employed in doing so with his mouth; however, the thing still remained a mystery. Some time after we had got on board the provision basket was called for and was produced by Master Bill, who, grinning from ear to ear, drew out of it two fine old grouse and a whole covey of young ones, in all the exultation of one who had outwitted what he called his betters.

While at the harbor of Bras d'Or I was told by persons who had resided in the country for many years that during the winter when the snow covers the ground, and the grouse are obliged to scratch through it in order to get at the mosses and lichens, they are so abundant that a hundred or more can be shot in a day, and congregate in flocks of immense numbers, now and then mixed with the smaller species, called there the rock grouse, and which is the *Tetrao rupestris*. Their flesh is then salted for summer use. At that season they are of a pure white, except the tail, which retains its jetty blackness. I was further informed that their flesh is then dry and not to be compared with what it is in summer, when I found it tender and having an agreeable aromatic flavor.

The willow grouse breeds in Labrador about the beginning of June. The female conceals her nest under the creeping branches of the low firs. It consists of bits of dry twigs and mosses drawn into a form. The eggs are from five to fourteen, according to the age of the bird, and are marbled with irregular spots of reddish brown on a dull fawn color or rufous ground. They raise only one brood in the season.

The pair represented in the plate, with their young, were procured by my friend George Shattuck, Esq., of Boston, one of my party, who shot the first pair found by us in Labrador. They were in their full summer plumage. I think these birds, as well as the Canada grouse, have what I call a continued moult, young feathers being found upon them at all seasons.

* From Audubon's Ornithological Biography, to accompany the plate on page 492.

THE ERMINE.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—The conversation turned to ermine the other day and a well-posted fur man stated that they came only from Siberia and Russia, and also informed us they were pretty little white creatures, with many little black tails all over them. (He did not say whether they had nine tails or not, like some cats.) What I desire to know is in what way they differ from the ordinary weasel, which I suppose to be white in winter months.

GAH-GA-GA.

The ermine is common to Europe, Asia and America, and although it has been separated into many species, Dr. Coues says in his "Fur-Bearing Animals," page 111:

(1) The ermines of Europe, Asia and America are specifically identical.

(2) None of the supposed characters which have been relied upon to separate them have any existence in nature, except as peculiarities of individual specimens examined.

(3) The American ermines are of two forms according to size alone, which in the extremes stand widely apart, but which grade insensibly into each other.

These are the conclusions reached after examining a large number of specimens of ermine taken at various seasons in Great Britain, France, Germany, Sweden, Siberia and Kamchatka, together with an immense collection from all portions of North America inhabited by the animal. The fur commonly called ermine is the winter pelage of what we know as weasel, and what is known in England as the stoat (*Putorius ermined*). The animal is brown in summer and white in winter, the tip of the tail being always black. A vast deal has been written about the species, and we quote from Audubon and Bachman a few paragraphs which give some notion of its habits:

"Graceful in form, rapid in his movements, and of untiring industry, he is withal a brave and fearless little fellow; conscious of security within the windings of his retreat among the logs, or heap of stones, he permits us to approach him within a few feet, then suddenly withdraws his head; we remain still for a moment, and he once more returns to his post of observation, watching curiously our every motion, seeming willing to claim association so long as we abstain from becoming his persecutor.

"Yet with all these external attractions, this little weasel is fierce and bloodthirsty, possessing an intuitive propensity to destroy every animal and bird within its reach, some of which, such as the American rabbit, the ruffed grouse and the domestic fowl, are ten times its own size. It is a notorious and hated depredator of the poultry house, and we have known forty well-grown fowls to have been killed in one night by a single ermine. Satiated with the blood of probably a single fowl, the rest, like the flock slaughtered by the wolf in the sheepfold, were destroyed in obedience to a law of nature, an instinctive propensity to kill. We have traced the footsteps of this bloodsucking little animal on the snow pursuing the trail of the American rabbit, and although it could not overtake its prey by superior speed, yet the timid hare soon took refuge in the trunk of a tree, or in a hole dug by the marmot or skunk. Thither it was pursued by the ermine and destroyed, the skin and other remains at the mouth of the burrow bearing evidence of the fact. We observed an ermine, after having captured a hare of the above species, first behead it, and then drag the body some 20yds. over the fresh fallen snow, beneath which it was concealed and the snow lightly pressed down over it; the little prowler displaying thereby a habit of which we became aware for the first time on that occasion. To

avoid a dog that was in close pursuit, it mounted a tree and laid itself flat on a limb about 20ft. from the ground, from which it was finally shot. We have ascertained by successful experiments, repeated more than a hundred times, that the ermine can be employed in the manner of the ferret of Europe in driving our American rabbit from the burrow into which it has retreated. In one instance the ermine employed had been captured only a few days before, and its canine teeth were filed in order to prevent its destroying the rabbit; a cord was placed around its neck to secure its return. It pursued the hare through all the windings of its burrow, and forced it to the mouth, where it could be taken in a net or by the hand. In winter, after a snowstorm, the ruffed grouse has a habit of plunging into the loose snow, where it remains at times for one or two days. In this passive state the ermine sometimes detects and destroys it.

"Notwithstanding all these mischievous and destructive habits, it is doubtful whether the ermine is not rather a benefactor than an enemy to the farmer, ridding his granaries and fields of many depredators on the product of his labor that would devour ten times the value of the poultry and eggs which at long and uncertain intervals it occasionally destroys. A mission appears to have been assigned it by Providence to lessen the rapidly multiplying number of mice of various species, and the smaller rodentia.

"The white-footed mouse is destructive to the grains in the wheatfields and in the stacks, as well as the nurseries of fruit trees. Le Conte's pine mouse is injurious to the Irish and sweet potato crops, causing more to rot by nibbling holes in them than it consumes; and Wilson's meadow mouse lessens our annual product of hay by feeding on the grasses, and by its long and tortuous galleries among their roots.

"Whenever an ermine has taken up its residence, the mice in its vicinity for half a mile around have been found rapidly to diminish in number. Their active little enemy is able to force its thin, vermiform body into the burrows; it follows them to the end of their galleries, and destroys whole families. We have on several occasions, after a light fall of snow, followed the trail of this weasel through fields and meadows, and witnessed the immense destruction which it occasioned in a single night. It enters every hole under stumps, logs, stone heaps and fences, and evidences of its bloody deeds are seen in the mutilated remains of the mice scattered on the snow. The little chipping or ground squirrel, *Tamias lysteri* [*sc. striatus*], takes up its residence in the vicinity of the grain fields, and is known to carry off in its cheek pouches vast quantities of wheat and buckwheat to serve as winter stores. The ermine instinctively discovers these snug retreats, and in the space of a few minutes destroys a whole family of these beautiful little *Tamiæ;* without even resting awhile until it has consumed its now abundant food, its appetite craving for more blood, as if impelled by an irresistible destiny, it proceeds in search of other objects on which it may glut its insatiable, vampire-like thirst. The Norway rat and the common house mouse take possession of our barns, wheat stacks and granaries, and destroy vast quantities of grain. In some instances the farmer is reluctantly compelled to pay even more than a tithe in contributions toward the support of these pests. Let, however, an ermine find its way into these barns and granaries, and there take up its winter residence, and the havoc which is made among these rats and mice will soon be observable. The ermine pursues them to their furthest retreats, and in a few weeks the premises are entirely free from their depredations. We once placed a half domesticated ermine in an outhouse infested with rats, shutting up the holes on the outside to prevent their escape. The little animal soon commenced his work of destruction. The squeaking of the rats was heard throughout the day. In the evening it came out, licking its mouth, and seemed like a hound after a long chase, much fatigued. A board of the floor was raised to enable us to ascertain the result of our experiment, and an immense number of rats were observed, which, although they had been killed in different parts of the building, had been dragged together, forming a compact heap.

"The ermine is then of immense benefit to the farmer. We are of the opinion that it has been over-hated, and too indiscriminately persecuted. If detected in the poultry house, there is some excuse for destroying it, as, like the dog that has been caught in the sheepfold, it may return to commit further depredations; but when it has taken up its residence under stone heaps and fences, in his fields, or his barn, the farmer would consult his interest by suffering it to remain, as by thus inviting it to a home it will probably destroy more formidable enemies, relieve him from many petty annoyances, and save him many a bushel of grain."

We saw on one occasion a weasel in active pursuit of a half grown cotton-tail rabbit which crossed a dusty road in summer not far from where we were standing and stopped in the undergrowth only a few yards beyond us. In a very short time a tiny brown weasel emerged from the wood following on the track of the rabbit, but when it reached the dust it seemed to lose the track and doubled backward and forward looking for the scent. Unquestionably, however, if it had not been disturbed it would have made a circle across the road and struck the trail again, and would shortly have overtaken the rabbit. Our interference drove the weasel off on one side of the road and the rabbit further away on the other.

Ways of the Ruffed Grouse.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A word or two in corroboration of the observations of Mr. G. S. Ellis, in your issue of the 12th inst., in which he differs with Mr. B. Waters in his assertion that the ruffed grouse "ventures into the open only on such infrequent occasions as it is tempted to search for food, and then only in places seldom invaded by man, and where it fancies there is freedom from pursuit."

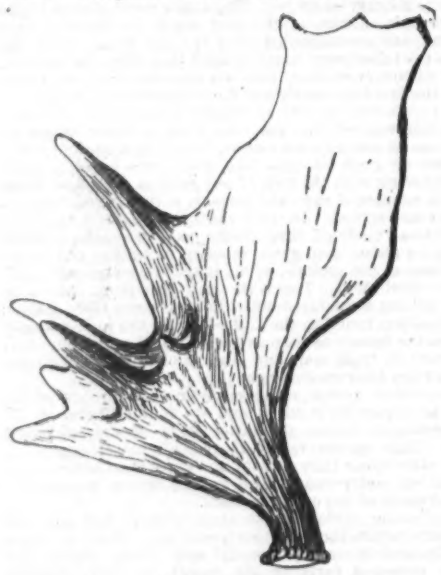
During a recent trip to Orange county, New York, where, by the way, ruffed grouse are now very scarce, I and good old Blarney scoured the country for miles and miles without even hearing the whir of a wing. Returning about 3 P. M., with only a single rabbit to my credit, I contemplated turning my hammerless into a tandem and sending Blarney to cuddle for the remainder of her days in the lap of a family of six affectionate daughters. I was about to emerge from a small patch of woods within a stone's throw of the farmhouse where I was stopping when I happened to look back and saw the dog making hot game. The next moment three grouse flushed from the very edge of the open, at about 20yds., and I was lucky enough to make a double. The third bird I marked down and nailed with the second barrel about ten minutes afterward. The second bird of the double dropped on the veranda of a club house, closed for the winter, where I afterward found it.

What I wish to emphasize are the facts that there are several summer club houses and cottages on this small wooded ridge, and that the birds were feeding where the farmers' youngsters play at leap-frog and chase their cur dogs for exercise. My limited experience has proved to me on other occasions also that these noble birds do not object to the smoke from a chimney; furthermore, the farmer avers (he is an Irishman with a set of "Galways" that would be a sore temptation to a covey of winter-tossed quail) that every winter some "patridges" roost in an abandoned cottage in this same corner. This statement is backed up by his wife, a Dutch woman who has never been known to smile except when extending her hand for the proffered "long green."

It may be that the birds are lured so near to the house by a glimpse of the whiskers aforesaid, but I leave this knotty question to be settled by a committee of expert ornithologists and barbers. PELLETS.

A "Double" Moose Antler.

THE accompanying sketch is a view of the under side of a moose's antler, and shows an attempt to produce a "double" set of points. The antler, a left hand one, is a



DOUBLE MOOSE ANTLER.

little over 2ft. long, the false points being the largest, 5in. long. It was picked up in the spring of 1895 by Charley Barker on the top of Black Peak, back of Riley Brook, on Tobique River, New Brunswick. T. A.

Game Bag and Gun.

WHERE TO GO.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

THE BUCK AND THE MAN.

THE sun shone hotly, the atmosphere was hazy and sleepy, and the buzzing of bees and the sound of the brook a few rods away from seat plashing over the smooth stones and purling over the pebbles, all sang a sweet lullaby.

This watching for deer on a runway is a tiresome business at best, and if I closed my eyes it was only for a moment; it rested my eyes and my sight was better for it, at least so I reasoned. I sat with my back fitting comfortably into the hollow of a pine stump and watched and dozed.

A buck came out of the hardwood and stopped to drink at the brook. I raised my rifle to fire when the Buck turned quickly and spoke: "Gently, gently, young man. Hold your fire a moment, and when I have finished drinking we will have a word or two together." I lowered my rifle and waited for the Buck to drink.

He thrust his muzzle deep into the brook and his nose and mouth turned silver in the clear water. He drank, and after looking up and down the stream walked slowly up the shelving bank and nodding his antlered head in kingly fashion disposed himself at my feet.

I sat quietly on the log and waited for the Buck to begin.

Finally he broke the silence. "You are a hunter, more particularly a deer hunter to-day," said the Buck, "and I am a deer, a buck, and if you will pardon the seeming egotism, I am rather an unusually fine specimen of an extraordinarily beautiful and graceful race."

As he said this he looked complacently at his beautiful self and glanced carelessly at the shadows cast on the grass by his wide, spreading antlers."

"Yes," said I, "you certainly are as fine as any deer I have sh— seen," I hastened to correct.

"Your correction does not escape me," said the Buck, "but your appreciation of my beauty is no more acceptable because of the substitution of verbs. But to dwell on my charms was not the object of my visit, so we will dismiss these extraneous matters, if you please, and give our attention to matters of more importance. In the first place, let me say that the reason I trusted myself so implicitly with you, with all your ability and capacity for doing evil to me," glancing meaningly at my long rifle, "was because I recognized in you a hunter I know well and a sportsman, which is equivalent to my saying that you are a man of honor."

I acknowledged the compliment as gracefully as I might, and, forgetting the nature of my companion, proffered my flask.

But the Buck waved a deprecating forefoot in the air and said: "No—no thanks necessary. I am a painstaking deer, and where honor is due I pay it. As for your flask, I've no doubt it is good; but I prefer my corn on the ear."

The Buck winked a merry eye at me as he said this and smiled in a satisfied way at his little joke.

"But," resumed the Buck, "I came to discuss with you, as a man of some experience, a few of the questions which have been much discussed of late regarding the protection of my kind and the regulation of deer hunting by proper legislation.

"I am glad," said I, "of the opportunity, but of course our discussion will be a unilateral discourse with yourself as lecturer, for naturally from your standpoint you expect immunity, while I as a hunter would never be entirely reconciled to such a state of affairs."

"Not at all," said the Buck. "I acknowledge the unquestionable right of man to pursue and kill, with certain restrictions, the so-called lower animals, and use them for his own pleasure and profit; and I regard this divine law with the same composure with which you look upon your own mortality. The will of the Great Deer is not to be controverted, and his ways are inscrutable."

Certainly, thought I, this is a remarkable animal—a philosopher.

"Well," said I aloud, "I am glad you regard the matter in its proper light. It simplifies things so, and I am sure we will discuss these questions to our mutual advantage. You are, of course, familiar with the game laws as they now exist, and if you will begin I will show you how well I can listen. But hark! Is that not a dog?"

From high up on the mountain top came the cry of a running hound.

The Buck cast a contemptuous glance toward the sound and said:

"He's been in hearing, in my hearing, for fully five minutes. Of course, you humans can't hear as well as we wood folk; but if he's on my track I'm safe enough. I came through the Beaver Marsh and Horshoe Pond. Presently you will hear him stop."

We listened—I expectantly, the Buck languidly and with little concern.

The dog came steadily on.

I glanced at the Buck, but he betrayed not the slightest emotion.

"He has come through the marsh," I ventured.

"Yes," said the Buck easily. "I was mistaken in the dog. That is Sam Russell's Bluecoat, but I dare say even he will not come through Horseshoe."

As he spoke the baying ceased, and no sound came to our ears but the plashing of the water over the smooth stones in the brook and the lazy droning hum of the insects.

"As good a dog," offered the Buck, "as one would care to see or hear, but water has saved many a good deer before this day, though my hide might have been buckskin years ago if I had depended solely upon flight for deliverance."

As the Buck said this he bent his head and hooked at the stem of a birch treee beside him, tearing away the bark as if it had been peeled with a knife.

"Yes," said I, "a good dog; and let me advise you that hereafter when you hear him hooting on your track you want to streak it for big water directly, unless you have become tired of life."

"Indeed?" returned the Buck. "Thanks—but many a good dog has sung his own death song on my trail, and Bluecoat must not race me too often," and the old fellow lunged viciously at the birch tree and snapped the stem in two.

It required no great effort of the imagination to see him at bay, legs far apart, hoofs braced, eyes aflame and the hair upon his spine erect, striking and lunging at the hungry hounds circling around him.

He became calm immediately, and turning quickly asked, "Do you believe in hounding?"

"Inasmuch," I replied, "as I am now illustrating my belief in its efficacy as a venison-getting mode of hunting, it seems to me that I am precluded from arguing on that point. What do you think of it?"

"Now, see here," said the Buck, "don't evade the question in that way. I know you are a lawyer, but don't be bluffing me with your *prima facie* evidence and your *particeps criminis* and your *flagrante delictu*, and all that legal bosh. Do you or don't you believe in hounding? Come now."

"Well," said I, "I do and I don't. I'll explain that," I hastened to add as the Buck snorted angrily:

"Firstly, the deer are not plenty enough in the Adirondacks to make still-hunting a successful mode of hunting you fellows.

"Secondly, deer are plenty enough to make some mode of hunting allowable which requires less exertion and skill. Therefore we have hounding and jacking.

"I believe in hounding thus far—I believe that the law should allow fifteen days of hounding, but should attach a heavy penalty to the killing of any swimming deer. To my mind it is not unsportsmanlike to shoot at a deer as he comes loping through a runway. It requires good eyes and hands and nerves.

"But to kill a deer in the water from a boat brought up to within a few feet of the unfortunate animal is brutal and revolting and least of all unsportsmanlike. Succinctly stated you have my ideas on hounding."

"Concisely put," said the Buck, "and measurably plausible. As you say a deer is a small mark at thirty or forty rods loping through a runway, and it takes a good marksman and a good rifle to score under these conditions, the deer is generally a good odds-on favorite. There is room for argument, however, on the ground that the dog does the work and the shooter does nothing but sit still and shoot the best he knows how.

"The killing of deer in the water I consider brutal,

bloodthirsty slaughter, with no element of skill involved to give the performance the semblance of sportsmanship. Why, man alive, it was only a week ago that my youngest wife and her fawn were driven thirty miles, shot at on three runways, and finally, my wife deciding to risk taking our child into the deep water of the lake, were pursued by a man in a boat, shot at four times at a distance of 15 or 20ft., only escaping through the awkwardness of the hunter, a city sport, who overturned the boat in his excitement and had to swim for his life to the shore, where he sat shivering until a guide came along in a boat and took him back to camp, where he washed dishes for the remainder of his stay.

"What chance has a deer in the water? Tell me, will you?

"How many deer were killed in the Adirondacks last fall, and how many were killed last month, last week, yesterday, and how many are being killed to-day in the lakes, ponds and rivers of this great mountain country by red devils of hell, who row up to us in boats and kill us with gun, revolver, knife, axe, club, oar, anything that is handiest? How many, I say?" The old Buck had jumped to his feet in his frenzy and was pawing up the sod and stamping furiously.

"Don't sit there and stare at me, man! How many were murdered in the water last year? 'Hundreds,' do you say? 'Hundreds'—yes, and thousands—thousands, I say. Do you hear? And if it continues I prophesy extinction for us. Not in my time, but soon—soon."

The Buck trotted up and down for a minute or two, snorting, shaking his head and making that peculiar whistling noise we all know so well, and after a final snort came and lay down at my feet again.

I thought I would give the old fellow time to cool out, so I sat perfectly still and looked at the reflection of the buck's antlers in the polished blued steel just above the grip on my rifle. They were immense, and there were twelve prongs on one side and eleven on the other side.

In a few moments his sides stopped heaving, and he said, quietly enough:

"And jacking? What of that?"

"As to jacking," said I, "there is little to be said. If skill plays any part in this mode of hunting it is the skill of the paddler who sends the canoe on so quietly, and who knows when and where to strike. It is not the skill of the ruffian masked in the shadows of the night, who hunts kneeling in the bottom of the canoe, with a murderous shotgun in his hands. Any child can kill a deer in that way."

"Yes," said the Buck, "and many have been killed thus. My son Spike, the unfortunate fellow—he would have been three years old this fall—came down to the lake to drink—we were living on Otowana Lake at that time—and the poor fellow had but put his dry lips in the cool water when there came a blinding flash, a great noise, and—but I won't weary you with his sad story. They killed him. He was a promising boy."

A tear trickled down the brown cheek and sank into the dry earth.

I forbore speaking until he should have controlled himself, and then said as sympathetically as I could, "I am sorry we should have chosen a subject which is necessarily so painful to you, and I trust you will believe me when I say that I am deeply touched by the little you have told me of your son's tragic death at the hands of these mock sportsmen. I feel sure he would have been a credit to these noble woods and hills, and to you also."

"He was valedictorian of his class at Marcy Hall," said the Buck, "and he held the inter-woods championship at high jumping. I am an old buck and I have other sons, but Spike was my first-born. Well," with a deep sigh as though dismissing the harrowing memoirs, "you and I coincide as to jacking at any rate, and as to hounding we are both partially right. Of the two I would rather be hounded. But the key to all this is simple, the answer is plain, and it is—protection. Give us protection for three or four years, and I'll warrant the deer will be thick enough to insure success to the greenest of still-hunters. Protect us, I say, for five years," and here he stepped up and tapped me on the shoulder with his forefoot, "protect us, I say, for five years; yes, for three, or even—" what a strong forefoot that was, to be sure, and it seemed to take hold of me like a hand. "Why, Sam, what in the—stop, will you—you brute—ugh," as a quart of icy cold brook water went down my back, "can't you let a fellow alone? Confound it, man, I'll set that buck on you. Leggo, will you?"

"Buck?" said Sam's cheery voice. "I guess not; no buck here now. You are a pretty watcher. Didn't you hear Bluecoat? Come down here."

"I heard Bluecoat," said I with dignity, "and so did the Buck, but he said he'd stop at Horseshoe, and he did; and I wish you'd stop dragging me along in this manner."

"Come, wake up, wake up, old man," laughed Sam, "or maybe you'd like another bath. No? Here, what do you think of that? Oh, you are coming out of your torpor, eh?"

"Blashing old buck track, isn't it? And here's another track—dog track—that's Bluecoat, and you sound asleep all the time! Oh, the boys won't do a thing to you tonight. I'm afraid not!

"Old Bluecoat came right through the marsh, swam the Horseshoe [so the Buck was mistaken after all], and brought him right to your feet, and you slept calmly through it all.

"It's your loss," continued Sam, "and he must have had eight on a side."

"Twelve on one side," I started to say, but I didn't want another bath, so I kept silent.

And the funny part of it all is that it is all true—all but the dream. EDWARD SIDNEY RAWSON.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y.

Ruffed Grouse.

MR. E. W. MESSENGER, of Boston, Mass., reports the partridge shooting in the vicinity of Wilton, N. H., unusually fine this season. Mr. Messenger recently made several trips to this neighborhood, hunting in company with his cousin, Mr. E. E. Low, of Wilton.

Last year a great many birds were snared, and one man is said to have cleared $400 from the sale of partridges taken in this way. The sportsmen, however, have succeeded in putting an end to the snaring, with the result of a great improvement in the game supply. J. B. B.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Animals for the Zoo.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 12.—On the evening of Dec. 8 Mr. E. Hofer, of Gardiner, Mont., arrived in Chicago with a shipment of animals for the National Zoölogical Gardens, at Washington, D. C., which he mentions in his communication of last week. Mr. Hofer had in the express car eight antelope, two black bears, one elk and four beaver, to say nothing of a bushy-tailed pack rat of the regulation Rocky Mountain thief brand. All the animals were in splendid condition and apparently standing the trip as well as could be expected, though they must have been well tired down. They are all this spring's animals except the beaver, one of which is a very large and old one, also a trifle belligerent, as he showed very plainly when asked to shake hands. The beaver were kept in a big store box, wired to prevent their gnawing out, and no tank was on hand for their convenience, as was the case in the earlier shipment of beaver made by Mr. Hofer. They had water poured over them at feeding times, and seemed to enjoy that. They will probably go through all right. Billy had along a lot of firewood for them to eat, they seeming to be very fond of fuel as food.

The antelope were packed in slatted crates, each just big enough to allow the animal to lie down or to stand up without turning around very comfortably. The crate for the elk, which was a cow of this year, was naturally a pretty big affair, and weighed something over 800lbs. with the elk in it. All the ruminants were apparently happy and well fed, and each of them seemed to have adopted civilized habits, for immediately after dinner each one took a chew of gum and kept at it as industriously as a Halstead street cashier. When engaged in chewing gum an antelope has an odd, whimsical look about its face, such as we never see in a mounted head or in a picture of the animal. At the corner of an antelope's mouth there is a sort of bunch, where the hair sticks out prominently, and this, with the full and open eye, gives the creature a surprised sort of look. It is always the first duty of a taxidermist to take a flat iron and iron out this bunch of hair so it will not stick out and look untidy and rough. The nose of an antelope is soft and black and moist, and, though I suppose a good many people do not know it, the tongue and inside of the antelope's mouth is also jetty black. Of course everybody, that is to say, everybody but the artists who make pictures for the big magazines and illustrated weeklies, knows that the eye of an antelope is right up against his horn, and not halfway down his face, between the horn and the muzzle, as one famous artist on Western topics once depicted it, much to Billy Hofer's disgust. The tail of the antelope is rarely over 2 or 3ft. long, but artists do not always know that either. I admit that an antelope looks more spirited with a long, flowing tail, but it is not really legitimate. Billy told me that not long ago in an ambitious pictorial number of a publication, which shall be nameless, a certain artist painted some elk and gave the cows a good set of horns apiece. The artist said the horns didn't cost any more, since he had 'em already on, and at first this argument was near to being conclusive, because any fellow likes to get as much as he can for his money, especially in hard times; but finally, after the engraving was made and ready to print, some one told the head editor it wouldn't do, so they cut the horns off the cows in the plate, and you can see now where they did it. But they didn't cut off the tails, which remain hanging down about to the gambrel joints in the picture. An elk's tail is really about as long as your thumb, but the management of the illustrated edition decided that as they could get that 2 or 3ft. extra for nothing it would be bad business policy to sacrifice it, so they let it go at that. This was magnificent, though it wasn't natural history.

Of the two bears that Billy Hofer had along one was a very crusty fellow, and prone to take a section of overcoat whenever he got a chance. In the express car the antelope were piled up in one end, and the two bear crates were placed at one side, guarding the narrow passage to the rear of the car. Of course the visitors to the car who wanted to see the antelope would be obliged to walk in front of the bear cage, and as each one passed by the cross bear would take toll as seemed to him desirable, reaching out a horny paw and swiping anything that came by, from a silk dress to a genuine Irish frieze ulster. Both these bears were captured by soldiers near the Lake Hotel in the Yellowstone Park, who found the mother and cubs together near the hotel last spring. They set dogs on the old one and the cubs ran up a tree, from which they were ingloriously haled down to make a Washington holiday.

I am always glad to see Billy Hofer when he comes to Chicago, and always take him out to my ranch here, where he shows a vast disposition for wool blankets and wide open windows. I think a guest ought to own the house, but I don't think he ought to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, which is more than half an hour before I ever usually get up, and kick about there being no hot water ready for him. I told Billy this, but he said he was so used to shaving in a geyser every morning that he couldn't get out of the habit.

A High Pressure Law.

The new Illinois game bill is what may be called a high pressure measure. It will ask a tax on the gun, a salaried warden system, a State license for non-residents, and a limited season for the sale of game. No Illinois game, not even ducks and snipe (heretofore not prohibited for sale at certain seasons), can be sold, and no foreign game can be sold after Jan. 1. The sportsmen say they would ask for prohibition of the sale of game altogether, but they are afraid they would not get it! That is to say, the immediate framers of the bill say so. I am disposed to think they might just as well throw in the clause for absolute prohibition of game marketing. They are quite as likely to get that as some of the other things they ask for, and stopping the sale of game is the only logical result these days for any scheme of game protection. The supposition of the attaining of some of the other things the new bill asks is enough to call to mind the words of the old song, "I Wonder if Dreams Come True."

Meantime, as mentioned earlier, the game dealers have formulated a little bill of their own. It is identical with that of the sportsmen except in the points where it is diametrically opposite. That is to say, it allows the sportsmen of Illinois (very good of the dealers, too) to do what they like with the game of Illinois, which does not amount to a picayune, but says that the sportsmen shall allow the dealers all the winter season up to March 1 for the sale of such game as they can procure outside the State of Illinois. This, being interpreted, means that the game dealers will be satisfied if they get everything they want, but ask the sportsmen to keep their hands off from anything the dealers do want. And the sportsmen, good, trustful men, are afraid to ask for a clause prohibiting the sale of game absolutely, for fear they won't get it.

The National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association is behind some of the proposed additions to the Illinois statutes on fish and game, and it does not intend to rest there, but will follow the work to Congress, where it is confidently expected that Congressman White, of Chicago, and Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, will favor the passage of an amendment to the Inter-State Commerce laws prohibiting the shipment of game from any State whose laws make such shipment illegal. This would be an excellent thing if it were accomplished. This would then be a better land. I was at a little festival of song the other evening, and a very good soprano sang a song called the Better Land, and the refrain of it was, "Not there, not there, my child." I am afraid we have not yet come to arrive there, as we say in Chicago.

No Mast this Year.

I am told that the Delta country of Mississippi, where the black bears were so numerous last year, has this year almost no mast at all, in consequence of which there are no bears to be found in all that country. Capt. Bobo is practically without an occupation, and expresses doubt whether he will ever again see the good old bear days which he has known so long in the past. It is supposed that the bears have gone to Arkansas or the hereafter.

Gates Ajar.

Some one whose name I do not know sends in a clipping from the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* in regard to these bears of the Mississippi Delta cane country, in which there is something of interest, especially that portion relating to the different varieties of bear known in the South. The now accepted "red bear" of Louisiana is mentioned explicitly. I have never heard Capt. Bobo speak of this red bear at all, but he has often killed the large bears mentioned, if they be indeed any different species. He says he has killed them weighing over 500lbs. On our hunt last winter we killed one, as mentioned at the time, which seemed very large, though we had no means of weighing it. It was a monstrous looking beast as it lay on the ground, and we took it to weigh 450lbs. at least. The skin, after tanning, measured 7ft. 2in. long. A man lying on the ground beside this bear would look like a pigmy. I do not remember that it had any white spot on the breast, however, and do not recall that the hunters in that country spoke of ever seeing a bear so marked. The correspondent of the paper mentioned writes entertainingly as follows:

"I do not know of anything more interesting than to watch a bear steal green corn. As hunters know, a bear will always come and go out of a field at the same place in the fence if not alarmed or disturbed. The cornfields in this country are very large, ranging from 600 to 1,000 acres. After climbing up on the fence and carefully reconnoitering the country as far as he can see, if nothing alarming is in sight the bear climbs down on the other side very much as an old lady would. He will begin then, next to the fence, taking two rows, breaking down the cornstalks right and left until he has eaten all of the juicy, milky ears that he wants. Then he leisurely retraces his steps, always climbing over the fence where he came in, and waddles to his den to take a nap. In the month of August, several years ago, the bears became such a nuisance on Mr. Richardson's Hushpuckany plantation that he was obliged to do something to save his corn crop. So he employed a man in his neighborhood, who understood the ways and customs of bears, to abate the nuisance if possible. He abated it to some extent by killing thirty bears in one month, and ten or twelve in September, when the corn became too hard to be longer tempting.

"There are in the further South three varieties or kinds of bear. First, there is the ordinary brown bear, common in the wilder sections of our country from the Canada border to the Gulf of Mexico; its usual weight is from 200 to 350lbs. Then there is in Louisiana, Mississippi and sometimes in the southern Arkansas canebrakes and swamps a big, perfectly black bear. It is generally marked by a white horseshoe on its breast. This bear will weigh from 400 to 680lbs. The writer saw one weighed on an accurate set of scales, made for weighing bales of cotton, to be found at all steamboat landings, which pulled down the beam at the 680 notch. It was killed in the great Atchafalaya swamp by an experienced hunter, who declared that this was not the ordinary bear, but of a different family. Third, and rarest of all Southern bears, is what all hunters call the red bear. This one is a long animal, nearly as slender as a panther and the color of a red steer. It can swim like an otter and outrun any pack of bear dogs that ever followed a trail. Most hunters have seen this bear, and differ about its family; but whether it and its congener, the big black bear, are simply varieties of the same species, changed in size and form by their environments, I am not naturalist enough to decide. The red bear lives only in the Yazoo swamp of Mississippi, and the big Atchafalaya swamp of Louisiana. The large black bear is common in the Louisiana lowlands back of the big cotton and sugar plantations, along the Mississippi River and its tributaries, in the States mentioned."

The scientific gates seem ajar now for the bear family, and we may have all the new sorts we want.

Where "Forest and Stream" is Read.

Three weeks ago I had occasion to mention in these columns a bit of news taken from a letter handed me by Mr. William Werner, of this city, from Mr. E. H. Bisby, of Deer Park, Tex., which ran to the effect that Mr. Bisby knew where he could find a bevy of quail or so if he were pushed. To-day Mr. Werner hands me a second letter from Mr. Bisby, which states that he has "six or eight letters from men in different parts of the country" saying that they had seen it stated in FOREST AND STREAM that he could find quail, and asking him what arrangements could be made for a hunt. He expressed surprise that so brief a mention should produce such a swift result. None of these letters to him were written with my knowledge, and I cannot tell within 1,000,000 or so how many men

have gone to places mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM as good shooting countries, but undoubtedly the number is large. I am not sure that the State of Texas owes this paper any thanks, but the shooters do.

To reiterate, the game of the North is shot out, and the tide of shooting travel is turning to the South more rapidly than the South can dream. If it were merely the tide of sportsmen travel none would be more glad than this paper, I am sure, or more glad than the Texas men; but it is too true that such is not the case. A shooter is not necessarily a sportsman, and there are far too many shooters who, when they come upon the abundant opportunities of the Southern shooting, abuse the privileges which good fortune has brought to them. To reiterate, the men of Texas cannot take measures too swift and too strict to regulate the killing of their game. This remark I ask each of them to cut out and paste in his hat, for review five years from now. The Texas men do not need dread the sportsmen, but the shooters.

To further illustrate the carefulness with which this paper is read by those in search of game fields, a friend lately spoke to me of an incident which occurred to him a year ago at his home in a part of the South. He said that an old gentleman from Illinois came into his office and introduced himself as a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and therefore acquainted with himself. He said he had read that there was some good trapping country down in there and he wanted to get into it. He received the best of directions, and I presume was made happy. That man said that he was not a market shooter and did not kill any game except for his personal use while in camp; all he wanted was to trap a little. He was on this basis treated handsomely by the Southern man whom he had looked up. This also was without my knowledge until recently.

Hospitality and Legality.

Last week I saw in another paper a wail from some men who had been caught by the county officers in a Mississippi county and fined for not having a county license. Both they and the paper editorially thought this was a very "inhospitable" thing for the officer to do. It is not quite clear why it should be thought inhospitable. The fact is that there are very many large camping parties who go into Mississippi and forthwith constitute themselves nuisances instead of sportsmen; yet it is the rarest thing that the law is enforced at all as it should be always. It does not make a Mississippi man feel real good to call him inhospitable, because he knows that isn't so in the first place, and in the next place knows that he has never enforced his own laws as rigorously against outsiders as against residents. The result of several little things like the above has been that this year many parts of Mississippi have a wall built around them against all non-resident shooters who do not have credentials from resident property owners. The men of that country think they have a trifling interest in their own game as well as others, and they intend to keep up the good old Southern ways, which so far have resulted in preserving the game, whereas those of the North have resulted in its destruction. I only hope they will make the wall high and hog-proof.

It may be said by some of my several friends that I appear to want to cut off all non-resident shooting whatever. I do. I would like to cut it all off for five years, and I would gladly lay my gun down in vaseline for that length of time, for then we would all have shooting without going a thousand miles from home and imposing on men who have a little game left at their homes, which latter they would like to go out and shoot occasionally for themselves. But since we cannot have any such measure passed, and since we all must hunt as non-residents nowadays if we get any shooting, I do think we all ought to be very considerate of how we shoot when we get where the local game is abundant. A good rule would be to just mentally reverse the case, and put ourselves in the places of the men who have the game in their country. How would we like it? How would it seem if 30,000, perhaps 50,000 guns—no one can tell how many the real number is—should come from the South into our Northern shooting country after our game—if we had any? How would the rule of inhospitality work then? Speaking of walls, I trow we would see a wall then as was a wall! Yet we all cheerfully agree that it is quite wrong for a Southern country to make it difficult for an unknown shooter to get into its preserves! I am satisfied that all the good people will agree with me that non-resident shooting ought to be made difficult, that every kind of shooting ought to be made more difficult, that no kind of shooting can be made too difficult in this country from this time on, either in the North or the South. The laws can not be made too hard or enforced too rigorously anywhere. That is to say if we really mean what we say about game protection. If we are only bluffing about it of course it doesn't make any difference. No matter how hard such laws might generally become, they would not prevent sportsmen from shooting, though they might prevent some shooters from shooting. I should call it a very pretty and Utopian state of affairs if no man, in any State, could as a non-resident shoot in any State without the voucher of a resident friend. This would cut off a good deal of market shooting, and would also stop a good many excessive bags. It would be a hardship for some and a boon to a good many others. And it would save the game. But we will never see any such Utopia. We will just go on in the good old way, each fellow trying to get all the other fellow has, and kicking because he kicks at that. It is human nature to want a pair of suspenders thrown in with each pair of pants. Indeed, I am disposed, sore against my will—for I love my fellow man tenderly—to believe that it is some human nature to want the pants thrown in with the suspenders.

Personal.

It was away last fall, months ago, that mention was made of the serious illness of Mr. W. P. Mussey, who was taken with typhoid fever. Since then Mr. Mussey has been in bed a very sick man, and it is not likely that he will be back at his work for a few weeks yet. He has had a very bad time of it, and meantime so have his many friends.

Mr. J. L. Winston, of the Austin Powder Co., has been in the city a couple of days visiting with Mr. E. S. Rice, agent of that firm. Mr. Winston is endeavoring to become acclimated here, prior to certain entanglements with John Watson's hard pigeons next Tuesday, in which he is to be assisted by Mr. George Roll, of this city.

Mr. W. H. Freiberg, of Chicago, is just back from a long trip to a good game country in Colorado, where he was floating on downy clouds of glory for about two months. He says he never did have such a trip. Game of all sorts was very abundant, and Mr. Freiberg got all the deer and elk he wanted.

When Mr. T. H. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Co., was in Chicago last week he did not give permission to print a bit of news which he confirms in a letter just at hand. On Jan. 1 Mr. Keller will leave the firm with which he has been pleasantly engaged for six years, and go into the employ of the Peters Cartridge Co. and the King Powder Co., of Cincinnati. This is matter of mutual felicitations for employer and employed. Mr. Keller is well known all over the country, and will bring friends to his new house, which has a great and growing business. The Cincinnati house has a strong combination with Mr. Lindsley and Mr. Keller both on hand, and everyone will wish them many happy days together. I hope Col. Bill Peabody and Col. Bob Burton and Col. Wilbur Dubois will call on—shall we say Col. Keller? It is very near Kentucky at Cincinnati—and duly take him across what raging flood is in that city yclept the Rhine, that being one of the journeys without which no one can claim a thorough acquaintance with the town on the Ohio, or a perfect understanding of the idiomatic expressions, "'Raus mit i'm," "Ach Himmel," "Jetzt macht's los," etc., etc.

Humane Society's Action.

Gypsy, the man-killing elephant of the Harris circus, an animal which has killed several keepers and which lately scared another keeper into a hurried resignation of his job, has gotten to be too much of an elephant for the owners, who have concluded to kill her. Arrangements have been made to electrocute Gypsy by means of a gigantic electric device, and announcement has been made that the killing of the elephant will be a public spectacle, which will be held at Tattersall's, and to which an admission price will be charged. Upon hearing of these plans for an exhibition, President John G. Shortall, of the Humane Society here, has expressed a determination to interfere in all ways possible. He cannot prevent the killing of the elephant, but he objects to its being made a public show. There is an odd involution to this question, but under it all is the fact that the American public of the better class cannot wish to countenance anything so openly Latin, old Roman or plainly heathenish as the spectacle of brute suffering at the hands of man. Moreover, there is no contest of any sort in this, no pitting of beast against beast, or beast against man. It is simply the experiment of killing a vast animal by an untried device. An elephant gun and a steady shot would seem better. As for the butchery, do those intending to witness the execution forget and overlook the slaughter houses at the stock yards, which we have always with us?

Mr. Shortall has also forbidden the annual fox hunt of the Germania Club, which was to have come off this week, stating that he will cause to be prosecuted the officers of the club if a live fox is run. Last year the club ran a stuffed fox, *sauté*, with anise seeds and fine herbs, and to this Mr. Shortall has no objection. While one can agree with Mr. Shortall on the elephant question, it is not possible to coincide with him about that anise seed business. An anise seed fox is too effete for this country as yet. Either let us run a fox or sit at home and imagine we ran a fox; but let us not, having chased a fox *sauté*, imagine we have been fox hunting. Because we haven't. I think I have this thing straight, but maybe it was with the latter performance that Mr. Shortall intended to interfere. It is as well to be cautious.

Skunks.

Mr. Mel. Hart, a sportsman of Crown Point, Ind., who is very well known among Chicago shooters, has determined to go into the business of skunk farming, an industry which other men have undertaken before him, not always with success in every respect. Recently Mr. Hart found under his front porch a litter of foundling skunks, about thirteen of them, all left penniless and alone in the world, apparently, by a heartless parent. Mr. Hart took the infants into his family and gave them a home, and now as an idea that he can raise skunks with ease in any quantity. As the annual fleece of a skunk is worth about $1 to $2, there seems to be a good business in this. The trouble with skunks, as I am advised, has usually been that they resemble coyotes, and sound as though there were a good many more of them than there are. No doubt Mr. Hart has been in places where he felt confident he could have skinned a thousand skunks if he had only had his tools along, just like the man who listened at the side of a frog pond and contracted to ship two car loads of frogs' legs the next day; but it seems that these animals do not always live up to the expectations they raise.

Shooting Glasses.

Mr. Almer Coe, of this city, advertises shooting glasses for trap and field shooting—a very useful and needful thing too, at times, for eyesight is not a permanent blessing—and he came to do this in a curious way. Dr. Westcott, of this city, an oculist, wrote for FOREST AND STREAM a little mention of some of his friends that he had fitted out with spectacles, with a marked improvement in their scores. This mention was read by a gentleman away down in British Honduras, who wrote to me to learn Dr. Westcott's address and inclosed a pair of glasses which he wanted fixed up. Dr. Westcott took the work to Mr. Coe, who is an expert optician, and the latter quickly concluded that a paper which was read that far away from home must also be read at home, and would therefore bring him business. In all of which he was quite correct. Dr. Westcott says he had several other gentlemen come to him for shooting glasses after the appearance of his little article, all of whom spoke of having seen the mention in FOREST AND STREAM. It is singular how widely and how well the sportsmen's papers of the country are read, or at least how widely and well this one is.

End of the Season.

The Illinois shooting season is now over, the quail law closing date being Dec. 1. We can shoot nothing now in this State except the cottontail, of which there are thousands in many localities. Speaking of non-resident hunting, I wonder where the Chicago shooters would be if no non-resident shooting were possible. But then, all Chicago shooters are the kind of folk who are asked to come again and bring their friends; at least let us hope so. So long as residents do not object to non-residents, both are fortunate in meeting, and so long as non-residents act as sportsmen and not merely as shooters, the residents never do object. During the next sixty days some thousands of Chicago shooters will leave the city for sporting trips in other States of less rigorous climate and more abundant game. There is yet to be told the first incident of a real sportsman receiving a rebuff from a real sportsman in any of those other States; therefore the bright days of the shooting year are just at hand for a great many of our sportsmen.

The weather in this vicinity, including Illinois and Indiana, has been extremely mild so far this winter; indeed, we have hardly had any winter at all as yet. Game should do very well. The past season has been an exceptionally good one for game, and another one as good would give abundant shooting within easy reach of this city.

Anise Seed Quail.

In view of the growing scarcity of game birds, I suggest that we establish the sport of shooting anise seed quail.

E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME INTERESTS.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. D. B. Warren, State Zoölogist, prefaces his report on the destruction of Pennsylvania game with the FOREST AND STREAM'S editorial, "A Platform Plank," and then says:

"Taking the most careful reports which I have been able to obtain from the grouse counties of this State, the result shows that 90 per cent. of all the game is killed by market hunters, and that they are shipped to the larger cities, and principally to New York. From one of these correspondents I quote:

"'I personally know of over 1,500 grouse being shipped from two stations on the D., L. & W. and W. B. & E. railroads to New York. I personally know of a restaurant keeper in New York who wrote to a market shooter in this vicinity asking him to ship young grouse to him with woodcock during the month of July.'

"Another correspondent writes: 'The consensus of opinion is for any law that will stop market hunting within a radius of twenty miles in this section. It is carefully estimated that the market hunters last season killed over 3,000 grouse, while the entire number of shooters who pursue the game for the pleasure of pursuit, say numbering fifty, did not exceed 200 birds.'

"Market hunting is not done by farmers or farmers' sons, but by the professional market shooter. He traverses inclosed grounds, respecting the rights of none, and even becoming impudent when there is an attempt to restrain him by the lawful owner of the property. I have the first instance to record of one contributing toward replenishing a depleted game supply or paying in any manner for his gunning privileges. To do this would destroy the profits of his vocation, and he treats with disdain any proposition of this nature. Instances are on record where birds placed by the true lover of such sports in the late fall, at an expense of from $5 to $6 per dozen, have been killed by the market hunter and sold for less than half this price before the season closed.

"From four counties in the central part of the State there were over $6,000 worth of quail released for propagation in the spring of 1894. I quote from the language of one prominent gentleman who had contributed liberally toward this fund: 'I contributed to such cause, expecting to enjoy some of its benefits, but I found that the market-hunter had preceded me, and for my expenditure and day's outing I had to be content with no game.

"A reasonable trespass act and the restriction of our game traffic so that it will include deer, wild turkeys, ruffed grouse, woodcock and quail would, I believe, meet the views of our land-owners and all those interested in preserving and increasing our game. None of the above are in any manner destructive to the farmers, and no fear need to be entertained that they will ever become that numerous.

"Bears, squirrels and rabbits are not game which can be defended, and to continue their sale would not be a menace to the game of our State. To many it might seem that the farmers and land-owners of our State would not be interested in the protection of game for which there was no commercial market. With the market-shooter's profits disposed of and he out of the business, the privileges may be readily sold to those who are willing to pay for them, as is illustrated in Schuylkill county, where farmers realize a handsome sum for these privileges.

"There is not a State of such importance as Pennsylvania in all other commercial or educational affairs that can record as many reported violations without arrest or conviction of game and fish laws as our own Commonwealth. Any individual in any manner connected with game and fish protective interests is besieged with letters of complaint from every county in the State. Letters in the hands of one gentleman naming violations are so bulky that to attempt a reproduction of them in this report would be out of the question.

"Pennsylvania's appropriation to the fish interest for the past ten years has been two hundred and four thousand dollars ($204 000), divided as follows: $155,000 for fish propagation, $5,000 for fish ways, $2,000 for hatching house, and $42,000 specifically for 'water bailiffs.' For the past six years the appropriations for this purpose have been $5,000 annually, and the act which appropriates this amount states specifically for 'water bailiffs.' Now this sum equals, if it does not exceed, the amount appropriated under a more modern system in the State of Michigan for the protection of both fish and game, and the claims of the State Fish and Game Warden of that State are that they lead all other States in effective fish and game protection, awarding to the system and its direct application, and not to the amount appropriated, the honor of the results obtained. From Jan. 1, 1895, to July 1, 1896, he reports 801 cases prosecuted. I have no data of our own State from which to make comparison.

"It is positively asserted by those who have given attention to the subject that the taking of fish illegally in the Susquehanna River from Clark's Ferry dam to the Maryland line is largely on the increase; one has but to traverse the stream from the points named to note its evidences openly exposed. Wing walls of all sizes and lengths will be encountered, and they were during the

month of September of this year to be numbered by the hundreds."

(Here Dr. Warren quotes a number of newspaper articles, showing that the fish laws are being violated in all parts of this State.)

He continues:

"This State has never deemed its game interests of value enough to have ever appropriated $1 toward their protection, and that the subject has been greatly neglected and misunderstood by those shaping the affairs of State there is no necessity of argument to prove. The writer is informed by one prominent in the subject of game protection, that the members of the State Sportsmen's Association are now securing statistics from each township in the State of the amount of game taken during this present gunning season.

"Violations of the game laws are perhaps as numerous as are those of our fish laws, but their protection is not intrusted to any one in particular. Recently, in company with Game Commissioner C. K. Sober, of Lewisburg, the writer was tramping along a mountain road south of Pardee, Union county, and in a distance of not over three-fourths of a mile we found fifteen snares set (evidently from their large size) for wild turkeys. We also, on the same day, found three brush turkey blinds.

"Ferrets are so generally used in the pursuit of rabbits in some of our northern border counties that they are dubbed by the hunters 'punching sticks,' and a reliable gentleman informs the writer that it had been estimated that there were 200 of them owned in Wyoming county for this purpose. Deer licks, turkey blinds, quail traps, dead-falls, box traps, snares and ferrets all play an important part in helping to deplete our rapidly decreasing game supply.

"In some quarters of our State quite a number of deer are taken out of season by hunters who watch for these animals at deer licks. The running of deer with dogs is also carried on to a considerable extent in several sections of the Commonwealth notwithstanding the fact that this is contrary to law."

William M. Kennedy, Allegheny City; C. K. Sober, Lewisburg; I. A. Stearns, Wilkes-Barre; Charles Heebner, Philadelphia; E. B. Westfall, Williamsport, and James H. Worden, Harrisburg, the new State Game Commission, met here this afternoon for organization. Ex-Mayor Kennedy is president, and B. H. Warren, State Zoologist, was chosen temporary secretary.

The Commission took up the subject of needed legislation, and recommended the passage of three bills: Creating a universal game season to extend from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15; to prohibit the sale of deer, wild turkeys, pheasants and quail killed in this State; and to prohibit the transportation outside of the State of game shot here.

A committee, consisting of James Worden, Harrisburg; Charles Heebner, Philadelphia; and Dr. B. H. Warren, was appointed to draft bills on the above-named recommendations. The next meeting will be held in this city on Dec. 29.

GAME NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Dec. 12.—The partridge season in this Province expired on Dec. 1. The export of this bird is now forbidden by law, as also the sale or shooting for purpose of sale. Amateur gunners, however, are more numerous than in former years, and as modern firearms are coming more and more in use in the rural districts the birds fly faster and further than ever before. As long as New Brunswick retains its present magnificent heritage of virgin wilderness there is not much danger of the grouse becoming a thing of the past. In the cities and larger towns a considerable number were sold this season contrary to law.

Deer are multiplying so rapidly in this Province that, with reasonable protection in the winter months, they may in a few years be as plentiful as in Maine. Among the fortunate local marksmen are R. T. Mack, Will Chestnut, Sergt. Walker, Private Garvey and the undersigned. Reports from the interior of the Province—from the Miramichi, Tobique, Nepisiquit and other regions already renowned for the presence of moose and caribou—indicate that deer are now plentiful where they have not been seen for a quarter of a century. It was only about three weeks ago that the veteran hunter and guide, Henry Braithwaite, who has killed more moose, caribou and bears in the last thirty years than he will ever be able to count up, shot his first deer near Little Sou'west Lake. It must have made Henry smile.

John Bodkin returned the other day from East Brook Plains with the venerable guide Joe Mitchell. Mr. Bodkin shot a bull caribou, the only one he saw. He states that forest fires have driven the game out of that section of country.

Arthur Pringle, of Wayerton, the well-known guide, has had excellent luck this fall. Messrs. Slack and Holmes, of Brookline, Mass., who went with him to the headwaters of the Nor'west, crowded the game law rather close with four moose and six caribou. The genial "Bob" Armstrong, of Newcastle, then tried his luck and secured two fine caribou and a bear. Mr. Turnbull, of Halifax, I believe, secured a small moose on the last day of his trip.

Will Chestnut returned on the 7th from a very enjoyable cruise with Henry Braithwaite. Will is going to tell FOREST AND STREAM all about it, so I will merely remark that he brought down a moose, a caribou and a deer. Will is the best amateur woodsman I know of, cheerful, energetic and observant.

Caribou, for some reason or other, have been ranging closer to the settlements than usual. A few weeks ago seven of them appeared on the bank of the Sou'west at Boiestown within rifle shot of Duffy's hotel. Since then another drove appeared and three of them were shot by Al. Mead on the highway road.

From the standpoint of the sportsman who wants big game the crying need of New Brunswick is reliable, experienced guides. There are plenty of hunters, but very few, so far as my observation goes, who know how to properly look after the comfort of the sportsman. As for the Indian guides, some of them are fairly good men, but the visitor will need to lock up his wet groceries in a burglar-proof safe. New Brunswick is now the best country in America for moose and caribou. It will certainly be invaded in the course of the next few years by an army of big-game hunters. The resident population will reap the benefit financially, but will not regard the invasion as an unmixed blessing. The untouched wilderness of New Brunswick, however, is so vast, and its game supply so great, that I do not think all the moose and caribou that are likely to be killed by sportsmanlike methods in the fall of the year for a long time to come will produce any scarcity of game. It is the crust-hunting by loggers, gummers and Indians out of season that calls loudly for the attention of our legislators.

Hunter Selick, who lives near Moncton, has sold two of his herd of domesticated moose, which have been shipped to Providence, R. I., to be placed in a park there. It is said he received $700 for the pair.

Albert Perkins returned the other day from the headwaters of the Tobique, where he was engaged with a surveying party. They shot several caribou with a .44-40 rifle, but when they put two bullets into a bear which they discovered devouring a caribou, the bear walked off in his usual health.

Fred and Tennyson Vanwart, of Hampstead, captured a deer on the ice on Dec. 7. Fred fired three shots without stopping the deer, whereupon Tennyson, having a pair of skates with him, put them on and gave chase on the glare ice. The deer gave his pursuer a hot race, but finally slipped and was held by Tennyson until Fred arrived and gave him a finishing shot.

Harry Atherton joined the charmed circle of the chosen ones yesterday by dropping a fine buck and doe while hunting on the Hanwell with his friend George Hoegg and your correspondent. Harry is our finest wing shot, and he downed both of these deer on the run with a .32-20 Winchester. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

BOSTON NOTES.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—Boston deerslayers continue to be heard from. W. B. Wadsworth passed through Boston the other day with a handsome buck, shot on the Cupsuptic River in the neighborhood of Billy Soule's camps, where Mr. W. was stopping at the time. Carrabassett, Me., is contributing a good deal of big game to the city sportsmen this season. W. P. Corson, A. S. Martin and A. S. Cowles, with O. B. Wood, came out from Goldsmith's camps on Poplar Mountain recently with four deer. Dr. L. F. Criado, with his son, and H. P. Williams have each obtained buck deer. Dr. Wood shot his two deer this fall. He visited the Aroostook country. He tells a good story of a young hunter who was fond of shooting partridges with a small rifle. He was out from camp after such game, having a .22-caliber repeating rifle. Something jumped up from behind a big windfall. It was a buck caribou. The young fellow let him have one shot, and the animal jumped up again. As he was in the air the third shot met him. This time he was hard hit, and fell down dead. The caribou weighed between 300 and 400lbs.

I met a gentleman yesterday who says that he "has it pretty straight" from Game Commissioner Carlton that he is bound to do all in his power to stop the hunting of Maine's big game out of season, and by the rich, who do not mind the fines if they happen to get caught. "We shall ask the Legislature this winter to make the penalty for killing moose illegally absolute imprisonment—no fines about it. The rich poacher cares little for the fines if he can kill his moose and get the head. Absolute imprisonment will be likely to cast something of a gloom over the conduct of the poacher with a plenty of money." Mr. Carlton is in favor of shortening the season on moose to one month—November only. There is a good deal of sentiment in favor of opening a part of September for the killing of deer, taking off equally as much from the end of the season—December. Laws concerning the marketmen are also to be changed, possibly requiring them to have a license in order to deal in game, which license they will forfeit if they attempt to ship game illegally out of the State. "If caught violating the game laws they should be prohibited from doing further business." My informant also believes the Commission to be meditating upon the plan of forbidding the carrying of rifles into the State during the close season on big game. Citizens of the State must have licenses in order to be allowed to carry guns during the close time on game. A man or boy may have a gun in hand in order to shoot a bear or a hen hawk, but not to shoot deer or partridges.

Carefully watching, I have found several instances of deer arriving from Maine into the markets here. But so many hunters are selling their deer, and ordering them straight into the hands of the marketmen, by way of the American Express, that it is very difficult tracing game that is illegally killed and shipped. It is certain that no sportsman who goes into the Maine woods in any sort of deer section need come home without one, for there will be a number killed ready for him. He may buy one and forward it directly to some marketman, and the law is almost powerless to stop it. He may arrange to bring a deer to the Boston market for some guide or hunter he happens to meet on his trip; and it would not be easy for the wardens to detect anything illegal about the shipment. The American Express Co. has it in its power to aid the Commission greatly in enforcing the non-shipment-of-game law, but it would seem that the position of that company is to make the last dollar there is out of Maine game. The hunter who would honestly bring out his game is forced to put it into the hands of that company, which holds a complete monopoly of that class of transportation. The revenue from that source this year is a great one, and it would seem to be the least that that company could do would be to discourage illegal shipment of game. I am not certain as to the exact position of the American Express Co. in this matter, but prominent sportsmen and merchants tell me that everything offered for transportation is being received.

It seems that the Dr. Robbins moose, already mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM, was really a monster. It was certainly the largest killed this year, and one of the largest ever taken. Dr. E. D Robbins and Thomas Dickson, his partner on the hunting expedition, were absent on the shoot about three weeks. Forty miles north of Oxbow, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, they were about as far north as any hunters have penetrated thus far. The big moose was killed by two shots from Dr. Robbins's rifle. He measured, as he lay on the ground, 21 hands from his toes to the top of the shoulder. His length was 10ft. from the nose to the end of the hip. His antlers had a spread of 50in., with 13 prongs on one and 12 on the other. The guide estimated that he was from nine to twelve years old. The small moose was a beauty; clean and very black. Both males were with cows at the time they were shot. The cows put up their heads in blind astonishment, evidently, when their partners fell; but, getting the scent of the hunters, they were quickly off like the wind. SPECIAL.

Game Protection on the Eastern Shore.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may be of interest to your many readers to be informed in regard to the game laws of Virginia. In but few cases do such laws apply to the entire State; instead, they are enacted to suit the different sections and to protect such game as may be found in such sections. Hence our game laws are more special than general.

Wild turkeys abound in the more western localities; so with deer. This game is amply protected, so that each of these sorts of game has largely increased within the last few years.

The act passed by our Legislature Jan. 27, 1896, prohibits the killing of quail anywhere in the State for two years from the passage of the act, under a penalty of $10 fine for each offense; having or being in possession of the birds being *prima facie* evidence of guilt. Rabbits cannot be shot between Nov. 15 and Jan. 15 of any year.

All egg-laying coast birds, the marsh hen, gull, striker, willet, etc., are well protected; the taking of their eggs being confined to very narrow limits during summer, while the killing in the case of the marsh hen and willet is greatly restricted, the destruction of the gull and striker being entirely so.

The Eastern Shore Game Association (this applies to the counties of Accomac and Northampton only) have done and are doing more for the protection of our sea coast waterfowl than has yet been done. The Association is an incorporated body, having full power to enact laws for the furtherance of the end in view, and which do not conflict with the constitution of the State. The fee required for membership is $3 for residents and $5 for non-residents, with an additional annual fee of $3. This fund is employed in payment of a regularly equipped force, who patrol our bays and narrows during the duck shooting season to make arrests in case of traps or lights or the shooting of birds during night, or the having in possession any arm that could not be shot from the shoulder without a rest. The Association received its charter under act of March 5, 1894, and even for so short a time we find our waters as to the duck family of birds decidedly more populous. If the increase continues our broad waters and narrows will afford the best field for duck shooting sport anywhere to be found along our coast.

Lighting, night shooting and trapping will very soon drive the game away. Under such conditions our game supply, especially of ducks, grew very scarce at one time, and but for timely measures would in but a few years have been entirely gone. T. G. E.

KELLER, Va., Dec. 7.

A Maryland Game Country.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md., Dec. 8.—The farmers in this section top and blade all their corn, then husk it from the standing stalks; as a result lots of shattered grains fall around each hill, and the ground where the corn is thrown in a pile is literally covered. The quail soon found this out and abandoned the stubbles and waste land for the cornfields; they run out from the woods and thickets, fill themselves in less than a half hour and then go back to the woods until evening. Our shooting here this season has all been done in the woods, and although we put up from six to fourteen coveys every day, the best bag yet in a morning has been fourteen birds to one gun. There is no pot-shooting in this; all depends on the stanchness of your dog and your skill in handling your gun. Nearly all who have tried it here express themselves better pleased with their good shooting than they would be with twice the number of birds killed in the open stubble.

Geese are very plentiful, are in splendid order and unusually large for young birds, weighing from 9 to 11½lbs. Brant are here in good numbers, but are decoying poorly; the bunches appear to be more than half old birds. They turn and circle around often a dozen times before giving you any chance at all, and by night your throat is all cracked up calling. We have had such a warm, calm fall that the redheads have not yet come to the shoals; they appear to be still in the fresh-water bays and rivers. Bluebills, whistlers and other small ducks are here in numbers and are making fair shooting.

I have never seen Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk as plentiful as they have been here this season, and I think this is one reason the birds held so close to the thickets. I would not like to say how many have been killed since the season opened, for the number runs over 100 in this neighborhood alone, and still you can see them beating the edges of the woods and thickets.

There has been an unusual number of woodcock here this fall, but as yet no jacksnipe on the marshes.

O. D. FOULKS.

Hunter's Luck.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 21st ult. is a letter under the above heading signed by Jacobstaff and reciting what he considers a good joke on Dr. Levering—one of his hunting party—because he did not shoot at a supposed bear, as he thought it was the hunter's dog. All honor to Dr. Levering, and may he some day happen into our county and in my neighborhood, where I can show him how at least one hunter can appreciate him. Would that we had more like him. Four years ago at Lake Rosseau, in the Muskoka Lake district, I was hunting near some gentlemen from New York. They had Monteith's dog—everyone knew what a fine fellow he was. The New York Doctor was on guard, and the Doctor in the excitement shot the dog as he jumped over a log. This is a true case and can be vouched for. I have had the ground plowed up at my heels; I have had the shot whistle passing my head, and have hunted with the fool that carries a double-barreled shotgun on his shoulder, both barrels at full cock; and I will always feel thankful for the opportunity this letter gives me of paying a tribute to a careful man who will not be foolhardy for fear of being laughed at. There is too much of this quick shooting without being sure what you are shooting at. F. E. GALBRAITH.

HALDANE HILL, Ontario.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Congressmen and Ducks.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a clipping from the Washington *Star* of the 10th that I imagine will interest you somewhat. I of course refer to the last few lines. The game laws and game protection in the District of Columbia are in a sad state at present, as two arrests for violation have been made within the last few months, both of which were dismissed, and the decisions were such that it practically wipes all our game laws off the statute books. I have often examined quail here in our markets that were picked and ready for delivery and found that many show no sign whatever of having been shot, no shot marks being visible. Practically there is no game killed within the district, so that all violation of the game laws is for the illegal handling and selling, but as our police court decided in one of the above cases that the statute only applied to game killed here, it can be killed elsewhere, shipped here and sold at any and all times. It is a sad state of affairs, and I regret to say that I believe there is little or no hope of the sportsmen taking action to remedy matters. J. D.

The clipping referred to reads as follows: "The poultry and game market is also well stocked, although most of the game comes from a distance, for in this section there are but few birds. A great many ducks, however, are being killed down the river and on the Chesapeake. Canvasback ducks are about as scarce as anything in the line of game, and the supply is hardly equal to the demand. Since Congress convened they have been in great demand for big dinners. Mallards from the Chesapeake are finer than ever before, and are more plentiful. These ducks are fed on corn to some extent, and the corn is also used for baiting. Then, instead of being shot, they are caught in nets, so that when they reach here they are in splendid condition. Wild ducks of ordinary varieties are plentiful, and low prices rule."

Those Thanksgiving Turkeys.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Dec. 8.—We have been talking over those Thanksgiving turkeys of Mr. Hough's, and while sympathizing with him in his various disappointments, Antler took occasion to remark that Hough is not as smart a man as he had supposed. Said he: "Hough might have gone a little way outside the city, built a little fire, and roasted a turkey if he'd wanted to."

To this opinion, born of some four score years' experience in cooking all sorts of game under adverse conditions, I could only reply that it is not now as easy to find a suitable cooking place in that region as it was when, forty odd years ago, I wandered among the sand hills to the south of Lincoln Park.

I have missed reading one or two numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, but infer that something has been said about the correct pronunciation of Col. Fred Mather's name. I have known a number of Mathers in New England who always sounded the a as in "cat." Should it be pronounced as in "father"?

I may add that Mr. Hough would do well to state to the public just how his name is pronounced. I have more than once found it difficult to persuade people that it isn't "How," and I have heard it called "Hew." KELPIE.

We take the liberty of adding that the name appended weekly to our "Chicago and the West" budget is pronounced like the name of the hero of this story in the *Farmington Chronicle:* "Shepard Huff last week started out hunting. He had not gone far from the house before he started up a deer, and, as the track was plain in the snow, Mr. Huff followed along expecting to get a shot. He noticed every now and then that other deer kept coming into the first deer's track and following along, and before night twelve had fallen into line; so at dark, when he was obliged to give up the chase, there were no less than thirteen deer ahead of him."

Turkeys, Deer and Otter.

AVOCA, N. C., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you an account of a day's outing at Avoca. We crossed to the Bald Gray plantation, just opposite my house, and in a very short time started two deer. Wilafred killed a very large doe. The dogs started another deer, and at the same time ran into a flock of turkeys. Tom Webb got two shots at these and killed one with each barrel. He killed one as they flew up. A second lit in a pine tree directly over his head. This turkey was so alarmed at the dogs that Webb was enabled to move out so he could get an unobstructed aim.

We took a canoe to bring the doe home, and, coming down the creek, when less than 400yds. from the Avoca residence, we saw four large otter sporting in the water. Guns and a pair of hounds were in the bow of the boat, and before any one could get a gun the dogs sprang overboard and chased the otter into their den. While digging and scratching to get the otters out Mr. Warrenton saw another one coming across the creek. Paddled after it, and when he got near the otter dove and rose within range, and Warrenton's unerring aim killed him.

Pretty fair sport for a few hours and but little labor. We have four turkey wings, one deer skin and one otter hide. W. R. CAPEHART.

Florida Game and Fish.

GULF HAMMOCK HOUSE, Lerry County, Fla., Dec. 7.—W. L. Muiteer, C. E. Owens, A. H. Deusler, Mr. Littlefield and D. Wert left here a few days ago highly pleased. They were here four days, and killed two very fine bucks and several turkeys. Two of these gentlemen preferred to fish. Mr. Owens caught over seventy black bass weighing from 2 to 7lbs. each.

Mr. J. S. Weeks and G. H. Barker left the house on a camp hunt; they were gone three days and came in with a fine deer, several ducks, squirrels and black and channel bass.

Turkeys are very plentiful this year, and fishing first class. C. B. WINGATE.

Curious Tourist—"What are you fishing for?" Farmer's Boy—"Fish?" Curious Tourist—"What do you use?" Farmer's Boy—"Bait." Curious Tourist—"How do they bite?" Farmer's Boy—"With their mouths."—*Exchange.*

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

XXV.—Amos Decker.

AMOS was a raw-boned six-footer, about fifty years old when I met him, bronzed with exposure, and tough as a pine knot. He had drifted ahead of civilization for over a quarter of a century, clearing timber in Michigan, breaking prairie in Illinois, taking up claims and selling out when the neighborhood became too thickly settled; one of those restless men that were always found on the best quarter section within a township awaiting a customer for his betterments. Unlike his class, he was a man of fair education, whose memory retained much of what had evidently been an extensive course of reading in his youth; but his associations had sadly impaired any grammatical rules he might once have known.

Amos may or may not have been a bachelor. He lived alone in a well-built log house on a bank of the Neosho, near where Burlington now stands; and it was not good form in Kansas in those days to be curious about the past of such men as you chanced to meet. What little I knew of his early life I have told and gathered from stories that he related in the intimacy of camp life. Warren and I had been down the Verdigris River as far as Independence, and then struck off northeast to the Neosho and up that stream. We were looking for land for several Eastern men who wanted to settle together if certain conditions of wood, water, etc., could be found on Government land, for they would not buy claims. When we got up as far as the cabin of Amos my pony was lame, and we stopped and asked if we could rest and see to our critters. We spoke enough of the Missouri language, which largely prevailed in that part—although occasionally mixed with and diluted by the vocabulary of Posey county, Ind.—to know that a horse was a "critter," and a cow was a "creetur."

After the usual question, "Whar ye from?" and the answer being satisfactory, he looked at my pony's foot and pulled out a cactus thorn that had somehow got in it, although no Indian pony would go near a bed of that plant. He said: "I wouldn't ride him any more to-day, stop over with me to-night and the pony 'll be better in the mawnin'." In the last sketch I referred to the troubles that disturbed the Territory of Kansas, and strangers were cautious, judging one to be "free State" or "pro-slavery" by his nativity. Amos probably sized us up long before we had him figured down, but it did not take long to decide that he was to be trusted, because he could pronounce his r's, that shibboleth of the man reared south of Mason and Dixon's line—in those days at least.

Warren and I had been camping and living on small game tempered with salt pork and the occasional purchase of corn bread, and when Amos suggested that if the water was not so muddy after the rain he would shoot a pike for dinner, Warren suggested catching one. Amos had no fish hooks, but we had a few and some lines. I watched him rig for skittering, and remarked that he had fished before.

"Yes," said he, "we used to ketch pike in the Wabash an' Massasceep by puttin' on a killy an' slingin 'em out."

I caught the word "killy" and said: "I s'pose it's a long time since you left New York."

"Never lived in New York," and he gave me a look of inquiry. "What made ye think that?"

"I meant New Jersey. They're close together and I made a mistake. I can always tell a man that comes from New Jersey, no matter how long he's been away from it."

"See here, stranger! I was a boy in New Jersey once, but you don't know it, you only guessed at it. You may be good at guessin', guess ag'in."

"Well, you lived down along the salt water, about Raritan Bay or Staten Island Sound. I only want to look into a man's eye to tell where he comes from, and didn't have to ask where you came from."

Then I mystified him with some old sleight-of-hand tricks: passed a half dollar through his hat, let him draw a card from the pack and then after putting it back with the rest told him to feel in his coat pocket and find it, and several such simple tricks which puzzled him.

Said he: "Look a-here, stranger, that's the best I ever seed. Oncet, on the old Massasceep, I seed a feller do sich tricks, but he had a show on a boat an' a stage, an' we wus so fur off we c'u'dn't see how he dun 'em; but I'll be durned ef you don't do 'em right here with my own keerds. Say, do 'em over ag'in, will ye? I want to see how ye do 'em. Say, stranger, ef you'll stay here with me I'll keep ye six months an' show ye the bes' claims about yere."

I declined to repeat the tricks; all great magicians resist such entreaties. I had puzzled this shrewd frontiersman by some simple things and didn't care to lose my prestige, just as you never wish to make a second rifle or pistol shot after a very lucky first one.

When we were alone Warren said: "Them tricks was all right; I don't know just how you do 'em, but that business of locating the old man in New Jersey is what bothers me, and it bothers him. How did you do it?"

"If I tell you will you keep it?"

"Betcher! Wouldn't tell him, but it's workin' on the old man an' it's workin' on me."

"Well, it's all based on a word. He called a little bait fish a 'killy,' and that name is one left by the Dutch settlers along the salt waters of New York and New Jersey, and is used in no other part of the country. You noticed that I guessed New York first, but corrected it on the second guessing."

Amos had turned his back to put some wood on the fire and I carelessly opened a book on a shelf and saw his name in it. Quickly closing it, I resumed conversation and afterward laboriously spelled out his name from the lines in his hand.

"Stranger," said he, slowly, "you ar' suttenly a gifted man. To look at yer no one would ever mistrust it, but I've read about how these things could be done, but never put no faith in it, but now I'm convinced. Stranger, put it thar!"

"Amos," said I, "I'm a greenhorn from the East, but I object to being called 'stranger' by every stranger that I meet. I'm no more a stranger to a man I never saw before than he is to me and I won't stand it. If you'll drop that word we'll be friends and go a-fishing. What d'ye say?"

Warren had caught some minnows in a little stream and we went down to the edge of the river to fish with some heavy pecan poles, which our host pronounced "pecawn;" this is a species of hickory which bears the nut of commerce and is very strong and elastic, but heavy. The water appeared to be so muddy that there seemed but little chance of a fish seeing our bait, but we kept casting and skittering until I got a rise that took the bait off the hook. This was encouraging. Then Amos got a strike that was a savage one; it pulled the line through the ring on the tip of his hickory switch and scorched his hand in checking the rush. We had no reels; I had probably seen them in Eastern stores, but had no knowledge of them in practical fishing. It was evident that Amos knew as much about fishing as I did, and that was considerable, I thought. He soon checked the fish and landed it, a pike of some kind that may have weighed 5lbs. Warren struck something, wet his foot and lost his line, because it was short and was not fastened to the butt.

"Betcher," said he, "that fish would weigh 50lbs. It was the biggest one I ever hooked. No man o'd 'a' stopped him. Did you see how he took that line out? Why, lightnin' 'ud 'a' been left away behind in that race."

Amos suggested that the pike would make our dinner and we let the minnows go and went up to his cabin. While he prepared dinner I looked after the ponies, which were staked out on the prairie; led them down to water and gave them some salt. I wonder if an Indian ever wasted salt on a pony? It's doubtful. About the only thing that I ever saw them give a pony freely was a club. My tough little fellow, which I had named "Jimsey," a sort of pet form of "Jim," had become greatly attached to me through the agency of salt and sugar. Warren came out and put a hobble on his pony and I turned mine loose. I urged him to do likewise, but he said:

"That's all right; Jimsey will stay here with Pete because he's hobbled, but, betcher, you let 'em both loose an' you'll never see 'em ag'in."

"Let Pete loose, an' if he goes away I'll give you my claim. The ponies will get better feed if they can range, and a stranger can't catch 'em. We're goin' to stop here all night, and if our ponies go off you can have my claim and its betterments."

"It's a go; Pete wouldn't fetch more'n $30, an' your claim, with house, well and ten acres of broken prairie all fenced is wuth more'n ten times that."

His pony was relieved from the hobble, and we went in to dinner. The pike had been boiled and had a dressing of drawn butter, a most unusual thing in that region of plain living and high thinking. But Amos had cows which are well enough in their way, but have a habit of giving milk as a raw material and leaving its manufacture into cheese and butter to other hands. The question was: Whose hands? If I had puzzled Amos with a few simple tricks of legerdemain, such as are published in many books on the subject, he presented the problem: "Who milked his cows and made the butter?" Of course he could do it, but he was often gone for weeks, and cows must be milked twice each day. He had butter, and that is all we knew.

After dinner and pipes Warren went out, and they reported that our ponies were not in sight. "Gone down in the timber to browse on the mulberry bark," said Amos. "I'll tell you what it is, you fellers make a mistake in thinking them animiles 'ud druther have corn shelled or on the cob than to browse. They'd druther git down in that bottom timber an' eat hazel brush an' young mulberry an inch thick 'an to have all the corn 'at you c'd set afore 'em. Let 'em go; they'll look out fer you ef you give 'em salt an' sugar, as Fred says he's done. Don't you worry."

Morning came and after breakfast we went to the edge of the woods; I gave the shrill whistle with the fingers and called my pony's name. Soon he answered, and both animals followed us back to the cabin. Here I will say that I am not a horseman and have no liking for horses. Few men like horses. They will tell you that they "like a good horse." That means that they like him while he is young and stylish, but when all that is past he may be sold to pull an ash cart. Out on such love! Compare it with the love that the sportsman has for his dog, that has worked the fields with him in heat and cold, his skin torn by briers in summer and his feet frozen in the winter's snows. Is the old dog sold into drudgery in his old days? "Not on your life!" as the phrase of the day goes. Therefore I do not believe that the average man loves the horse for more than he can get out of him. I have a regard for the horse as a most useful animal, just as I have a regard for a locomotive as a bit of useful machinery; but I think, with Charles Dickens, that the head of a horse, at its best, is not a handsome thing, admitting that some horses may have comparatively handsome heads by some modification of that long nose. I am wondering what Dickens would have thought of the head of a moose! There is no doubt but Mr. Moose sees some most delicate lines of beauty in the facial contour of Mrs. Moose, but we are not educated up to their standard, that's the trouble, and a moose is the homeliest animal that my eyes ever gazed upon, take head, body or legs, or in "the altogether."

Before we left the breakfast table Amos had arranged a buffalo hunt for the next week, and we agreed to go with him. His idea and that of his neighbors was to take ox teams and bring back loads of beef for present use and for salting for winter, as well as to get the skins for robes to use or to sell.

The week rolled around and our arms were cleaned and oiled, knives sharpened, the covered wagon packed with camping necessities and all ready to hitch the cattle to long before the train of ten wagons hove in sight. By the time they reached my cabin we had the ponies haltered and tied behind, and the two yoke of oxen hitched and ready to fall in the rear of the procession when it passed. We went off to the southwest and in a few miles struck a well-broken trail near the head of the Verdigris, which they had left some distance back to go out of the way to pick us up. We were out four nights before we reached the Arkansas River, some eighty miles from our place. The country was rolling prairie with timber along the frequent streams, and on the third day out I saw the first live buffalo, a herd of several hundred which pungled off like porpoises when we came in sight. I wondered why the men did not chase them, but learned that they were not going to kill a buffalo until there was a chance to

camp and go at it with some sort of system. Warren counted heads and said that the other ten wagons contained twenty-five men and with ours there were thirty ponies in the party. Amos seemed to be the leader and directed the movements. We camped near the mouth of a small stream on the north bank of the river; the wagons were arranged so as to form a corral to keep the live stock in at night to prevent a stampede by wolves or buffalo, but we had to enlarge the circle with logs. The oxen and ponies had been feeding while we were doing this and then we gathered them in for the night; three guards were appointed to keep watch, one at a time, for fear of accident that might stampede our stock in spite of the corral and leave us in bad shape. There was danger that some prowling band of Osages, Kaws or other Indians might do this, so an armed man patroled outside the corral while we slept.

It rained in the night, but the morning was fair, and leaving ten men to see that the stock did not wander and to keep camp we saddled our ponies and started to look for the game. To a question Amos replied: "No, we had our guard all picked afore we started, and we don't expect you boys to do any of it. Them ten men will take care o' things night an' day. I ast ye to come an' hunt, didn't I? Then what ye talkin' 'bout? There ain't even an ole bull in sight, but you can see where the herd went north toward the Smoky Hill Fork, an' mebbe gone on to the Saline or way up to Solomon Fork. But there's more—a heap more—an' if we don't strike 'em to-day why to-morrer's comin'. If it was dry ground we might see where there was a herd by the dust; there's an old bull now off by hisself, but we don't want him. There's nothin' good about him but his overcoat, an' that's on'y good for buckskin. Them old bulls get druv out by the young ones an' just herd by theirselves."

We went north to the divide that separates the waters flowing into the Arkansas from those of the Smoky Hill Fork of Kaw River, which feeds the Missouri as far north as Kansas City. The Kaw River is spelled "Kansas" on the maps, but nobody called it anything but Kaw, after the tribe of degraded Indians who lived along its waters. Why this was so may be classed in Lord Dundreary's catalogue of "things no fellow can find out." It was near noon when our ponies were hobbled and given a couple of hours to graze and drink, while we ate, smoked and talked. There had been no introductions, such things were superfluous in those days among such men, and we had scraped acquaintance and knew a few Johns, Jims, Bills and Joes. They were rough, ignorant men, frontier farmers, and as I was in that class we got along, but it was evident that Amos had exploited me as a magician, for they were curious about me after we made camp at night. They were satisfied that I was a Free State man, for that was the first thing that a man wished to satisfy himself on in those days; are you friend or foe?

This curiosity became too strong to be controlled, and Joe broke out with: "Amos says you can see through a pack of cards and tell how they will deal; is that so?"

"No; Amos says many things besides his prayers. Sometimes I make a guess at what cards a man holds, and if I guess anywhere near right he thinks it wonderful. Hand me that pack, and I'll make a guess on the hand you have after you have cut the cards."

This was a rash statement, for the pack was well worn and dirty, but my fame was at stake. Running them over in shuffling, I got the four aces and a king at the bottom of the pack, and then laid it on the blanket. "Now you cut the cards anywhere you like," said I, and he cut near the middle. Catching the eyes of the crowd, I put the "cut" back on top, and played the old trick of dealing from the end of the pack, giving him a card from the bottom and myself one from the top. When the deal was finished, I said: "It's hard to see through these cards, they're so dirty, but your hand beats mine. Keep 'em all together, don't spread 'em out; I can guess better when they're bunched. Let's see! I guess you've got four aces and a queen; no, it's a king, the king of spades, I think; it's a black one; no, it's the king of clubs."

He showed down the hand as I called it, and those simple men were astounded. Both Warren and Amos told me that the hand was dealt from the bottom, but they had seen more of such things than the others. The company of these men was no pleasure; they were men shrewd enough at a bargain, but children in everthing else; they had read nothing, could talk of nothing but their own uneventful lives. Yet it was necessary that something should be done to relieve the monotony of sitting around a campfire and listening to the talk of men who could not talk. Therefore, to relieve myself from the dreadful situation, ten times more lonesome than if no human being had been within 100 miles, I "opened my box of tricks," learned in the idle moments of schoolboy life, and amused myself and companions with the few simple bits of legerdemain which I could call to mind. Later in life many such situations have occurred, when if you wanted any fun you must make it yourself, and it is my mature opinion that such a crowd have so little humor that they don't appreciate anything except practical jokes or the wonders of the magician. The humorous story or the witty repartee is wasted on them as much as it would be on a Digger Indian. Yet that is the state of mind of over half of the people of the United States, taking them "by and large." It is safe to say that outside what may be called the educated classes few appreciate a joke unless it is in its roughest costume. Refine it, put it in evening dress, and it "is caviare to the general;" but the few who can and do enjoy it are those for whom it was intended. Jests are of so many kinds that some are offensive. Bacon, in his Essays, says: "As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it, namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, any case that deserveth pity." This definition is "funny"—to this generation.

It is funny because "matters of state" are the subject of political cartoons in almost every illustrated paper of to-day, and as for "great persons"—they are the fellows who get it! A young friend at my elbow, who is fully abreast of the current idioms of the day, says: "Yes, an' they git it frequent, right where Alice wears her pearls."

"Johnny," I asked, "what do you mean? What has Alice and her pearls—"

"Why, they get it in the neck! See? O, I forget, you wasn't alive last week. Say, that was a big scald on Senator ——— in last week's *Scalder*. Did you see it?"

This is the sort of interruption that comes to a man who writes of old times when his surroundings are not congenial. After removing Johnnie I tried to get back by a jump of forty years from the present to the day when the buffalo grazed from Oregon to Texas.

On our way back to camp we saw a few solitary bulls, and some time in the night there was an alarm that turned us all out with our rifles ready for action. One of the herders had gone off to the eastward and struck a small bunch of buffalo and had killed a calf. He had brought the dressed carcass and the skin back, and had stretched the latter between two trees just outside the camp, and some wolves had torn it down and were fighting over it. A few fire brands settled the dispute, and the torn skin was brought in the corral in the interest of harmony.

The next morning was rainy, but the ponies had their corn and we our buffalo veal, and off we went. In less than an hour we saw the whole prairie covered with buffalo, grazing and going south. From a knoll the entire earth seemed covered with them as far as we could see. There might have been a million, or a hundred million, or as many figures as you please to add to the guess. I tell you in sober truth, and I ask you to believe me, I don't know how many buffalo were in that herd. Warren said: "Betcher there's mor'n ten hundred millions!" You may take Warren's estimate or mine, as you prefer, or you may go there and try to count the tracks of that great herd, I don't care; but I will assert that—that—there was a big lot of buffalo out there in the open air of that Kansas prairie one day in the fall of 1868. That herd was too big for a few men on ponies to stampede, and we put in the spurs and got up alongside. Those on the outside took the alarm and pressed on without other effect than to cause the others next them to think they were pressing for better forage. Amos had told me to pick a barren cow if I could find one, a fat young cow that had no calf of five or six months old near her, and to keep a sharp eye in the rear and not get mixed in the herd, or there would be a dead man and a dead pony.

There was then the spice of danger in this hunt! It began to be more interesting. I had thought it would be sufficient to make the trip and study the types of men, see a herd of buffalo with its flankers and rear-guard of wolves ready to capture a weak straggler or a calf that strayed too far, but now that there was danger there was a promise of sport. Hotspur truly says:

"The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare."

Our party had stretched out over two miles on the flank of the herd, which was moving slowly in the mass, but more swiftly near the hunters, and an occasional shot was heard. My pony would not take me too near; he had evidently seen a herd of buffalo before, and I only feared for the rear. It was getting to be interesting, and after I had singled out my game and tried to get alongside it, with no other buffalo intervening, it was exciting.

Unconsciously I gave a whoop as the picked animal came in plain view, and the pony didn't need spur nor whip to quicken his pace to get alongside; he understood it all. Once alongside the galloping beast, a new difficulty appeared; she was at my right hand and I feared to twist in the saddle, not knowing how the pony would act, and I had never shot from my left shoulder. I did, however, shift the rifle to my left arm and fired. The pony never swerved and the huge beast dropped. The shot caused the animals near me to crowd away and I circled about and shot again as the animal was about to rise; a few struggles and I had killed a buffalo.

"Come on! kill some more," yelled Warren as he passed, seeking a fresh victim; but I had cooled down and was content to watch the herd as it turned off to the right up the river, looking more like a sea covered with rolling porpoises than anything I can liken it to. I sat on my pony gazing on the wonderful sight while my companions followed the herd and thought only of killing. To-day it seems like a dream. Where we rode beside that great herd the locomotive shrieks and a generation of men has been born who may occasionally plow up a bone or a horn that tells of an extinct race of great animals.

It was well along in the afternoon before all had gathered at the camp, and the rain still fell. The guards fed the ponies and we made a big fire to dry ourselves by, and by the time supper was over there was a rainbow in the east. Amos came over to our wagon and wanted to know how I liked buffalo hunting.

"Well, Amos," I replied, "it's a good deal like goin' into a barnyard an' shootin' cattle; just galloping alongside of a steer an' pluggin' him with lead until he drops. I'd a heap sight rather shoot woodcock."

"Woodcock! What's them? Them air big woodpeckers 'at drums on trees fur grubs? Why, they ain't good to eat an' it takes as much powder an' lead to kill one on 'em as it does to kill a buffler that weighs over a quarter of a ton. Wal, that's all right, you can shoot woodpeckers ef you like, but when I shoot I want to see something worth shooting at."

I hadn't the courage to explain what a woodcock was, it wouldn't have helped the matter in the least, nor the disposition to argue the case of sport *versus* meat; that would have been equally hopeless. So I said: "Won't the wolves spoil the skins and the meat to-night before we can save both in the morning?"

"Yes, some on 'em," said he, "but it's the best we could do, an' if we're short we'll kill some more. We allers kill enough for ourselves an' the wolves too, there's plenty of 'em."

After Amos left us Warren said: "Betcher didn't kill any more buffler 'an I did. Honest, now, how many?"

"One."

"Is that all? Why, what joo do all day? Betcher I killed half a dozen and put my mark on a lot more; I come out here for fun, I did, an' now the gang's goin' back as soon as they skin an' load up the meat."

There was no use in talking to this man. I began to feel myself out of touch with the rest, holding opinions which I did not care to expose to ridicule by expressing them, so I turned the talk in another direction. We could hear the wolves howl and fight as long as we heard anything, and when silence came morning came with it.

"Camp was broken, and the oxen were hitched up and the wagons scattered to do their work. Guards and all hands went to the labor of skinning, and from inquiry afterward I learned that nearly 100 buffalo had been killed by seventeen men! But they were not all choice beeves, and then only the forequarters with the hump rib were to be taken back, for those and the tongues were the choice parts. If time permitted, they would all be skinned and the wolves would put a polish on the bones.

I had been greatly impressed by that pigeon slaughter which Cooper relates in one of the "Leather Stocking" tales, where the people loaded a cannon and brought down hundreds at a shot, while Natty protested, killed one pigeon for his own use and went his way. That's a good thing for a boy to read; it had its effect on me all through life. It's the fashion to sneer at Cooper, and say that there never were any such Indians as his. That may be so, but it's the fault of the Indians. I like Cooper's Indians, but the real thing, with the dirt and vermin-laden blanket; "Faugh! an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

We will pass over the disgusting detail of skinning and loading up. Six skins fell to Warren and me, and several forequarters and tongues. That's all there is of our hunt. The party was a most uninteresting one, devoid of intelligence and consequently of humor. Amos and Warren were the only two whose company was endurable on this my first and only buffalo hunt. If my friend of later years, old Nessmuk, had been there he would have agreed with me, and in his fondness for parody might have said:

"Better fifty shots at woodcock
Than ten tons of buffalo."

I learned that the hide of a buffalo bull was not worth taking because the hair was thin or absent on the hindquarters, and that their beef was worthless; but that the fine robes came from the cows, and that the hump rib of a two-year-old heifer was a fine bit of beef.

On the wall of my den hangs a pair of buffalo horns saved from the slaughter of that day. Below them are a pair of snowshoes and the sword of an officer of the line. Sometimes an old man rests his eyes upon these relics until the present is forgotten; the rushing bison with their thundering tramp and grunting snort go by in countless herds, which somehow change into battalions of armed men with glistening bayonets and ragged colors, which afterward fade into the brown of the forest and the stillness only broken by the fall of the snowshoe, until he is aroused by a soft hand on his shoulder, and a soft voice by his side says: "Hadn't you better get ready for dinner? You've been asleep." FRED. MATHER.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12.—The regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held Saturday evening, Dec. 12, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The Association has long had under consideration the subject of effecting State organization, in order to secure concurrent action in behalf of the fishery interests. It has fostered and assisted in the formation of local organizations of kindred character throughout the State with this object in view.

Those efforts have been most gratifying, until at this time there are sufficient local clubs to warrant the belief that this desirable object can be accomplished.

Two propositions were submitted: Club membership, and the advisability of issuing a call for a convention for the purpose of forming a State league.

The latter has its drawbacks and was once tried without success, in view of which it was finally decided that, as this Association was the oldest chartered organization of its kind in the State, covering the entire State in its work, all the purposes of a State league could be accomplished by the creation of club membership. Suitable amendments were adopted at the meeting.

The amendments provide for, first, active members, who alone shall own and control the assets of the Association; second, contributing members, who must reside outside of the city of Philadelphia and counties contiguous thereto, and who shall have all the rights and privileges of active members, save only any participation or ownership in the assets of the Association; third, corresponding members, who shall have a voice but no vote in the meetings of the Association; fourth, honorary members.

Sec. 2. "All applications for membership must be in writing and recommended by a member of the Association, who must be personally acquainted with the applicant and vouch for his or its good character; and every application for membership must give the name, residence and occupation of each individual, and the name and location of every club being a candidate.

Sec. 3. "The election of active and contributing members shall be by ballot at the next stated meeting after proposal, and three black balls will be deemed sufficient to cause the rejection of any candidate. A name, once rejected, cannot again be presented within six months thereafter, except by unanimous consent.

Sec. 4. "Any person or club, upon being elected, must pay the dues prescribed before being admitted to the privileges of membership.

Sec. 5 "Any duly organized club or association which may now or at any time hereafter be organized for the purposes named in Article I. by at least five citizens of this Commonwealth, may be eligible to either or any of the memberships designated in Sec. 1 of this article, upon election in manner and form as is hereinbefore provided."

We are now ready for the whipping-in process and propose to draft lengthy circulars outlining the plans, copies of which will be sent broadcast through the State.

A resolution was adopted tendering the use of the rooms of the Association to the State Fish Commission in the event of their holding a meeting in this city at any time they may elect.

A special Committee on Legislation was appointed to keep in touch with all bills presented to the Legislature affecting the fishing interests, and urge the passage of all measures designed for their improvement, as follows: Dr. B. W. James, Howard A. Chase, B. L. Douredoure, Wm. E Meehan and M. G. Sellers.

The members of the State Fish Commission were unanimously elected honorary members of the Association.

Communications advising the progress of local organizations in several counties of the State were read and congratulations extended.

A special committee was appointed to confer with the State Fish Commission in an effort to have placed in all the public schools of the State charts containing the colored plates of fishes, spawning season, etc., as contained in the report of Pennsylvania Commission.

We find much to do as a public educator; though we fought hard to establish a public aquarium in this city, we sometimes think New York stole our thunder; however, we are still at it. The above may lead up to it, and we are looking after the rising generation.

The nominations were as follows: President, Edwin Hagert; Vice Presidents: Dr. Bushrod W. James, Geo. T. Stokes, Wm. P. Thompson, Howard A. Chase (three to be chosen). Recording Sec'y, Marion G. Sellers; Corresponding Sec'y, J. P. Collins; Treasurers: Alfred Hand, Wm. S. Hergesheimer. Ex. Com. (nine to be chosen): Geo. T. Stokes, H. A. Chase, Wm. P. Thompson, Wm. H. Burkhardt, Dr. W. W. McClure, Wm E. Meehan, Edw. A. Sellies, Robt. M. Mackay, Chas. H. Thompson, Alfred Hand, B. L. Douredoure, Wm. P. Ogelsby, S. E. Landis. Trustee (three years), H. O. Wilbur.

M. G. SELLERS.

The Black Bass Record.

SPRING CITY, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While reading the advertisements in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I found the following: "Seven and one-half pound black bass, conceded by all to be the champion of America." Are we expected to believe this? Certainly larger fish have been caught here. JAS. L. HOYAL.

[This is not the black bass record. We shall print next week a list of recorded heavy fish, black bass among them.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1897.

Feb. 2 to 5.—New England Kennel Club's annual show, Boston.

FIELD TRIALS.

1897.

Jan. 11.—Tupelo, Miss.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Jan. 18.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. winter trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 9.—Carlisle, Ind.—Union Field Trials Club second annual trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Joan's Sense of Color.

AT work in my study this morning, I heard my dog Joan barking furiously in the back yard. I said to myself: "She is barking at a dog, and that dog is black." I thought that she was barking at a dog, because a dog is apt to fall on the haunches and bark directly at a man, while he (or she) is apt to move and bark about another dog; and I concluded that she was barking at a black dog, because the color black (or dark) has irritated her ever since I have had her. I do not know whether her dislike of black is the result of a prenatal influence nor whether she was frightened by some black thing or person in her puppydom. I do not know why Joan is irritated by black—I simply know the fact that she is. I became aware of this fact very soon ofter she came to me—a present from Dr. F. W. Kitchel—when she was about two months old. A pure African woman comes to the rectory regularly to do the washing. As soon as Joan saw this woman she ran away, her tail between her legs, yelping. When she had gotten to a safe distance she showed her irritation by barking with all her little might. I could not understand this at first, because I knew Mary Ann (the African woman's name) to be such a lover of dogs that she keeps a whole pack of them about her, to the disgust of many people who think that it costs her too much to keep them; forgetting that "man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;" and that her dogs may feed a part of Mary Ann which is more important than her body—a part that is not of the grave. I could not, I say, understand at first why Mary Ann was offensive to Joan. I thought that the dislike would pass; but it did not; it increased. Mary Ann made many overtures—she still makes them—but Joan seems now, after the lapse of many months, to actually hate her. We know when Mary Ann is coming by the ferocity of Joan's barking. I by accident discovered the secret of Joan's resentment of the propinquity of Mary Ann one day. A case, homemade from store boxes, had been placed in the dining-room and covered with some heavy material of so dark a red that in the gloaming it appears almost black. It was in the gloaming that Joan and I both first saw it. She stared at it in an affrighted way, her ears dropped, her tail went between her legs, and she slinked back of me against the wall. I saw at once that her spirits were ruffled by Many Ann because Mary Ann is black, and I must not forget to finish the story with which I started out. Joan is in an interesting condition, and I am somewhat anxious about her and about the coming generation.

My conclusion was right. When I dropped my pen and went into the back yard this morning I found that Joan was barking at a dog, and that that dog was completely black. I could not see a white or a light hair on his body. What does all this teach? Why, that the dog has the sense of color, and that he has the abstract notion of color, the notion apart from the thing that is of a certain color. To Joan are not only Mary Ann, the fabric covering the extemporized case, and the dog black (or dark), but to her black (or dark) is black (or dark); and whoever or whatever has an abstract idea belongs to the abstract, and it is the abstract that is eternal.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

ROSSVILLE, S. I.

Irish Terrier Produce Stakes.

THE Irish Terrier Produce Stakes, under the auspices of the New England Kennel Club, will be decided at the coming Boston show, Feb. 2, 1897. Entries closed Jan. 1, 1896, and, as you will see by inclosed list, thirteen brood bitches are entered: Dr. William F. Kenney's (Providence) Noreda; Morton E. Cobb's (Newton, Mass.) Reculver Biddy; Samuel D. Parker's (Readville, Mass.) Beechgrove Jesse II., Carleton Belle and Lady; Samuel A. Fletcher's (Milton, Mass.) Nora Desmond; O. W. Donner's (Milton, Mass.) Milton Droleen, Milton Droleen, Milton Dingle and Milton Spuds; Toon & Thomas's (Salem, Mass.) Endcliffe Nora and Endcliffe Peggy; Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) Lady Eva. All remittances for entrance fees, etc., should be sent to Mr. Samuel D. Parker, 50 State street, Boston (treasurer of Produce Stakes), on or before the date the entries close for the New England Kennel Club's thirteenth annual bench show in February next.

COMMITTEE IRISH TERRIER PRODUCE STAKES,
Per O. W. DONNER.

N. E. K. Club's Show.

MR. ALLEN CHAMBERLAIN, press agent of the New England Kennel Club, writes that some people seem to think that there is some mistake about the dates of the Boston dog show this year—Feb. 2, 3, 4, 5—but they alone are mistaken in this. Those are the correct dates, and the Mechanics Building will be the stand, as of yore. The fact is the New England Kennel Club proposes to hold its show this year (which, by the way, is its thirteenth annual exhibition) at a time of the year when people can go to it. If it is held late in the spring, outdoor recreation is found to be too attractive by most persons, but in midwinter everyone will want to go. Another advantage is that at the opening of the season (this will be the first show of the circuit) the dogs are fresher and show up better than after they have traveled over half the country. Owners desirous of entering dogs should address the committee in charge of the show at their office, 167 Tremont street. Entries will close on Jan. 16. Each year sees many and many a good dog left out because the owner waited just too long before sending in the entry.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We are indebted to Mr. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, for some most interesting photographs of shooting scenes in Manitoba, where the prairie chicken is in such bountiful numbers. In a most interesting letter the following is specially noteworthy as showing what patient and skillful training will accomplish in making the horse useful afield in an intelligent manner. He says: "I should like to have shown you to what perfection a horse can be trained for shooting purposes. I paid more attention and devoted more time and energy this season to training the gray mare you will note on the right side in the photograph than I did to my dogs. She was a runaway and had other vicious habits. To-day she will stop to point or back; move on with the gun; stop to signal, a raise of my arm; come on to the whistle; follow me at a respectful distance all over the prairie, and at the finish take me home at a three-minute gait. I now hope to have her mate trained next season to the same degree of perfection as is herself. To me training is a pleasure."

The New England Kennel Club's prize list of its thirteenth annual show is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained of the Bench Show Committee, 167 Tremont street, Boston. The judges are: Mr. Chas. H. Mason, of New York, bloodhounds, Great Danes, St. Bernards, mastiffs, bull dogs, bull terriers, Scottish terriers, beagles, Skyes, whippets; Mr. James Mortimer, of New York, collies, deerhounds, wolfhounds, Irish terriers, dachshunde, Bedlington terriers, Dandie Dinmonts; Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., pointers, setters, greyhounds; Mr. German Hopkins, of New York, fox terriers, Black and Tan terriers, foxhounds; Mr. E. M. Oldham, of New York, spaniels; Mr. T. Farrar Rackham, of New York, all toy dogs. Boston terrier judge to be announced later. E. M. Oldham, superintendent.

In our advertising columns Arthur Lovell, Putney, Vt., offers hunting dogs. C. V. S. Rea, Hackettstown, N. J., offers trained setter. M., care FOREST AND STREAM, offers trained Irish setter. Geo. Douglas, Woodstock, Ont., offers cockers. Box 392, Cincinnati, offers trained pointer. Dr. Treacy Ford, Meade, S. D., offers greyhounds. H. T. Mosley, Chaplin, Conn., offers broken setter.

There was organized at Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 8, the Pittsburg Fox Terrier Club, with a membership of twenty-one of the representative and professional men of Pittsburg and Allegheny. The following officers were elected: President, B. S. Horne; Vice-President, John M. Chaplin; Treasurer, Wm. E. Lettell; Secretary, C. B. Garrison.

Printed rules and regulations governing the first annual Irish Terrier Produce Stakes, and the amount and division of prizes, can be obtained by addressing Samuel D. Parker, 50 State street, Boston.

Mr. G. P. Finnigan, Smithville Flats, N. Y., writes us under date of Dec. 7, that he has withdrawn from the stud his English setter dog Border Chief.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

The Reham Kennels claim the names
Reham Red Brant, for red cocker spaniel dog, by Cherry—Brantford Bonita.
Little Sultangi, for black cocker spaniel dog, by champion Black Duke—Flossie Wiltshire.
Little High Admiral, for black dog, same litter.
Reham's Little Jet, for black cocker spaniel bitch, by Cherry—Dinah C.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

HERE AND THERE.

AN Australian manufacturer of cycling shoes advertises free accident insurance with every purchase of boots or shoes to the value of five shillings. The coupon which the wheelman receives guarantees him the amount of $5 per week for a period not exceeding ten weeks in case of total disablement by accident, or $500 to his heirs in case of death by accident.

That so much can be offered to secure trade to the value of $1.25 would indicate that cycling is an extremely safe sport as far as serious accidents are concerned.

On the Col du Chut a hotel keeper has devised a practical and extremely simple brake for use in coasting down the long and dangerous hills that are characteristic of his neighborhood, which he furnishes free of charge to his patrons. This is nothing more than a good sized fagot of wood attached to a cord 6ft. long. The cord is made fast to the saddle post of the bicycle and the friction of the fagot on the road is said to render the descent of the worst inclines perfectly safe and easy. A somewhat similar drag has been successfully used on the Pacific coast. In the latter case the boughs of trees were substituted. Such brakes have the advantage of not injuring the tires, but can, of course, only be used to advantage where the descent is unbroken.

A member of the L. A. W. described a game of hare and hounds on bicycles as played at Vevay, Switzerland, in which both men and women took part. A lady was always chosen one of the hares, and similarly it was found necessary to make the rule that among the hounds a woman should always lead, though not necessarily the same one throughout the course. This was to prevent riders with scorching proclivities from outstripping the pack.

For a ten-mile run the hares were given a start of ten minutes; for twelve miles, twelve minutes, etc. Each hare carried a bag of paper scent to scatter along the route, and at turns of the road it was allowable to scatter false scent to throw the hounds off.

The latest adaptation of the bicycle in France is in the strictly utilitarian direction of a fire extinguisher. The bicycle fire engine is made like a double tandem, with hose and a powerful pump placed between. The weight of the machine is about 140lbs., and it is propelled by four men. Once the scene of the fire is reached, the engine is made stationary by raising the wheels from the ground. The hose is connected and the pump adjusted, and then the firemen mount to their saddles again and pedal away to work the pump. It is said that four men working together in this way can throw a stream of water 75 or 100ft. into the air at the rate of 4,500 gallons an hour. Such engines would prove a boon to many rural and suburban communities in need of fire departments.

A gentleman in Lausanne, on the borders of Lake Geneva, tried to discourage cycling by scattering tacks along a road much used by wheelmen. His enterprise was momentarily successful, for three dozen riders in a road race had their wheels disabled as a result. Ordinarily the mischief-maker might have hoped to escape unpunished, but these racers were more than usually provoked, as their chances for winning were gone; so one and all they relentlessly sought out the ingenuous resident of Lausanne, and dragged him to a police court. Here the prisoner, who was a man of means, tried to escape by pleading it was only done for a joke; but in the presence of his thirty-six outraged victims the humor was not very apparent.

He was fined 2,200 francs for the damage done, and the summary justice which he received has proved a warning to tack throwers that will not soon be forgotten.

TIRE TALK.

'Way back in 1846 an Englishman named Thompson invented and patented the first pneumatic tire. His tire had an inner tube of soft rubber and an outer covering of leather. A few years later the leather sheath was replaced by rubber thickened in the tread, thus producing a tire similar to many in use at the present time.

His invention was regarded as of little consequence, and it remained for another man more than forty years later to practically utilize pneumatic tires in connection with the bicycle, and to reap the reward that resulted.

One objection that riders make to soft tires is that they are slow. Just why this should be so we have never seen satisfactorily settled. The reason that is commonly given is that the additional elasticity gained checks the momentum of the wheel and wastes a portion of the propelling force.

Such statements are contrary to fact and easily disproved, for if rigidity were an advantage the steel tires of racing sulkies would hardly have given place to the pneumatic tires now so universally in use.

In Paris pneumatic tires are in common use on cab wheels. It is stated that they not only have the advantage over iron or even solid rubber tires in that they lessen the jar and noise, but that they also decrease the traction power, a result due to their increased springiness.

On good roads they are said to be 33 per cent. more economical in use than tires of the ordinary type, and on the worst roads the saving is nearly 70 per cent.

Both wire and wooden spoked wheels are used, and the best results are obtained with a moderate air pressure of about 6.5lbs. to the square inch.

Worn out tires are not altogether worthless. They have a commercial valuation, though it is comparatively trifling. Junk dealers buy them, and rag dealers also take them when they are offered. They bring $100 by the ton, which means that the dealers pay about 5 cents a pound for them, or 15 to 20 cents for the single tire. Pure rubber is worth from 50 cents a pound up on the spot where it is grown, but tires have so much cotton and mineral matter in their composition that the amount of the commercial article that can be saved is not great.

Pneumatic tires have better gum in them than rubber shoes, and are worth more when they reach the grinding mill. The rubber is also better than that in the solid tires, and, weight for weight, the pneumatics are worth about twice as much. If you have an old bicycle, however, it is better to give it away than to try to realize anything on the tires.

Age Limit for Wheeling.

THE limit of age for cycling is a question which is calling for many opinions from the medical press. The *British Medical Journal* has this to say about it: "In the first place, no child under the age of seven years should be permitted to learn under any circumstances, and very great care must be taken that any boy or girl of that tender age becoming a rider is properly fitted with a suitable machine, and that the pedals, handle bar and saddle are so adjusted that he can sit properly upright and use his strength to the best advantage without distorting his body or injuring his growing tissues. The crank should be

short—4½in. are ample—and the gear low, and the 'reach' so short that when the child is sitting easily on the saddle he can place his heel on the pedal when at its lowest point. The handle bar must be raised to such an extent and the handles so brought around that they can be conveniently grasped when the forearm is nearly fully extended and the trunk erect. The saddle must be of proper size, and so adjusted that the peak does not cause any undue pressure; and, when all these preliminaries are fulfilled, the strictest supervision must be exercised to insure moderation as to the distances ridden and pace observed. All hill riding, except up a very slight incline, and all excessive speed should be forbidden, and the great test after a ride is the condition of the child the next day. If he eat well, sleep well, and is bright and lively, he has not done too much and is likely to reap benefit and suffer no harm from his exercise. When a person has been riding for some time and has regularly kept up his condition by constant practice, there is no reason why advancing years should compel him to give up his recreation and his exercise. There are scores of men who have passed the age of sixty years who are still capable of forty or fifty miles a day without fatigue, and the number of those who, though past the 'three score years and ten,' attribute their continued health to the regular use of their bicycle or tricycle is not inconsiderable. He would be a rash man who, without some very good and definite cause, ventured to debar his somewhat aged patients from an exercise which suited them and which is so adapted to persons who cannot walk much; for it must always be remembered that a man on a bicycle has not to carry his own weight, it is rolled on wheels for him, and the difference there must be in the exertion when a weight has both to be supported and propelled, and when it is only propelled on any kind of carriage, is apparent. An habitual rider, therefore, may be allowed to use his wheel as long as nature will allow him, and the more regularly he uses it within reason, the longer will nature allow him the use of it."

Yachting.

THE annual general meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound will be held on Friday, Dec. 18, at 8 P. M., at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Parlor F. A full attendance of all club representatives is looked for, as important amendments to the racing rules are to be acted upon.

MR. J. R. MAXWELL, owner of Emerald, schooner, has decided to rebuild her in order to keep her in the racing with Colonia. To this end plans have been prepared by her designer, H C. Wintringham, for the removal of the entire keel and the lower strakes of the bottom plating, and the construction of a new keel nearly 4ft. deeper, increasing the draft from 10ft. to 14ft , the limit allowed by the new rules. This will, of course, necessitate a larger and entirely new rig to utilize the increased power derived from the lowering of the lead. The centerboard will, of course, be retained. This will be the second important alteration which has been made to the yacht, the fore body having been lengthened after her first season. The work will be done by T. S. Marvel, at Newburgh.

NEW YACHTS.

WITHIN the past week several new orders for steam craft have become known, one being for a new Marietta, No. III. of the name, for H. B Moore, of New York, from designs by H. J. Gielow, designer of Marietta I. and Marietta II. The keel blocks for this yacht are now laid at the yard of John H. Robins & Co., Erie Basin, under the large shed erected last year to protect the steam yacht Sovereign while building. The new Marietta will be still larger than the older ones, 172ft. 6in. over all, 140ft. l.w.l., 18ft. beam. She will be of steel, with double bottom amidships, to be used for fresh-water tanks. Her machinery will include a four-cylinder triple expansion engine supplied by two water-tube boilers. The interior is carefully planned to give large and convenient rooms, with good ventilation, and the yacht will be finished with all the modern requisites, electric installation, complete plumbing throughout, etc.

In addition to the steam yacht already mentioned for Governeur Kortright, Gardner & Cox have two orders for larger craft. Mr. Kortright's yacht will be in many respects a novelty, being planned to meet his special requirements in a cruising craft for a summer home. She will carry a yawl rig, and her bow will be much the same as that of the modern sailing yacht, such as Queen Mab. She promises to be stylish and shipshape in appearance, and eminently comfortable and convenient. The two larger yachts—the owners of which are not yet known—will be 150 and 130ft. long. The 51-footer for Mr. Hoyt is now well under way at the shops of Wood & Son, City Island, who turned out such excellent work in Mr. Hoyt's 35-footer Norota. Gardner & Cox also have an order for a 70ft. racing length cutter.

The report is current that Howard Gould, owner of Niagara, will build this winter a large seagoing steam yacht for a cruise around the world, and the English papers state that James Gordon Bennett will replace Namouna by a very large steam yacht designed by Watson and built abroad.

C. S. Eaton, of Boston, owner of the notable knockabout Cock Robin, has just sold her to C. H. W. Foster, and will replace her with a Herreshoff 20-footer for the Seawanhaka races, to be handled by W. P. Fowle, so well known as the owner of the several successful Saracens some years since. Mr. Fowle has handled Cock Robin this year, and no small part of her success is due to him. The Herreshoffs also have an order for a knockabout for D. H. Percival, Jr., of Boston.

V. D. Bacon, of New York, has an order from a member of the Knickerbocker Y. C. for a design for a single-hand knockabout, to be 29ft. over all, 19ft. 6in. l.w.l., 8ft. 6in. beam, and 2ft. 6in. draft. She will be built at College Point. Thomas Clapham has sent to George T. Chester, of Buffalo, a design for a large sharpie, which will be built of steel at Buffalo. Mr. Clapham is at work on a yawl-rigged sharpie 36ft. over all for Mr. Kellogg, of Buffalo, and on a catboat for A. H. Cochran, of Yonkers.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE LAKE YACHT RACING UNION.

OUR recent publication of the rules of the new Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and our comments thereon, have brought the following letters:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 5 you state that the Lake Yacht Racing Association adoped the British system of obtaining actual sail area for reasons which are not very clear. From very distinct recollections of the matter I am in a position to state that the change was made on account of the growing tendency to use bat's-wing and lug-sail rigs, which were never intended to be measured by the old Seawanhaka rule, and it was found impossible to twist or alter the rule so as to make it apply to them with fairness.

The reason of this was not far to seek. The Seawanhaka rule is based upon the assumption that the rig to be measured is approximately a triangle of which the topsail halliard sheave is the apex. To all such rigs it applies fairly enough, but very little ingenuity was required to devise a bat's-wing or lug-sail rig to which it would apply no better than a rule for measuring a triangle will apply to measuring a square.

As an instance of what was done under the old rule I recollect that Mr. Jarvis designed the 21-footer Thistledown to carry a battened lug of 540sq. ft. which measured only 450sq. ft. by the rule. It is quite evident that without some change the cutter rig would have been penalized so heavily that it would have been driven off the lake by this time. The British system of measuring sail area appeared a little complicated at first, but our yachtsmen soon got used to it. It is also to be noticed that a few changes were made in the existing British rule at the time of its adoption by the L. Y. R. A., such as the measurement to the extreme end of the gaff and boom instead of attempting to measure the head or foot of the sail when fully stretched.

Whatever theoretical objection may be made to this system, it has certainly worked very smoothly on Lake Ontario.

CLINTON, Ont., Dec. 5. WM. Q. PHILLIPS.

This explanation is probably the correct one. No one is better informed in the matter than our correspondent; and he is probably equally correct as to the practical operation of the Y. R. A. sail measurement on Lake Ontario. The Seawanhaka rule was never intended to measure the many varieties of small rigs: lug, lateen, gunter, etc.; nor has it been called on to do so in this country until a very recent date. Prior to the introduction of the 15ft. class in 1895, we remember but one instance of a racing yacht being fitted with other than the boom and gaff rig—the 25-footer Needle, built in 1891, and fitted, when she first came out, with the English "lug" as used on the Solent.

In its application to everything that can be termed a yacht as possessing some accommodation, and in distinction to the open sailing boat, the Seawanhaka rule is, we contend, superior to the Y. R. A. rule in that the measurements of the sail plan can be taken more easily, rapidly and certainly, and are capable of satisfactory verification in case of a dispute. When it comes to the 15 and 20-footers, with odd rigs of all kinds, the Seawanhaka method in its present form does not apply, and something more is necessary. This same difficulty has come very prominently to the front in arranging the terms for the new 20ft. class between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

There are three possible solutions of the difficulty: First, to retain the Seawanhaka method for the great majority of yachts which are now fairly measured by it, with a special provision for the measuring of the odd rigs in the smaller classes by the Y. R. A. method; second, the retention of the Seawanhaka method for rigs with gaff sails and the extension of the same principle of measuring as far as possible from the spars alone to cover the odd rigs; and, third, the substitution of the Y. R. A. method for all yachts. The first course is now recognized in the existing rules of most American clubs; the second has been taken in framing the rules for the Seawanhaka cup races in the 20ft. class; and the third course was followed several years since by the Lake Y. R. A. at the instance of the Royal Canadian Y. C., for the reason given by our correspondent.

As applied to Lake Ontario, the change has worked well in practice The fleet of racing yachts is small, very few new yachts are added each season, and few changes are made in existing yachts from year to year. The racing is confined very largely to the fleets of Toronto and Hamilton; the measurers are able to measure the sails under suitable conditions, in dry weather, and a measurement once taken is likely to stand for some seasons.

On the Atlantic coast the case is very different. There are about New York alone scores of yachts to be measured each year. The work of measuring for a large club, always a voluntary one save for the comparatively small fees, demands much time and labor at best, and this would be greatly increased if it were necessary to wait for weather in order that all sails might be measured under the same conditions. However unimportant in the small classes, the question of the stretch of sails becomes far more of a factor in the case of the big schooners and cutters, and it is in these latter above all others that accuracy of both original measurement and verification are most important. In all classes from 30ft. upward nothing would be gained and much would be lost by a change from the Seawanhaka to the Y. R. A method.

In the present condition of yacht racing on the Great Lakes it may be a small matter which system is used; the conditions on Erie, Huron and Michigan are similar to those on Ontario, with even fewer yachts, and the Y. R. A. method can be used with good results There is, however, the future to be considered; we hope that before many years each of the five lakes may possess a strong racing fleet associated in the new Union and with interlake competitions. When that day comes the Seawanhaka method will, in our opinion, meet the necessities of the case far better than the one just adopted.

Then too there is another consideration: no good reason exists for two different methods of measurement within practically the same territory between the Lake fleet and the coast fleet; one of the two, the poorer if there be any difference, should be dropped and the other adopted. For the reasons already given we believe the Seawanhaka rule to be the better of the two, and therefore favor its use for all yachts above the 25ft. class, even though it should be finally demonstrated that the small classes can be better measured by a different rule.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your remarks last week concerning the action of the proposed new Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes (which by the way has been dubbed by one irreverent sailor "The Society for the Suppression of Small Yachts"), referring to that section of the rules which is to restrict the area of midship section to a minimum coefficient of 35 per cent., you say: "Without four existing yachts below this limit, it is perfectly practical and for the present at least must prove beneficial in barring further additions of the fin-keel type." This statement might be more or less easy to indorse were there any considerable number of yachts of the size of Canada or even Vivia in commission or likely to be built; but when one remembers that it took six rich men, two Provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and all Mr. Jarvis's well-known energy, with the added fillip of a prospective international contest, to bring to life the only yacht above 30ft. r.l. built on this lake in two seasons, it does almost seem as if—on Lake Ontario at least—latitude and not restriction would be the thing suggested.

On the other hand, the spectacle that has been afforded to those who have attended the L. Y. R. A. races for the two seasons that cover as well the whole period during which the 22ft. class (now to be abolished) has been officially recognized has been one in which quite two-thirds of all the starters have been of that class and the 27-footers; while of the residue probably half has been supplied by the class rating 32ft.

With these facts before them, many yachtsmen here are prone to think that it would be more to the interest of the new Union to face living issues, turn a little of their attention to the classes that will fill, and generally to descend from that lofty position of superiority so readily assumed by these bodies that finds itself so well and frequently expressed in the club dinner speeches of elderly gentlemen who love unctuously to refer to the small rater as "the little training ship from which our yachtsmen are developed."

If any such thought as this ever did suggest itself, it has certainly met its most effective negative in the proposal to confine the designer to an express minimum coefficient of a circumscribing parallelogram without any defined horizontal bounds, a rule that at once prohibits for the 27ft. and 22ft. classes (supposing the latter to exist) the only type in which speed and safety are combined.

How the FOREST AND STREAM can approve a rule that in its effect so completely traverses all that it has so steadily maintained for years can only be explained by assuming it to be mistaken in the premises, for surely never before was such a premium placed upon the sandbag type of boat.

What have the existing bulb-fins done to bring this thing upon us, Hiawatha? Koko? Isis of Oswego, the 33-footer which came the length of the Lake to race in Hamilton last year, and sailed home again with skipper and crew on board? What is the matter with the scores of boats from 36ft. to 34ft. r.l. that safely race thirty or forty times a season in the rough waters of the English Soleat, fin-keels all, and their sisters likewise in American waters?

The effect of the bare possibility of such a rule being passed has in at least one case within the writer's knowledge been to turn aside the purpose of an interesting builder of a bulb-fin to meet Hiawatha, and it is said others are held in abevance pending the action of the Association or Union, whichever will succeed to the command.

It is to be hoped that something in the way of interchange of viewing between the parties most interested may be had before anything irrevocable is done. FIN (DE SIECLE).

TORONTO, Dec. 5.

Our correspondent brings up a number of points which may be, perhaps, best taken up *seriatim*. The objections raised by him to the new rules have been made by others as well.

It is because we recognize clearly the slow course of building on Lake Ontario, as pointed out by our correspondent, that we advocate what we believe to be a fair and reasonable restriction. The worst possible thing that can happen to lake yachting is the introduction of the fin-keel in the larger classes through the presence of that "latitude" which our correspondent calls for. There are few enough yachtsmen on Lake Ontario to-dav who are both willing and able to keep up such yachts as Vreda, Zelma, Aggie and Yama, with good headroom and comfortable accommodation for the racing circuit of the Lake, or longer cruises at times to Lake Erie. There are still fewer, in fact none at all, who care to own a racing bulb-fin, with vastly inferior accommodation. Even Canada, not an extreme bulb-fin, was only built by a syndicate and for a special purpose. She found no purchaser when put up at auction recently, and as now arranged she is inferior to the older yachts in accommodation. To outbuild her, should the occasion arise, would mean the extreme type of bulb-fin, with still less accommodation, and of no use save for racing.

The 27 and 22ft. classes are to-day the most popular on the Lake, though neither is built up as it should be. As far as we are informed, the new Union and the Lake Y. R. A. have "faced living issues" in dealing with both classes according to the circumstances of each case. The 27ft. class, as now existing on the Lakes, permits a cabin yacht of fair accommodation, and large enough to cruise from lake to lake, as was done this year. The limit of 35 per cent. is the least that would protect this class from the introduction of such a racing fin-keel as would at once kill off all existing yachts and prevent the building of new ones. It is only necessary that one man should start in to sweep the Lake for a season with a bulb-keel in any class, either undergoing the discomforts of living in the confined quarters, or else putting up at hotels ashore, to put an end to the racing of wholesome boats in that class.

From the positive tone of our correspondent we hesitate before suggesting that possibly he is the one who is mistaken in his premises; but we were really unaware that the 22ft. class had been abolished on Lake Ontario. It does not appear in the list of classes of the Yacht Racing Union, possibly for the reason that it is too small for interlake racing, but it is specifically mentioned in the amended rules of the Lake Y. R A., which will be acted on at the annual meeting on Dec. 19. Moreover, this class is very properly exempted from the 35 per cent. limitation, for the excellent reason that it is at best too small for other than local work and home racing, in spite of the fact that boats of the class have cruised the length of the Lake and back, as quoted by our correspondent. The class is rather small, with a l.w.l. length of about 19ft., to give cabin space and cruising accommodation without a serious loss of speed; a fact recognized in the new rules by leaving it free from a limitation intended to preserve internal space.

We fail to see how the limitation of the midship section has any effect whatever on the issue of keel and centerboard as it has stood on Lake Ontario for some years, the keel boat having entirely driven out the centerboard. Such a limitation in a different form, of a premium for excess of area above 35 per cent., would strongly favor the centerboard type; but in its present form it merely leaves matters as they long have been.

The bulb fins of the 22ft. class mentioned by our correspondent, Koko, Isis and, we believe, Hiawatha, are left as before, no change being made in the portion of the rules relating to them. The Solent boats instanced are admirable craft for a certain purpose; the toys of a set of wealthy yachtsmen and yachtswomen who never attempt to cruise in them; bu race them within sight of their moorings, with a steam yacht in attendance if necessary. Such craft are in every way unsuited for the lakes, where fair accommodation and adaptability for general use through the season are prime requisites.

The course of improvement on the lakes had, up to last season, gone no further than a reasonable refinement of form and construction, as shown in Zelma and Yama. The safe and prudent limit was not only reached but exceeded in the construction this spring of Vencedor and Canada; and any attempt to outbuild either must result in the extinction of existing yachts and the surrender of the lakes to the bulb-fin racing machine, such as Dilemma, Niagara or Flatfish. The first to appreciate this fact and to act upon it are the very ones condemned by our correspondent. They have, in furtherance of what they believe to be the best interests of lake yachting, deliberately adopted a rule which excludes from the racing their own yacht, Canada, and leaves the field still open to the older and better yachts of the 42ft. class.

MEASUREMENT RULES.

In a discussion of the fundamental principles of the measurement question care is required in the definition and use of the terms "measurement rules" and "measurement formulæ," for the reason that, although such rules may have another form, those we have become accustomed to have usually taken the shape of a single formula having two distinct and unrelated functions, one of them having no connection with measuring. Therefore the words "measurement rule" generally suggest some kind of a formula.

Before the sharp competition of racing had developed such a diversity of form in yachts, size was fairly enough represented by length, and yachts were classified and measured for time allowances by the length of the l.w.l. The growth of new forms under this rule disclosed the fact that size included other dimensions than l.w.l. length, and the attempt was made to make a fair rule for measuring all forms by taxing other dimensions, and the formula was invented having two or more factors. It was still a pure measurement formula; but a separate measurement rule for classification was used, viz., l.w.l. length. An increasing differentiation of form demonstrated the impossibility of making fair time allowances by the formula in use, and yachts were all built to the upper limit of their classes. The formula still failed to work, and it having become obvious that the number and coefficients of the factor of the measurement formula were the efficient causes of the diverse forms, nothing seemed easier than to limit the diversity of form by a proper arrangement and valuation of the factors of the formula. This was attempted, and the result was the building of a motley lot of unseaworthy racing machines and the total exclusion of cruisers and yachts of moderate form from racing.

This may not be historically accurate, but it will serve to illustrate the growth of the measurement formula and the present predicament.

It is also to be remembered that during this evolution of the measurement formula it was found desirable to abandon the original classification by l.w.l. length for one by corrected length, and this was done to counteract the tendency toward uniformity of type that had been the result of each successive formula, and in the interest of elasticity, as it was called, so as to give latitude for experiment in designing.

Up to the present time the whole development of measurement rules has been the successive patching up of the empirical conglomeration that has grown by accretion from the original formula of one term only—l.w.l. length—without questioning the philosophy of such procedure. Length on the waterline was once assumed, as a matter of course, to truly measure the size of a yacht for speed comparisons, and we still seem to have a superstitious veneration for that old notion.

Some of the lessons that may be learned from the history of measurement rules are:

(1) That it is probably useless to attempt to devise a formula of general application under which racing yachts and cruisers, differing widely in form, may race together on a fair basis. For such contests only empirical handicaps, based upon trial of the yachts, are likely to give satisfactory results. The formula lately suggested for this purpose by Mr. Irving Cox is ingenious and plausible, but its merit depends upon the accuracy of his estimates of the relative value of overhangs; draft, l.w.l. length and sail as speed factors, and when one undertakes to determine such values one is in danger of getting off soundings.

(2) That so-called elastic formulæ do not foster experiments which produce diversity of form, but instead furnish opportunity by the sacrifice of desirable qualities for exaggerating the features that will produce the highest speed under the least penalty. The products of such experiments will always be found clustered together near some of the extreme limits.

(3) That the effect of a new or amended formula of the kind now in use cannot be foreseen.

(4) That we cannot by such a formula control with any certainty the development of form along what we deem desirable lines.

(5) That by permitting any dimension to be enlarged to any extent by reducing others, such formulæ are admirably adapted to the development of extravagant and undesirable forms.

(6) The inefficiency of the old type of measurement formula prompts an inquiry into the logic of its underlying principles, and it is found to have little philosophic basis. Its proper function is to furnish a means of comparing the speed of yachts of different size; but its factors and their coefficients have been chosen with reference to an entirely different function, viz., that of influencing form. These factors (S excepted) have no certain quantitative and causal relation to speed; and a formula made in this manner cannot in the nature of things properly perform its functions of measuring speed.

From the foregoing point of view let us consider the excellent editorial on this subject in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 28. It is there said:

(*a*) That it is necessary to "supplement the measurement formula proper by rigid restrictions on light construction," etc.

(*b*) That "coming to the formula itself * * * the function of a rule is to produce the best possible yacht."

(*c*) That "we do not yet understand how a satisfactory formula, permitting different types to race together on a fair basis, can be made on the plan which Sextant suggests" of "absolute restrictions."

The use here of the words "formula" and "rule" makes the criticism a little ambiguous, and illustrates the necessity of discrimination in their use as suggested at the outset. Obviously a formula in its strict sense cannot be made on the plan of fixing maximum and minimum limits to the principal dimensions of yachts, and was not suggested by the writer. It was recommended as the most efficient method of controlling form, and producing what the FOREST AND STREAM terms "the best possible yacht," and for no other purpose. As stated above, it is the opinion of the writer that yachts of different types cannot fairly race together under any formula, or under any plan, except that of arbitrary handicaps based upon actual performance.

(*d*) That "by means of absolute restrictions one stereotyped model—and that a very good one—may be produced, but there seems to be no elasticity or opportunity for experiment under such a system." The inference here seems to be that the old formulæ are elastic, that they furnish good opportunity for experiment, and for these reasons are preferable to absolute restrictions. Experience with them has shown that they do furnish a wide field for experimenting with ultra extravagant racing machines practically unfit for yachting, and it was assumed that this was a strong objection to such formulæ and not a meritorious feature. Experience further shows, as above suggested, that this so-called elasticity is really illusive, because this kind of formula has always produced a single type, as every formula and rule must—the fastest machine that can be built under the rule. Ingenuity cannot devise a single formula that will produce several types of yachts equally fast. If there be any real experimenting, as in the evolution of Glencairn, it is because the logic of the formula cannot at once be foreseen; and in such cases the successful form kills the others, leaving one type as the net product of the rule. A designer with perfect insight would go straight to the logical product of the formula without this wasteful experimenting. The plan of absolute restriction will certainly fix the limits within which experiment can be made, but it will be as elastic as any rule within those limits; and the field will be limited only by the wishes of those who make the rule.

(*e*) That "the result must inevitably be the production of one type, and," likely, "a bad one;" and six-beam cutters, sand-baggers, the "brute forties" and bulb-fins are cited by the editor as logical products of the system proposed.

It is agreed that one type would be produced. Whether good or bad would depend upon the passing fancies of those who fix the limits to the dimensions. If they should like the deep, narrow cutter, that would be the type. If they should prefer the skimming-dish they would make a rule that would produce it. In short, they would get precisely what they want; and that is the chief merit of the scheme. Under the existing type of rule they vote for a mystery, and they get whatever monster the expert designer can best cheat the rule with, and get the highest speed without reference to any other qualities. This would seem to be the efficient cause of the evolution of the several extravagant types cited; and that they were not the ideals of the yachtsmen of the several periods, and that they would not have been deliberately chosen had the system of absolute restriction on design been in vogue at that time. That, however, is immaterial. They would have chosen the type they preferred and, if it happened to be one not popular at the present time, that does not seem to be any reason why we should not be permitted to choose a type that pleases us. Choosing a type does not prohibit experiment. It only confines experiment within known limits. Does the FOREST AND STREAM believe in the expediency of allowing experiments to be carried into the furthest fields of freakdom? If it would put any limit to experimenting, what is the objection to stating those limits in terms that can be understood by everybody?

(*f*) It is finally objected that though the present system of measurement "has failed to bar the racing machine and to produce a desirable type of yacht," "we cannot see that anything more is to be expected from the system advocated by our correspondent, or even how his suggestions are to be put into practical shape." It would seem that no argument were needed to show that when one type of yacht is deemed to be more desirable than another, the preferred type would more surely result from a rule making absolute limits that define the type to a certainty than from a formula under which the dimensions have reciprocal relations only, and may be so arranged as to produce any conceivable type. If yachtsmen have no ideal type the proposed scheme is of no value, nor is any kind of measurement rule or formula except for classification and regulating time allowances. The making of any rule to influence form presupposes an ideal, and it is useless to attempt to make or amend rules until the ideal type has been definitely conceived. As to the possibility of putting the suggestions into practical shape, it would seem not very difficult to fix the maximum and minimum limits of the ideal yacht by compiling and comparing the ratios of the measured dimensions of the representative freaks of the fleet and of the boats regarded as wholesome in form. There certainly are no more intrinsic difficulties in the way than yachtsmen have gayly faced time and again in making formulæ of the $L + 1.2\,B. + Girth + \sqrt{S}$, kind.

There remains the matter of a measurement rule proper for classification or for determining time allowances if they are to be given. If nothing better can be devised, the present Seawanhaka formula will perhaps suffice, though it seems not to be made upon justifiable principles. It is the simplest and perhaps the best of all the formulæ that have been tried, though if one may judge of the printed accounts of the latest yachts, the tax on sail is considerably too small. The chief objection though to this formula is that it is a failure in its function of restricting the building of undesirable yachts. If this function be attended to by separate regulations, as suggested, that objection disappears. The logic of this formula as a device for measuring speed is, however, believed to be fertile ground for discussion; and it would give Sextant much pleasure if some one who thinks it a philosophical contrivance will demonstrate it in these columns. With a fleet of yachts reasonably similar in form it would seem that measurement by sail area alone would be a less objectionable method.

To sum up, it seems desirable to direct the skill and ingenuity of expert designers to the discovery of the speediest form within such limits as are consistent with other desirable qualities in yachts; and it is believed that this will be accomplished more certainly by directly establishing those limits than by any other means.

It is not a valid criticism upon the plan to assert that one cannot off-hand draw up a perfect schedule of such limits. A tolerably close approximation to it ought to be made in the first season, and the ideal would surely be further approached by subsequent amendments. Under the present plan we are every season departing further and further from the ideal.

SEXTANT.

MY FIRST TRIP IN A HALF-RATER.

THE weather looked nasty, the papers had prophesied rain and wind, and the cold, gray sky, with some particularly oily-looking clouds, seemed to emphasize the warning. Half choked with dust, for the electric had to be taken, as the trains did not run conveniently, I arrived at the shop just in time to see Boat No 2, which I was to sail in, being pushed over the hump in the railway. At last, after much effort, she was started off like a man who is asked to "have something," and went shooting into the creek. That important ceremony having been successfully accomplished, a change into boat wear was the order of the day. A howl greeted the crew as he stepped out into the sunlight, that had for the time being consented to shine upon us, and showed to all the assembled multitude of small boyhood a startling racing cap in black and orange. Then came the stowing away. Two sets of oilers, a mackintosh, two suits of clothes, some half dozen bottles of light yellow beverage for the skipper, and some bananas and a box of "Huyler's" for the crew, with the usual assortment of small line always to be found in a small boat, completed the outfit. As the water was not over deep in the creek, the fin was left up (we had the lifting fin like that originally put into Scarecrow), and under jib we began our voyage.

In the meantime No. 1 had, with more valor than discretion, hoisted full sail, and was tearing up and down the creek, ripping up the surface of the water with her boom end every time a flaw struck her; and flaws were about what the wind was made of. As we passed a convenient wharf we sheered in and took advantage of a friendly pole to reeve off the topping-lifts, which had been forgotten; and here the crew had to shin that pole, while the skipper in perfect comfort turned in two reefs, and then we went away in pursuit of the boat ahead of us.

But you must hear about our mascot. As we were pushing off a friend threw us a dime he had just found on the bank for luck. That dime came straight for the crew, who, with dim recollections of some former baseball games many years ago, held out his hands to catch it. A convulsive clutch of the hands, and then an opening to see it, but it was not there. It had not dropped or we should have heard it. It was an anxious moment. Just then the crew felt something moving in his sleeve, and lo! into his hand dropped the dime safe and sound. As the skipper said afterward, he was not superstitious, but he wouldn't have felt comfortable if that dime had dropped overboard. To come back to business.

No. 1 had hove to and was getting in a reef, and we passed her, going along comfortably under our two. We had considerable start before she got under way again, and then we both settled down to work. Inch by inch she crawled up on us, until after we had shot through the oily streak that marks the sewer discharge at Moon Island she passed us just off the rocks, where "Joe, the Portuguese," had squatted. This was too much for human nature to bear, and so our reefs came out, all forgetful of what we would get when we rounded Point Allerton. We chased her till we got off Boston Light, and there, with a favorable puff, we slipped by and took the lead.

As we rounded the beacon and hauled in sheets for a close reach down the beach to Cohasset—our destination—we found that the wind had lightened considerably, although still heavy enough to put the lee rail well under in the heavier puffs. Here the first defect showed itself; in order to trim the boats properly the fin had to be placed as far forward as the slot would allow it, and now we found the boat carried such a weather helm that it was impossible to keep her on her course. Behind us we could see No 1 in the same predicament, and could see by the thin blue haze that surrounded her boat like a halo that they appreciated the situation. At last we shifted the fin aft and the skipper forward, and then the crew proceeded to steer the boat with the mainsheet, the tiller being safely jammed back of the weather washboard. This worked to a charm, except in the heaviest puffs, when even a generous amount of sheet would not keep her anywhere in the neighborhood of her course, and the jib had to be hauled to windward to prevent her flirting with the beach.

We were now safely ahead, and, barring accident, had the race. We reached Black Rock about two hours after leaving Neponset, and kept well outside of it; but No. 2, with the despair that comes to the last man, held bravely through inside, and gained a big slice on us, although not enough to win, and after some cross-tacking we passed Whitehead with a comfortable lead at 2:30, and after sounding several times with the fin were safely moored alongside the bank to await high tide.

PARKER H. KEMBLE.

The Satanita-Valkyrie Collision.

WE reprint from the *Field* the following report of the important decision of the appeal of the owner of Satanita:

(Before the Lord Chancellor, Lord Watson, Lord Herschel, Lord Shand, Lord Davey and Lord Macnaghten, Nov. 16.)

The hearing of the appeal of Mr. A. D. Clarke, the owner of the yacht Satanita, against a decision of the Court of Appeal in the action raised against him by Lord Dunraven for £10,000 in consequence of the sinking of the yacht Valkyrie, during a regatta on the Clyde, in July, 1894.

After the opening statement of counsel,

Sir Robert Reed, for the appellant, contended that the rules of the Yacht Racing Association, which both gentlemen had signed, did not impose on the owner of a yacht at fault any heavier obligation for loss by collision than was provided for by the Merchant Shipping Act, namely, £8 per registered ton. Although the rule said "all damage," that meant all damage under the statute.

The Lord Chancellor: It may be a question whether the sailing rules did not add something to the statute.

Sir R. Reed said the yacht racing rules did add something to the ordinary sailing rules of navigation, but there would be liability in any case. The first question to be considered here was: What was the contract made between the parties? and the second question was: If there was a contravention of the contract, what was the meaning of it? There was no doubt at all that there was an obligation to the yacht club to comply with the sailing rules, but he thought that a great deal too much had been made in the judgment appealed from as to whether or not there was a contract between the different yachts. Of course one yacht was under an obligation to the others to observe the rules, but the real point was, what was the meaning of the rules in so far as damages were concerned. He might establish his point perfectly well by referring merely to the rules as they were before their lordships, but he proposed to examine the rules in full, because a yacht race was not exactly the same thing as ordinary vessels navigating the Channel. He wished to show that the object of the words which were so much referred to in the case meant that the parties agreed to pay any damages that might arise from the breach of the rules, but that might not arise from a breach of the ordinary rules of navigation. Rules 24 and 32 said that the owner of the defaulting yacht should pay all damages.

The Lord Chancellor: Does that not suggest that the framers of the rule had in their mind the limiting character of the statute, and therefore they put in the words "all damages."

Lord Herschel said it struck him that if the case was to be judged by the common law the words of the rule were useless.

Sir R. Reid admitted that in cases which did not come within the 55th section of the Shipping Act there would be no limit of liability.

Lord Herschel said it appeared to him that here they had a case in which the parties themselves created the liability.

Sir R. Reid said there were certain duties no doubt on the part of one vessel toward another, but they were generally summarized under the words "proper navigation." In this case the rules agreed to embodied the statute regulations, and it could not be said that those rules got rid of the statute, so far as damages were concerned.

Lord Herschel said it appeared to him that there was a contract to that effect.

Sir R. Reid said the words "all damages" meant the payment of the money the particular vessel might be liable to according to the rules of the statute.

Lord Herschel: According to that the rule would mean nothing.

Sir R. Reid said that if it were true that apart from these rules there would be a limit of liability, then the words "all damages" were not applicable in the present case, and what was intended were damages as allowed by the law.

The Lord Chancellor: You exclude the contract.

Sir R. Reid could not admit that the words were inserted to get rid of the limitation contained in the statute.

The Lord Chancellor said it struck him that if the rule did not go beyond where it was put by Sir Robert the framers might as well have adopted the words of the statute itself, and expressly limited the damages to £8 per ton, instead of which they had departed from the words of the statute and used the words "all damages."

Sir R. Reid said that the rules were perhaps drawn by persons who were not very learned in the law.

The Lord Chancellor thought that Sir Robert would not be able to rely upon that assumption. (Laughter.)

Sir R. Reid said that, in any case, he could not help thinking that if the framers of the rule intended to exclude the limitation of the statute they would have taken a little more pains to make clear what they were doing.

Mr. E. H. Pollard, who followed on the same side, thought their lordships were bound to take into consideration the fact that the owner had not the selection of his own steersman as a circumstance in favor of the limitation of liability. The steersman might commit any number of breaches of the rules. The risk was not one that could be insured against.

Lord Herschel said he was rather startled by that proposition, knowing something of the risks underwriters would take.

Mr. Pollard submitted that if there was to be a renunciation of the benefits of an Act of Parliament, the words to that effect ought to be clear and express.

At the conclusion of the case for the appellants their lordships adjourned the appeal till Thursday.

On Thursday, without calling on the other side, the Lord Chancellor gave judgment. Their lordships dismissed the appeal with costs, the Lord Chancellor remarking that one might as well value a race horse by the weight of its flesh as a racing yacht by its tonnage.

Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

THE new club house of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. on Twenty-second street is becoming as popular with the members as the old one was a few years ago, and it promises to become an important factor in keeping alive the interest in yachting throughout the long winter season. On Saturday last the house was thrown open to ladies for the first time, a reception being given from 4:30 to 7 P. M. The house was handsomely decorated with flags, and an orchestra was stationed in the lower hall. The prizes raced for during the past season were displayed in the parlors, and tea was served in the dining rooms. A large number of ladies availed themselves of the opportunity to inspect the new quarters.

The possession of a house has made work in plenty for the entertainment committee, and a very promising programme has already been arranged, which will be extended as the season advances.

On every Saturday night during the season the usual mess dinners will be served at exactly 7:30 o'clock, provided there are not less than eight names entered on the list by 12 o'clock the night previous. Lists will be found posted on the bulletin board for three weeks in advance. The charge for each member will be $1, which includes wine. The senior officer present will preside. Each member subscribing will have the privilege of inviting one guest (non-member) until there are eighteen names on the list, but the same person cannot be invited more than once in the season (Dec. 1 to May 1).

On every Saturday evening there will be familiar talks on timely topics, and the members are invited to come prepared to assist. Among the subjects that have been suggested to the committee are the following:

The literature of the sea. Nautical poetry and song. Common words and phrases derived from nautical expressions. Story teller's night. Sea yarns, etc. Exhibitions and descriptions of slides of yachts and yachting scenes. Water spouts and revolving storms illustrated by model experiments. Tidal evolution. Explanation of common phenomena within a keen yachtsman's observation—*e. g.*: Why clearing winds come from N. or N.W. Why winds are apparently heavier in winter than summer. Rain, fog, dust particles and their relations. Large versus small raindrops. Why rain knocks down a sea. Rainbows. Lunar rainbows. Ring around the moon. Sun dogs. Aurora. Why sunset is red. Colors in sunset. Violet afterglow. Apparent size of sun and moon at rising or setting. A simple explanation of the cause of tides. Why one side of the moon always faces the earth. St. Elmo's fire. Phosphorescence. Why the ocean is salt. Mildew of sails. Distances at sea. Mirages. Fog echoes. Silent nodes in fog sirens. Reinforcement of sound. Velocity of sound in air and water. Megaphone acoustics. Oil spots on water. Oil stilling waves. Salt water and soap.

The topics thus far announced are: Dec 12—"Recent Experience in the New Materials for Sails." Dec. 19—"Atmospheric Moisture," phenomena connected with, such as humidity, vapor, mist, fog, clouds, rain, raindrops, rainbows, ring around the moon, sun dogs, snow, hail. Dec. 26—"Winds," their cause, various kinds, density, effects, how to interpret changes in.

Arrangements have been made to form a class for instruction in practical navigation, with Captain Howard Patterson as instructor. The sessions will begin as soon as twenty names are entered and will be held at the club house on some one evening in each week, to be decided on by the members of the class. The tuition fee is $25, payable in advance. This covers the complete course, for which the regular charge for private lessons is $200.

The course of study will include the mariner's compass and practical employment of same; also deviation of the compass and method of adjusting that instrument; charts and their construction, with a thorough exposition of chart sailing; dead reckoning; latitude by the sun and polar star and ex-meridian observations; longitude by A. M. and P. M. solar observations, by sunrise and sunset calculations and by equal altitudes of the sun. Each member of the class will receive a navigator's diploma upon graduation. While the subjects named might seem to the uninitiated to require a knowledge of the higher mathematics, only the simple rules of addition, subtraction and division are involved. In the event of a member missing a lesson or finding himself falling behind the others during the course, Captain Patterson has agreed to give him private lessons between meetings without charge. Members intending to join the class are requested to notify Mr. J. Frederic Tams as soon as possible at the club house in writing.

Uniform Racing Rules.

THE Boston *Globe* comments as follows on the possibility of the union of the Boston and New York associations under one common rule:

Pres. Clark, of the Y. R. A. of M., returned from his conference in New York with the representatives of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound, and of the New York Yacht Racing Association, much impressed with what they had to offer in the way of rules, but still with little hope that a satisfactory common ground could be found for a union of the three associations in view of the present wide variance in measurement matters and in classification. He, in common with many other yachtsmen, would also like to see a national association formed, but such formation is hindered by the same things which hinder an agreement by the associations as at present organized. The question was discussed in connection with the other matters, and with them will soon be laid by him before the executive committee of the Y. R. A., and an effort made to formulate a plan for at least such a partial agreement as would allow of a class in Boston waters identical with the 20ft. Seawanhaka class, in which international racing is likely for several years to come.

The problem before the executive committee will indeed be a difficult one to solve without adopting the "sail area and waterline" rule outright, together with the smaller crews which the rule carries with it. Such adoption would involve a complete overturn in existing yachts and their principles of design, and it may well be doubted if Eastern yachtsmen would be ready for it, even if the rule were the most desirable one now offered. The desirability of the rule is also open to question, and the arguments already made in these columns hold good in that connection until practice shall prove them to be wrong.

Waterline length for waterline length, the Boston boats, by reason of their larger crews, carry more canvas and should be faster than the New York boats. A limitation to a small crew tends inevitably toward the keel type, and this too would hardly be desired by Boston yachtsmen in view of the desirability of retaining the centerboard. The question is, however, still open to debate, and is likely to be discussed if the committee succeed in formulating some practical plan of agreement.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Elbridge T. Gerry, pilot boat, of New York, has recently been purchased by Edgar Harding, of Boston, who will use her as a yacht.

Varuna, steam yacht, Eugene Higgins, sailed on Dec. 12 from New York for Bermuda, from which port she will continue on a long cruise to the Mediterranean and foreign ports.

The new Kingston Ice Y. C., of Kingston, Ont., has started in to promote this branch of yachting on fresh water, and its new trophy, the Walker international challenge cup, is nearly completed. Competition for this trophy is limited to the clubs of Lake Ontario, St. Lawrence River and the Bay of Quinte. Vice Com. A. H. Lee, of the club, has, however, sent a challenge to the Hudson River Ice Y. C. for the championship pennant of America, now held by Archibald Rogers.

The Interlake Y. A., of Lake Erie, held a meeting on Dec. 6 at Toledo, the representatives present being: F. B. Hower, Buffalo Y. C.; E. W. Radder and Henry Worthington, Cleveland Y. C.; S. H. Jones, West End Y. C., Detroit; Henry Look, Citizens' Y. A., Detroit; Capt. Anderson, Sandusky Y. C., and Frank Frey and Henry Tracy of Toledo. Put-in-Bay's proxy was held by E. W. Radder. It was decided to join the Lake Y. R. U., and Messrs. Hower, Radder and Jones were elected as delegates. Some objections were made to the rules, and changes were proposed.

The annual meeting of the Lake Y. R. A., of Lake Ontario, will be held on Dec. 19 at Rochester. Proposals for joining the new Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and for amending the L. Y. R. A. rules to conform with those of the Union, will be passed upon.

Designer Arthur Binney is away on his wedding trip. His marriage to Miss Daisy Harvey, daughter of C. C. Harvey, and sister of Winthrop A. Harvey, of the Marblehead Corinthians, took place Wednesday, Dec. 2, at the home of the bride's parents in Roxbury. The wedding was a very quiet one, owing to a recent death in the bride's family. The newly married couple will make their home at 118 Highland street, Roxbury.—*Boston Globe.*

Douglas Dyrenforth has filed an application in the Circuit Court for a receiver for the fin-keel sloop yacht Siren, which was built at Racine beside the challenging yacht Vencedor. Siren was built for a syndicate of local yachtsmen, each of whom was to pay a proportionate assessment of his stock as necessity arose, and very early in the game some of the members fell behind in their payments. Then other difficulties cropped up. Some of the members thought others were getting more than their share of fun out of the craft, and the result was a strained condition of affairs between the owners. Robert Hayes was selected as managing owner of the boat by reason of holding a larger number of shares than any one of the others, and he handled the financial end of things. Ido Ramsdell, who was nominally captain of Siren, sold his interest and determined to build a new boat without any side partners. Others of the syndicate wanted to do likewise, but an amicable agreement as to terms could not be reached. Meanwhile Siren continued in commission and bills heaped up, which were met largely, it is said, by the managing owner and Douglas Dyrenforth. When the boat finally went out of commission she was sent up to Racine to lay up at the builder's yard, and the members tried to come to some settlement of their relative interests. Unable to agree on terms, Douglas Dyrenforth placed matters in the hands of ex-Judge L. C. Collins, who advised the application of a receiver, that the boat might be legally sold and her debts properly settled. As soon as the question of receivership is settled Siren will probably be offered for sale, and she may not return to these waters. Should Siren be sold out of the Columbia Y. C., it will make a radical change in the conditions under which several of the club trophies now held by that sloop must be sailed for next season. Not only must they be returned to the regatta committee to be placed in competition, but with Siren out of the way they will be virtually in the condition of trophies offered for the first time.—*Chicago Herald.*

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1896-97.

Commodore, John N. MacKendrick, Galt, Canada.
Sec'y-Treas., John R. Blake, Galt, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

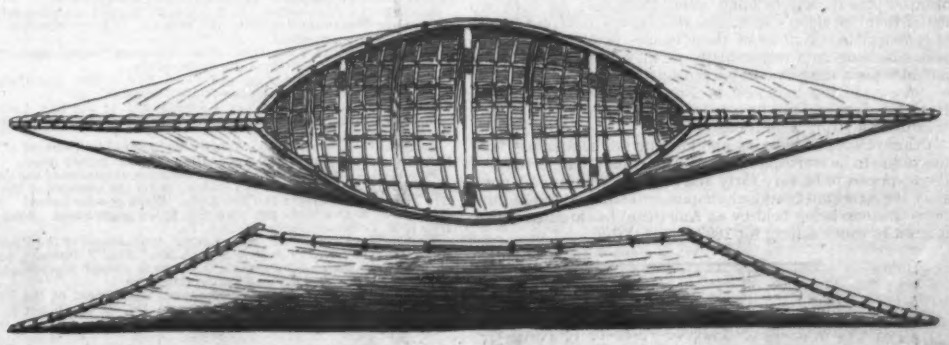
Atlantic Division, H. W. Fleischman, 1611 N. 21st St., Phila., Pa.
Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.
Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division, Francis H. Mennes, Kingston, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

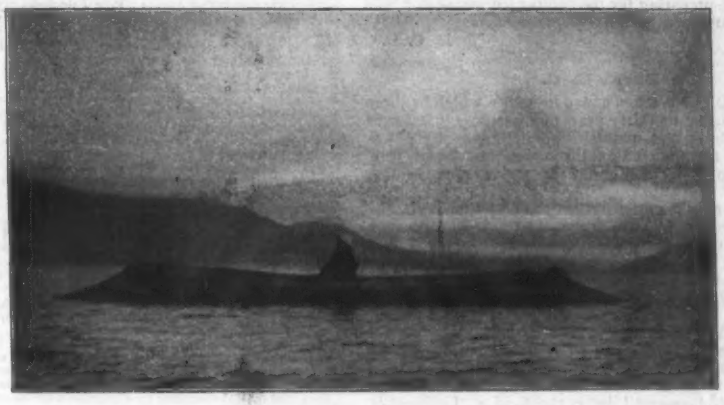
The Kootenai Canoe.

THE accompanying sketch was made, not from a full-sized canoe, but from a model which I saw in the Provincial Museum at Victoria, B. C. It represents a type of canoe common on the waters of the Columbia River. It is made from a single sheet of spruce bark bent over a frame of tough wood. Not a nail is used in its construction, but the whole is tied with fiber.



KOOTENAI CANOE.

The model seems particularly well made, and may therefore give one good idea of what the full-sized canoe is like. Its dimensions are 8ft. long over all by 9in. wide. Its curious style, the long, straight run on the keel, the pointed bow and stern running far under water and its great beam would make it a stable craft, but one that would not lift quickly on a wave or in a rapid. It seems as if a frame is made of two



THE KOOTENAI CANOE.

Photo by F. F. Frisbie.

round pieces of tough wood, half the intended length of the canoe, bent around three thwarts or cross-bars. To this the edges of the bark are lashed, the bark being trimmed at bow and stern to the desired shape, and then bow and stern are sewed up, the edges of the bark being put between two sticks and the whole wound together.

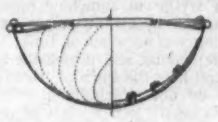
The bark is then stiffened by a sort of lattice work composed of numerous round sticks for ribs, with similar long sticks laid on top lengthwise, and lashed at points of intersection. These ribs do not extend all the way across, from gunwale to gunwale, consequently they must be held in place by several wide ribs proper, like those in ordinary birch canoe, which press the lattice framework more tightly against the bark.

T. A.

A Canoe Light.

NEW YORK, May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Doing a good deal of canoeing on such a busy waterway as the Hudson, and almost half of it after dark, a lantern has been a pretty necessary part of my outfit. I hated to mar the mahogany decks by screwing a lantern attachment to them, and so, after much thought, tied a headlight driving lamp to the bow painter ring. The lamp gave a splendid light, but, tie it never so snugly, it would wabble in a manner calculated to beat the band, and a German band at that. And when it came to untying it in a hurry—well, I simply hug myself to think that such a performance is a thing of the past.

For I have hit upon a combination which I believe is good enough to tell to the rest of the fraternity. It is simply a B. G. I. star lantern bracket made for the largest size



bicycle head and a bicycle lamp with red and green side lights.

When the canoe is used as a paddler, a miniature mast projecting 6in. above the deck carries the bracket. A strip of leather on this mast prevents its turning in the tube and keeps the light dead ahead.

When sailing under lateen rig, I fasten the bracket to the top of the main mast, while using a fore and aft rig, such as the Baily, with nothing forward of mast; bracket can be placed just over jaws of boom.

The boathouse is a mile from home, and I always ride over on a wheel, and the same lantern does for both wheel and canoe.

Some of your readers may have thought of the scheme already, but if it prevents but one man from using the language which I did last summer I will feel that I have in part atoned for my offenses in that direction.

I find that by placing the light up high on mast my boat receives more respectful attention and more of the proper amount of way, especially from row boats, than it otherwise would.

E. T. KEYSER.

Rochester C. C.

THE annual meeting of the Rochester C. C. was held at its rooms in the Granite Building, on Dec. 9. There was a large attendance and a very interesting meeting. The annual reports of the various committees showed that the affairs of the club were in a most prosperous condition. One of the features of the meeting was the annual review of the club's doings during the past year by the retiring captain, Al. T. Brown.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Captain, Harry M. Stewart; Mate, C. Fred. Wolters; Purser, Chas. A. Bruff; Measurer, Herbert J. Wilson; Regatta Committee—Al. T. Brown, John W. Ely and T. H. Thompson.

The Board of Trustees is composed of the first five gentlemen.

On July 5 the club inaugurated a commissary department, and for the first time in its fourteen years of existence served meals to its members at the club house. Over 1,500 meals were served from the opening of the commissary department to the day of the annual meeting. The club house will be kept open all the year through in the future, and the steward and *chef* will be always in attendance. The membership is full—fifty active members and eight non-resident members.

The boys are preparing for the coming ice boat season, and the prospects are good for a lively boating season.

R. C. C.

Royal C. C.

THE Royal C. C. has taken a step in its life which has been its best wish during its thirty years of existence; it has now determined to build and maintain a club house of its own, with housing accommodation for canoes and yawls, foreshore private to itself, hauling-up slip and numerous other conveniences.

It is, however, as a matter of fact the first time that the club has had real or sufficient opportunity to venture on such a move; the various tenancies previously held by the club in respect to land, such as camp grounds, have been of such precarious nature that at no time was the executive in a position to advise the club to invest money in building, or even in substantial improvement of the lands used as camp grounds, and therefore the club was rightly satisfied in the enjoyment of such benefits as were obtainable by renting club room and boat housing accommodation from boat builders.

The new club house will be at the head of Teddington Reach, on the Thames, and conveniently near to the stations of Kingston and Hampton Wick. The Reach itself is one of the best sailing reaches of the Thames near London—that is, so far as above-lock reaches, somewhat hampered by trees, can be called sailing reaches; but Teddington Reach has certainly deep water and very little stream, except in heavy water times. We have sailed almost every fairly sailable square foot of its extent in a canoe yawl fitted with a bulb-fin, drawing 4ft. 6in. of water, and to within half a length off the banks we have never touched bottom; so, therefore, ordinary drafted canoes and yawls can leave their center-plates unattended so far as navigation is concerned.

Of course, in future days the oft-talked-of locks may be built lower down the river, even to or near Chelsea, but the river below Kew is already quite townified enough to make sailing a doubtful pleasure, and the club need not waste the valuable present time by putting off for an indefinite hazy future.

One great advantage gained to the club in the new position it is taking up is that of private foreshore, with facilities for hauling up canoes and yawls. It used to be with the "old masters" of canoeing, and it probably is also with the new, half the pleasure of the sport to be able to fiddle around and tinker at one's craft, both as to rigging and general condition. The novice, looking on while the senior worked, received his canoeing education on the best lines, and with far less cost to his pocket than is the case where the novice has to learn his business in trying to somehow repair damages or to rectify faults caused by his own inexperience. The foreshore dockyarding was no waste of time; it created friends and cruising companions, and it took the bitter edge off racing opponents and kept the spirit of friendly rivalry alive.

As a rule we do not attach much importance to "club house rumors" in regard to new craft or alterations of existing boats in relation to future racing, especially at so early a period before the coming season; but for what it may be worth, reports commonly agree that a new Yankee is to be brought from America by Mr. Howard to defend his hold on the challenge cup. On the other hand, we hear that Mr. Laws (of Prucas) is about to build a new canoe, we suppose in the racing class, of a modified sharpie model, with an extraordinarily long slide seat, and that the Dragon will be altered extensively both as to her "well" and center-plate, and she will be changed in rig from her present single lug to a "main and mizzen" rig; no doubt, from her previous record of diving and occasionally turning turtle she will be greatly improved by the change of rig. The "cruiser class" Vanessa, Mr. de Quincey's Linton Hope designed canoe, is to be cut down in freeboard as allowed now by the amended rule; she showed unnecessarily high sides last season, and will probably be much improved by the alteration.

Turk, the builder at Kingston-on Thames, is at work upon two canoes for this "cruiser class," which are going to be exhibited in the Yachting Exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. One of these canoes is built and finished to sail as a sloop, with rudder under body, but liftable into a rudder trunk. She will have a bafter mainsail and roller foresail, and in all ways be in accord with the designs published in the *Field*.

The second boat, also to the same lines as to hull, is to be canoe rigged, with main and mizzen bafter sails; her rudder, of novel pattern, will be hung on her sternpost; her deck is flatter than the sloop's deck, and will take a different form of center plate. Neither of these canoes is fitted as yet to take a housing bulb center-plate, as they were intended to mount a plain center plate for cruising or home sailing, and to take a lifting bulb keel of Nautilus pattern for racing. However, it would not be a very difficult job to fit either boat for a housing weight center-plate.

Other rumors of building and altering are numerous, but too vague to be worth noticing at this time; but certainly there appears to be very early activity this season, and possibly the semi international character of the challenge cup races (the cup being held by an American) has aroused wider interest in canoe sailing for 1897.—*The Field.*

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

An Essay on Archery.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My contributions to the literature of firearms will afford sufficient evidence of my appreciation of the value of the rifle as a military weapon, and my conviction that it is the duty of every able-bodied man to become familiar with its use, and teach his sons (if he has any) not only to use it effectively, but to guard against danger from accident to himself or others. Few things have afforded me greater satisfaction than the evidence that has come to me from many sources that my words have had a widespread influence, and I cannot emphasize too strongly my continued faith in their truth.

I mention this as a preface to what I am about to say, lest it might be thought that in advocating the use of the bow as a military weapon I was recreant to my faith in the rifle. I only propose to show that it possesses some qualities which render it so valuable as an aid to the rifle that we cannot afford to dispense with it.

No one who is familiar with English history will need to be informed how largely she owes her present power to the skill of her ancient archers. If proof of it were required it could be abundantly furnished from the laws and literature relating to it. The earliest legal records contain stringent laws in regard to archery practice. Days were set apart for prize-shooting at the public butts, which were set up in every parish; and a law, as late as the reign of Henry VIII., provides that no man who had reached the age of twenty-one should be allowed to practice at these butts at a less range than 40 rods (220yds)., a distance that, till within a few years, has been considered a long shot for a rifle. It was the weapon on which men relied in war or the chase, and the tales, ballads and folklore of the day are filled with praise of the bow and the archers.

With the invention of firearms the bow was laid aside and its use has since been confined to the hands of children or of clubs, who practice only for exercise and amusement.

Whether it is wise thus to abandon it, whether it might not often be of essential service as a military weapon, are questions which are worthy of careful consideration, and my present object is to set forth some of the arguments that may be urged in its favor.

As a measure of economy no arguments are needed beyond a simple statement of facts.

The best bow need not cost more than a tenth part as much as the ordinary soldier's musket, and when we consider the enormous sums expended in arming the hundreds of thousands of men required for national defense we may well ask whether the money thus saved might not be more efficiently used.

Another most important consideration is the comparative weight of the two weapons. A bow of the best quality need not weigh over 1lb. The ordinary Springfield musket weighs 10lbs., a difference of 9lbs. for each man, or 454 tons for an army of 100,000! In view of the frequent occasions for forced marches when success depends upon celerity of movement, we can hardly estimate the importance of relieving even a portion of the troops of so great a burden, especially in a rough or mountainous country, where ambuscades may be advantageously resorted to.

The grand object in battle is, not to kill, but to disable as many individuals of the opposing force as possible. In every report of a battle we find that the number of wounded largely exceeds that of the killed. Now a man may receive a very serious wound from a bullet and yet be able to use his weapon effectively for some time after it. We often read of men receiving mere flesh wounds refusing to leave the field and persisting in fighting till exhausted by loss of blood. But no man could do so with an arrow sticking in any part of his person, and if it were barbed he would be completely *hors de combat* till he could find a surgeon to cut it out.

A good archer can easily drive an arrow through an inch board at 40 rods—a force quite sufficient to penetrate a man's body—and, bearing in mind all the facts I have stated, I ask: Can we afford (while such barbarism as war continues to exist among nations that claim to be civilized) to abandon the use of a weapon possessing such manifest advantages as the bow?

CHICAGO, November. H. W. S. CLEVELAND.

Calumet Heights Riflemen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 5.—The scores given below were made to-day by members of the Calumet Heights Gun Club, the conditions being as usual: Class A, 200yds., off-hand, standard target, open sights allowed 2 points in a 10-shot match, 1 point in a 5-shot match. Scores:

		Shoot-off.
J McMichaels	8444844544 —39	55434 —19
A C Paterson	4434354935—37+2—39	33533—17+1—18
C W Spalding	3445543844 —39	43344 —18
Dr C D Westcott	3434443858 —36	
Miss Ervin	4420475858 —34	
Dr F A Hodson	3042324323 —25	

PATTY.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following!

FIXTURES.

Dec. 22.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Tournament under the auspices of the West End Gun Club; sparrows. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

Dec. 22-23.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Ninth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club. First day, targets; second day, live birds.

Dec. 25.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Carver-Grimm match for the cast-iron medal at Watson's Park.

Dec. 29-30.—UTICA, N. Y.—Tournament under the management of John W. Fulford. Live birds and targets.

1897.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Sixteenth annual tournament and reception of the South Side Gun Club. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 9-10.—PRESCOTT, Arizona.—Fourth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Prescott Gun Club. Roy Hill, Sec'y.

Jan. 14-15.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 20-25.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Second midwinter tournament, under the management of Oscar Guessaz. $200 added.

Feb. 27-March 11.—HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—The Arkansaw Traveler's first grand annual live bird tournament; $10,000 in purses and added moneys. Souvenir programmes ready Jan. 1. Address all communications to John J. Sumpter, Jr., Box 111, Hot Springs, Ark.

March 13-17.—BAYCHESTER, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; live birds and targets. Cobweb handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

April 14-16.—ATCHISON, Kan.—Airy Lou Hart's third manufacturers' amateur and fourteenth open-to-all tournament.

April 15-17.—SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Willard T. Simpson, Chairman Ex. Com.

April 20-23.—LINCOLN, Neb.—Twenty-first annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association. Added money later.

May 11-14.—OIL CITY, Pa.—Seventh annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. Targets and live birds. Black powder barred. Special event: 25 live birds per man, $25, $1,000 guaranteed. Send entries to H. C. Reeser, Sec'y, Oil City, Pa.

May 17-22.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. Fred T. Durrant, Sec'y.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

June 16-17.—FARGO, N. D.—Third annual tournament of the North Dakota Sportsmen's Association. Targets. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Wayne Gun Club, of Nicetown, Philadelphia, Pa., has issued the following notice: "To Lovers of Trap-Shooting: The Wayne Gun Club invites propositions for new membership and has reduced the initiation fee to $1 until Feb. 22, 1897. The monthly dues are 25 cents. Targets are charged to members at 1 cent each. The grounds are conveniently situated near Sixteenth and Cayuga streets, Nicetown, and are easy of access. The Germantown and Willow Grove trolleys pass close to them. The club is fully equipped with a nice club house and all necessary paraphernalia. The object of the club is to promote enjoyment at the trap and proficiency in marksmanship. It will hold a shoot on Christmas Day, to which all are invited. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. Propositions for membership can be addressed to D. Rockafeller, 1810 North Fifteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.; or to A. G. Seistman, Nicetown, Philadelphia, Pa."

Writing from The Menger, San Antonio, Tex., under date of Dec. 8, A. W. du Bray, Parker Bros.' able representative in the Southern States, has this to say in regard to the coming Midwinter shoot in that city: "I would like you to mention in 'Drivers and Twisters' that the 'big three' here, Albert Steeves, J. M. George and Oscar Guessaz, are all three hard at work making preparation for the coming Midwinter, which commences Jan. 20. When these three men get their heads and shoulders together something has to give, so as they are in spike harness just now you may depend the entering wedge will be pushed along until all is cleared before them, and I verily believe the coming shoot will eclipse that of '96. I have heard so much general comment over my entire circuit regarding the last Midwinter that it is quite evident to me that every one who can will attend. There has never been a place where visiting sportsmen have had such a reception as awaited them here. The amount of added money was exceedingly liberal, but over and above all this the visitors were shown game of all varieties in such great abundance that I know, while relating to me his experience here, many a man has longed for January to come round again so he might revel in the sport, the recollections of which have haunted him ever since last January. Depend upon it, this will be a great big, wide-open shoot—so let everybody head down this way for the second Midwinter. The weather here is superb. It was a little cool for a day or two while the blizzard raged up North, but now the air is warm and pleasant, and the old Alamo and mission churches are basking in the sun."

J. W. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., writes us under date of Dec. 14 as follows: "I will hold a two-days' shoot here, Dec. 29-30, at live birds and targets. The principal event on the second day (Dec. 30) will be a 20-bird handicap event, $15 entrance, handicaps from 26 to 32yds. I have written on this subject to many shooters in this section and have received very favorable replies. Among the number present will be a large delegation from Syracuse; Mr. L. V. Byer and party from Rochester; in other words, twenty-six shooters have stated that they will be present. Our management will trap the best birds ever furnished in this section." Mr. Fulford has chosen a good time for his tournament, and as there will be nothing to clash with it he ought to have a good attendance, particularly good if one-half of his promised shooters attend.

Last Saturday we had the pleasure of meeting J. W. Hildreth, one of the W. R. A. Company's traveling representatives in the South, at the cup shoot on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club at Hackensack, N. J. In discussing the prospects of the shoot at San Antonio next January, Mr. Hildreth said that from what he could learn, and judging from the way shooters in the South had spoken about it, he was of the opinion that this coming shoot was going to eclipse that of 1896. His ideas on this point thoroughly coincide with those expressed by Mr. Du Bray in a letter which appears in this column. The Indianapolis delegation, including, of course, those shooters who stop off to take in the sparrow tournament, Jan. 14-15, will be a large one.

Dr. Williamson, of Milwaukee, Wis., has had lots of fun recently shooting tie races. In three out of four races with Dick Merrill, of that city, he has succeeded in tieing the score, winning the only contest in which a decision was arrived at. On Dec. 3 he shot another tie race, this time with George Deiter, the shooter who wrested the Du Pont trophy from Fred Gilbert last spring. This tie race was the more remarkable from the fact that it was a 200-bird race, each man scoring 176. Deiter did some wonderful work in his last 100 birds; after scoring only 81 out of his first 100 to Williamson's 88, he managed by some brilliant work to tie the score, making a run of 74 straight (actually 77, including the last three birds of his first 100) and finishing with 95 out of the second 100.

Mr. R. M. Welch, secretary of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, writes that the twenty-first annual meeting and tournament of that Association will be held at Lincoln, Neb., April 20-23, 1897. At present he is unable to state just what inducements the Association will be able to hold out to the sportsmen of the country, but expects that it will add a sufficient amount of cash to draw to Lincoln a large gathering of shooters. The Nebraska Association's shoot follows right after Lou Erhardt's big shoot at Atchison, Kans., thus enabling shooters to attend both of these tournaments with very little additional expense.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club has issued its programme for the ninth bi-monthly tournament, to be held on its grounds Dec. 22-23. The programme calls for 175 targets, all of which are thrown at unknown angles with the exception of event No. 1, which is a 10-target event, known angles, and No. 6, 15 targets, expert rules, both barrels. On the second day (Dec. 23) live birds will be trapped, the main event being a 25-bird handicap event, $10 entrance, birds extra. In all events there will be three moneys if less than twelve entries; over twelve, four moneys.

Jan. 1, 1897, will see the U. S. C. Company's rosebud, Tom Keller, bursting forth into full bloom on the parent stock of King's Smokeless and the Peters Cartridge Company, as a representative of the two companies. It may seem somewhat strained to liken Tom Keller to a rosebud, but poets are always allowed a certain amount of license in their similes, etc.; and the above sentence is, we claim, a gem among trap-shooting poetical phrases. As a result of his connection with the above firms, Tom will be found on hand as usual at all the large tournaments during the coming season.

In our report of the great four-handed shoot at Trenton, N. J., on Dec. 3 we omitted to mention that Zwirlein provided all the birds for that match (400 of them) free of charge. We hasten to make good our omission, although Charlie Zwirlein himself has not said a word to us in regard to it, because we feel that such generous conduct deserves special mention. We wish for his sake, and also for the sake of the birds, that there had been more wind that day; 392 gathered (in and out of bounds) out of 400 shot at shows what the birds were up against.

Paul R. Litzke writes to us from Hot Springs, Ark., where he is the guest of John J. Sumpter, Jr., that "the last gale that swept this way from the West brought with it the announcement that Lou Erhardt, 'the only Airy-lou-hart,' would be doing business at Atchison, Kans., about the usual time, April 14-16. According to precedent he will again give the boys a new game. No plunder this time, but good hard cash—and a big roll at that."

Mr. A. W. Adams, a brother of Platt Adams, of our own city, has been elected to the presidency of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, an organization that is composed of all the important gun clubs in Chicago. The other officers of the league are: Vice-President, J. H. Amberg; Secretary, E. E. Fox; Treasurer, C. P. Richards; Directors, A. C. Paterson, M. J. Eich and Dr. C. W. Carson.

Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has carried off another cup, but this time his possession of it may be only temporary. He won the cup shot for on Saturday last at Hackensack, N. J., and holds it until the next contest in February, 1897. The cup has to be shot for six more times, the person winning it the greatest number of times out of the seven shoots becoming the owner of it.

The Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, N. J., announces that it will hold an all-day shoot on New Year's Day, beginning at 10 A. M. The main event (for which entries close at the above hour) is a 50-target handicap race, entrance $2. The first prize is a Winchester repeating shotgun; second prize, $5, and third prize, $3.

The Cobweb Gun Club, of New York City, is going right ahead with the preparations for its second annual tournament to be held next March during the week of the Sportsmen's Exposition. The Cobweb Handicap at live birds, $500 guaranteed in the purse, will be sure to attract lots of shooters.

The sixteenth annual New Year's Day tournament of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., is under the management of President R. Heber Breintnall, Secretary-Treasurer W. R. Hobart, and Manager I. H. Terrill. Shooting commences at 9:30, and all sweeps are optional.

If there's anything wrong with this column this week, blame Noel E. Money, Colin R. Wise, of Passaic, N. J., and sundry Jersey ruffed grouse for it. During three days in the mountains of Passaic and Bergen counties we saw more Drivers and Twisters than we could put together in three months. Some of them got away. Likewise one rabbit.

A reference to our advertising columns shows a change in the advertisement of the Peters Cartridge Company. We have received a specimen of the calendar referred to in its announcement, and can say that all the company claims for it is as stated.

Jack Winston has been putting in some good licks in the way of practice since his arrival in Chicago last week. To-day (Dec. 15), just as we are going to press, he is competing with George Roll for the Du Pont trophy.

Dr. Carver and Charlie Grimm are likely to meet at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Dec. 25. The contest is for the "cast-iron medal" won by George Kleinman originally, but forfeited later to Dr. Carver by that gentleman.

Another recruit to the ranks of the Interstate Association is the Laflin & Rand Powder Company. There are still a few outside the fold, but they won't remain there long.

Elmer Shaner is in the city, his breast pocket bulging with the voluminous report he is going to make at the Interstate Association's annual meeting this week.

The Arizona State Sportsmen's Association has postponed its tournament announced for Jan. 4-5 to Jan. 9-10.

DEC. 15. EDWARD BANKS.

On Long Island.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 9.—Nine members of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club journeyed to that club's grounds, Dave Van Wicklen's hotel, Old Mill landing, for the purpose of taking part in the club's monthly shoot at live birds. The wind was blowing a whole gale across Jamaica Bay, sending the birds away from the traps at a gait that bothered most of the shooters. Henry J Bookman scored his 7 birds straight from the 28yd. mark, and won first place without a tie. The scores in this event were as below:

H J Bookman (28)	2212112—7	H Selover (26)	1110002—4
L Helgans (30)	2212001—6	J Wye (26)	1021001—4
J Bennett (30)	0112121—6	D S Van Wicklen (26)	0120100—4
J Woolley (28)	0022221—5	A Andrews (26)	1105010—4
H Bramwell (30)	1020101—4		

ERIE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 9.—The Erie Gun Club held its last shoot for the season of 1896 to-day. The members hold twelve live-bird shoots each year at Dexter Park, the competitions counting for the annual prizes offered by the club. Prior to to-day's contest the prizes in all the classes except the AA class had been decided. M J Elsasser could not be beaten for the Class A prize, and the same might be said of H J Blackley in Class B and C H. Luhrssen in Class C. The winner of to-day's contest in the Class AA was Charles Plate; as C. Dettefsen and H. Dohrmann had been tied for the prize in this class, the result of to-day's shoot left them still a tie. In the shoot-off for this trophy at 10 birds Dettefsen won easily with 7 out of 9, Dohrmann retiring with only 4 kills out of 8 shot at. Scores were:

Club shoot:

C Plate (AA, 28)	1111111—7	H Blackley (B, 27)	1011221—6
C Dettefsen (AA, 28)	2101202—5	F Gref (B, 27)	0201110—4
H Dohrmann (AA, 28)	2210200—4	W Roberts (B, 27)	0020102—3
C Mohrmann (A, 28)	1010100—3	J Schmidt (B, 27)	0001000—1
J F Schmaedeke (A, 28)	0000110—2	C H Luhrssen (C, 26)	2220220—5
B H Plate (B, 27)	2221121—7	J H Plate (C, 26)	1020202—5
H Janowsky (B, 27)	1221121—7		

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Dec. 10.—The Unknown Gun Club met this afternoon for its monthly live-bird shoot. The highest scores in the club shoot, at 7 live birds, were made by James H. Voorbees and E. A. Vroome, both of whom scored all their birds. The best work of the afternoon was done by the veteran member of the club, Dr. Schwartz, who missed his first bird in the club race and then ran 26 straight in the sweeps, losing his 28th bird for the afternoon. Most of the sweepstake shooting was done by moonlight, so the Doctor's miss of that bird was excusable. Scores:

J B Voorhies (28)	2211112—7	R Smith (25)	2021220—5
E A Vroome (28)	1011222—7	T Porter (25)	0120211—5
W Sands (28)	2012220—6	A C Rankin (28)	1022232—5
Dr Schwartz (28)	0121211—6	G Selig (25)	0011122—5
H Boemmermann (26)	e122211—6	Asburst (23)	1201le0—4
W J Skidmore (26)	1210122—6	B Jennings (27)	0210e20—3
Dr Moore (25)	0112102—5		

Other events, including the shoot-off for second and third moneys in the above events, were as below:

Shoot-off for second money, miss-and-out: Dr. Schwartz 10, W. Sands 9, H. Boemmermann 2, W. J. Skidmore 1.

Shoot-off for third money, miss-and-out: Dr. Moore 11, T. Potter 10, A. C. Rankin 1, R. Smith 1, G. Selig 0.

Sweepstake, 3 birds, $3 entrance, 2 moneys, class shooting, all 28yds.: Dr. Schwartz 3, Sands 3, Dr. Moore 3, Boemmermann 2, Jennings 2, Voorhies 1.

Shoot-off for first money, miss-and-out: Dr. Schwartz 2, Dr. Moore 1, Sands and Boemmerman withdrew.

Match, 3 birds: Dr. Schwartz (30) 3, Dr. Moore (25) 1.

Match, same conditions: Dr. Schwartz 2, Dr. Moore 1.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 12.—The records made by the members of the New Utrecht Gun Club, so far as wins for club badges and for the Hegeman prize go, have been completed to date by the secretary, Dr. G. E. Pool, and are given below. In the club shoot at live birds the Furgueson, father and son, lead in Class A and Class B respectively, each having five wins to his credit, Conny being tied with Gaughen; Dr. Parr and Frost are tied in Class C. The deathof G. W. Coulston robbed the club of one of its best shots in Class A. On his day he was always a dangerous man; his three consecutive wins in January and February show what he could do. The records on live birds are as follows:

Date.	Class A.	Class B.	Class C.
Jan 11	W F Sykes	C Furgueson, Jr	M W Hall.
Jan 25	G W Coulston	J Gaughen	
Feb 8	G W Coulston	C Furgueson, Jr.	
Feb 22	G W Coulston	F W Duryea	E A Parr.
March 14	Capt Money	J Gaughen	
March 28	T W Morfey	F W Duryea	E C Frost.
April 11	W G Clark	W D Gilman	E C Frost.
April 25	C Furgueson		
May 9	C Furgueson	J Gaughen	E A Parr.
May 23	T W Morfey	D C Bennett	
June 6	D Deacon	C Furgueson, Jr.	C Cowperthwaite.
June 20	T W Morfey	J N Meyer	
Oct 3	C Furgueson	J E Jones	
Oct 17	C Furgueson	C Furgueson, Jr	
Nov 14	C Furgueson	C Furgueson, Jr	E A Parr.
Nov 28	C M Meyer	J Gaughen	
Dec 12	W F Sykes	J Gaughen	E C Frost.

In the target events Platt Adams looms up very prominently. He has already taken all interest away from any further contests for the Hegeman trophy, having practically won it, as none of his competitors can catch up to him. In Class A, for the club badges, he has five wins to his credit. Dr. Pool in Class B and Dr. O'Brien in Class C apparently monopolize the trophies. These records are as follows:

CLUB BADGES.

Date.	Class A.	Class B.	Class C.
Jan 4	D C Bennett	Dr Shepard	Dr O'Brien.
Feb 15	J Gaughen	Dr Pool	C Cowperthwaite.
March 7	J Gaughen	Dr Shepard	P A Hegeman.
March 21	C F Dudley	Dr Shepard	Dr O'Brien.
April 4	Capt Money		C Cowperthwaite.
May 2	D C Bennett		C Cowperthwaite.
May 16	J Gaughen	Dr Pool	J E Jones.
May 30	M Van Brunt	Dr Shepard	Dr O'Brien.
June 13		Dr Pool	Dr O'Brien.
June 27	P Adams	Dr Pool	Dr O'Brien.
July 11	P Adams	C Furgueson	Dr O'Brien.
July 25	A A Hegeman	Dr Pool	Dr O'Brien.
Aug 8	P Adams	Dr Pool	
Aug 22	D C Bennett		
Sept 5	P Adams	Dr Pool	Dr O'Brien.
Sept 19	Capt Money	Dr Pool	J E Jones.
Sept 26	Dr Littlefield	Dr Pool	Dr O'Brien.
Oct 10	D Deacon		C Cowperthwaite.
Oct 24	D Deacon		Dr O'Brien.
Nov 7	P Adams	Dr Pool	A Eddy.
Nov 21	J Gaughen		
Dec 5	M Van Brunt	Dr Pool	

HEGEMAN BADGE.*

Date.	Class A.	Class B.	Class C.
Jan 4	P Adams		
Feb 15	J Gaughen		
March 7	D Deacon		
March 21			
April 4	Capt Money		
May 2	P Adams		
May 16			Dr O'Brien
May 30	D Deacon		
June 13			Dr O'Brien
June 27	P Adams		
July 11	P Adams		
July 25	P Adams		
Aug 8	P Adams		
Aug 22	D C Bennett		
Sept 5	P Adams		
Sept 19	Capt Money		
Sept 26	D Deacon		
Oct 10	D Deacon		
Oct 24	P Adams		
Nov 7			A Eddy

* The Hegeman Badge is shot for at 15 targets, known traps and angles; Class B men allowed 1 extra target, Class C men allowed 2 extra targets.

Dec. 12.—The monthly live-bird shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held this afternoon at Dexter Park. Walter Sykes won in Class A without a competitor. In Class B Gaughen won, thus tieing Conny Furgueson for the annual prize in that class. Frost won in Class C, and is thus tied with E. A. Parr for the trophy in that class. The turnout of members at this shoot was somewhat disappointing. Scores:

W F Sykes (A, 28)	1e11110120—7	*F A Thompson (25)	1211220201—9
J Gaughen (B, 28)	1022212221—9	*C Jones (26)	01e11211e3—7
C Furgueson (B, 28)	2021202e0 w	*L Muench (25)	0300001100—4
E G Frost (C, 27)	2005110202—6		

* Guests.

Thanksgiving Day at Tucson.

TUCSON, Ariz., Nov. 26.—Thanksgiving Day will long be remembered by the shooters of Arizona as the banner live-bird day, over 900 birds being trapped, thus necessitating the use of two sets of traps and twelve men to run them. The birds were an exceptionally strong lot, only three refusing to fly immediately upon the opening of the trap, and many of them seeming to start before it was opened. The traps were set on either side of the club house and a strong wind blew most of the day directly across the grounds.

The list of shooters was divided in two in each event, shooting one-half of the event on each set of traps, giving all an equal show. From start to finish everything ran in apple-pie order, Hallowell's experience while on the circuit last summer standing him in good stead as manager.

The interest of the day was centered in events 3, 4 and 5, as the highest score in those events entitled the successful shooter to a very handsome medal donated by our genial dealer here, Mr. K. L. Hart, a thorough sportsman and a clever shot. Although Hallowell had the burden of the management on his shoulders, he found spare time to kill 27 out of the 31 birds in the medal contest, and thus won it by the margin of one bird.

Among the visitors were Gilbert Ferguson, Prescott; J. H. Holmes, Lincoln Fowler, Fred Schofield, M. E Morin and B. M. Crawford, of Phœnix; Hon. M. A. Smith, Tombstone; M. B. Chubb, Los Angeles; P. H. Tyler, San Diego, and W. S. Cox, Chicago, representing King's Smokeless.

The shoot was appropriately rounded off by a banquet in the evening under the able supervision of Alex Rossi, whose *chef* was Joseph Soldini. Visitors and members alike voted it a great success. President Hallowell acted as toast-master and succeeded in eliciting many *bon mots* from those gathered around the board. Hon. M. A. Smith was especially happy in the choice of his remarks and was ably seconded by Hon James Finley, R. M. Aldridge, Fred Schofield and others. All voted Tucson a thoroughbred town, both for tournaments and good times.

The following scores speak for themselves, and considering the quality of the birds are very creditable for the boys raised in this neck o' the woods.

	No. 1.	No. 2	No 3.
J Finley (28)	0001200—3	1001021011—7	0111011201101101—10
R M Aldridge (30)	1201221—6	1101011122—8	1022111010001012—9
J H Holmes (30)	0201223—6	1011102102—7	2012101202012012—10
F Wilding (29)	1002122—5	1101111002—7	1122220211100020—10
L Fowler (28)	1202100—4	0110001012—5	1001222211111100—11
C R Meyer (30)	0121210—5	111c011223—9	1212012102112020—12
M E Morin (29)	0221212—6	1001001120—5	1111121210111210—13
J B Jernigan (27)	1210200—4	0110001120—5	1000010202000101—5
F Scofield (30)	0112010—5	1102000100—4	1111120111100212—11
C Dimick (27)	1110021—5	1201020002—7	1211121021201220—12
G Ferguson (30)	2012111—6	1222221020—8	2202122202121101—12
K L Hart (27)	1200212—5	1220222122—9	0220202021120020—8
J J Hallowell (30)	0112000—4	1112200112—8	1101121011211212—12
M P Chubb (28)	1001023—4	2212120122—9	0122112201022212—12
W S Cox (30)	1012120—5	2200211210—7	
H H Pease		1100000111—5	1012102001101100— 8
A Rossi		2000110001—3	
M A Smith		1222010011—7	
P H Tyler		0110001120—5	0120011000111211—10
C Weber			1200101010121212—10
C E Heaton			0220122201022221—11

$15 added in No. 1, $20 in No. 2, and $25 in No. 3.

No. 4. 6 birds, $2, $10 added, 2 high guns: Dimick (27) and Hallowell (30) 5, L. Fowler (28) and Chubb (28) 3, Ferguson (30) and Meyer (30) 4, M. E. Morin (29), Scofield (30) and Heaton (27) 3.

No 5, 10 live birds, $3, $15 added, 4 moneys: Chubb (28) 9, Morin (29), Scofield (30), Dimick (27) and Hallowell (30) 8, Fowler (28) 7, Ferguson (30) 6.

No. 4 was known as the "old man's race," and was at 5 live birds per man, for the price of the birds. It had four entries and resulted as below: M. A. Smith 4, R. M. Aldridge and B. H. Crawford 3, Jas. Finley 2.

No. 7 was a miss and out, $2 entrance. The result was: Morin 8, North 7, Fowler 4, Finley and Scofield 3, Holmes, Estodillio and Aldridge 1, Chubb, Wilding, Hart, Ferguson, Meyer and Weber 0.

No. 8 was an extra at 10 live birds, $5 entrance, handicap rise, 4 moneys. It resulted thus: Gil. Ferguson (20) 10, Scofield (30), Hallowell (30) and Chubb (28) 9, J. H. Holmes (20), Aldridge (30), M. E. Morin (30), K. L. Hart (29), W. S. Cox (29), C. E. Heaton (27) and C. R. Meyer (30) 8, J. Finley (28), C. Dimick (27), L. Fowler (28), C. Weber (30) and F. Wilding (29) 7, H. H. Pease (26) 6.

The summary of the medal shoot (Nos. 3, 4 and 5) shows: Hallowell 27 out of 30, Dimick and Chubb 26, Morin 24, Fowler 23, Scofield and Ferguson 22.

Below is a table showing the guns and loads of the shooters:

Name.	Gun.	Powder.	Shell.
Chubb	Parker	King's	Peters.
Morin	Burgess	Blue Ribbon	Blue Rival.
M A Smith	Parker	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Crawford	Parker	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Holmes	Smith	Du Pont	Smokeless.
Tyler	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Ferguson	Francotte	Blue Ribbon and Du Pont	Smokeless.
Scofield	Smith	Du Pont	Smokeless.
Fowler	Pieper	Gold Dust and Du Pont	Acme and Smokeless.
Cox	Parker	King's	Peters.
Hallowell	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Trap.
Hart	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Jernigan	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Wilding	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Heaton	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Rossi	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Pease	Smith	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Meyer	Parker	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Weber	Remington, E. C.		Smokeless.
Dimick	Remington	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Finley	Parker	Blue Ribbon	Smokeless.
Aldridge	Parker	E. C.	Trap.

NOTES OF THE SHOOT.

Morin is red hot with that left barrel of his "Burgess pump."

Fowler is going to use buckshot and black powder in his next tournament.

Dimick, who rung in as a simon pure amateur, shot a strong race.

Hon. Jas. Finley and R. M. Aldridge, two old-time shooters, shot right through the day and were well up among the most favored.

Rossi, "the Italian bandit," started in to win the medal, but fell by the wayside.

Gil Ferguson did good work and made many friends by his gentlemanly behavior and sportsmanship.

Holmes and Scofield, two crackajacks from Phœnix, shot badly out of form.

Sunset Cox was doing lots of good missionary work for King's Smokeless.

U. M. C. Thomas should be proud of Tucson, all shooters but three using U. M. C. cases.

The shooting of Hon. M. A. Smith is worthy of mention. He was taught to shoot in the field only, and always calls "pull" with both hammers down. Considering this handicap, he made some kills that were "peaches."

Holmes, the territorial champion, won the leather medal, and in consequence had to buy a large hat.

TUCSON.

O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 5.—Below are the records made by members of the O. K. Gun Club, of this city, during the season of 1896:

	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Average.	8 best shots.
C S Gottlieb	11	14	13	15	13	15	10	..	15	15	14	15	909	966
E A Hickman	11	14	15	14	13	15	14	14	13	13	14	12	900	941
C C Herman	..	..	13	14	11	13	10	10	14	13	13	..	844	866
W A Wilson	13	13	9	13	12	14	14	..	13	..	..	..	841	841
J W McCurdy	..	..	12	15	13	13	12	14	12	13	11	13	836	866
F C Peck	10	13	13	14	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	833	..
H B Green	14	10	12	14	11	14	13	12	13	12	11	13	827	875
W Everingham	12	13	13	13	13	12	11	..	13	..	..	..	825	825
H S Furgerson	14	12	13	10	13	13	..	..	13	13	11	8	813	866
C L McDonald	11	14	12	13	11	9	12	12	14	..	..	..	800	855
J Thomson	7	11	12	14	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	788	..
F Durrant	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	777	..
H J Whittier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	755	..
G Garvey	8	13	10	11	12	12	12	13	14	13	11	7	730	815
W J Dillon	..	..	..	12	10	..	12	..	..	..	..	11	730	..
J H Durkee	..	14	..	10	13	..	14	..	11	..	14	..	725	..
G M Walden	..	9	11	14	10	13	10	12	9	..	..	..	715	716
H P Stewart	11	13	10	11	9	14	5	..	..	..	..	..	694	..
T D Bedford	..	11	..	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	685	..
J E Guinotte	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	665	..
W V Rieger	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	600	..
J B Kashler	..	..	6	7	..	..	5	6	..	..	10	9	560	..
O F Holmes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Around Philadelphia.

SILVER LAKE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 5.—The Silver Lake Gun Club held its first shoot of the winter season to-day on its grounds at Southwark. There was a good turnout of members, the directors of the club having decided to offer for competition three silver cups which will be shot for in a series of thirteen shoots. Each contestant to be eligible for either of the cups must take part in ten of the thirteen shoots. A sliding scale handicap has been adopted, each man starting in with a certain allowance of misses as breaks. The high score in any competition counts as 3 points; second highest scores count as 2 points, and third highest scores count 1 point. Those who make the highest scores in any one shoot lose one miss as a break from their handicap; in the next contest second and third remain as they were, while those who were unplaced each receive an additional miss as a break. The following are the scores made in two shoots decided to date:

	No. 1.				No. 2.			
	Broke.	Handicap.	Total.	Points.	Broke.	Handicap.	Total.	Points.
Woodsteger	16	4	20	1	..	..	..	..
Lane	17	3	20	1	..	..	..	..
Stopfer	17	4	21	2	..	..	..	..
French	17	3	20	1	17	3	20	..
Gregory	18	7	20	1	17	7	24	2
Murphy	20	3	23	3	19	2	21	..
W Smith	8	8	16	..	..	..	..	..
Apgar	13	4	17	..	17	5	22	1
O'Brien	8	6	14	..	15	7	22	1
Ford	10	6	16	..	14	4	18	..
Scheets	5	8	13	..	12	9	21	..
H Smith	9	8	17	..	8	6	14	..
Mink	..	..	..	..	20	4	24	2
Numbers	..	..	..	..	21	3	24	2
Price	..	..	..	..	20	5	25	3
Mount	..	..	..	..	7	8	15	..
Reed	..	..	..	..	14	7	21	..

WILLIAMS DEFEATS STERLING.

Dec. 7.—Harry Williams, of Camden, N. J., and Harry Sterling, of Stockton, N. J., shot a race to-day at Stockton, Williams defeating his opponent with ease. The conditions of the match were: 50 live birds per man, 21yds. rise, gun below the elbow, 80yds. boundary, Rhode Island rules, $100 a side. Wm. Sands was referee, J. K. Starr acting as official scorer. The birds were a poor lot, and better scores should have been made by both shooters. Williams shot a 12-gauge gun, Sterling using his 10-gauge. At the end of the 26th round Sterling led by one bird; he then lost 6 straight, while his antagonist killed his 6, thus getting a lead of 5 that practically won him the match, his lead being 4 birds when the match was finished. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright 1896 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

H Williams.....1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1—17

0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—20—37

H Sterling.....0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1—17

1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—16—33

FLORISTS' GUN CLUB.

Dec. 8.—The Florists' Gun Club shot two club matches on their grounds at Wissinoming to-day. The first was the nineteenth match for the Donaldson handicap medal. This was won by A. B. Cartledge with the score of 23 out of 25. There will be seven more matches to determine the ownership of the medal, the highest number of wins in twenty-six contests to become the final owner. The wins to date are: George Craig 4, C. D. Ball 3, Ed Reid 2, John Burton 2, Geo Anderson 2, A. B. Cartledge 2, W. K. Park 1, W. K. Harris 1, J. W. Colflesh 1, Thos. Cartledge 1.

The second contest was for the W-A (Laflin & Rand) silver trophy and was won by W. K. Park, who hit 38 out of 50. The conditions for the W-A trophy were: 25 targets, known angles, handicap allowances, and 25 targets, unknown angles, without handicap; each contestant using at least twenty-five shells loaded with W-A smokeless. With one exception the scores are very much below the average, the greater number of lost birds being scored when the special powder was used, and was probably due to improperly loaded shells.

The scores made in the Donaldson handicap match were used in making up the total for the W-A trophy and are the first half of the scores given below:

W K Park (45)	1000010110110111101111111	—16
	1101111011111011111111110111	—22—38
Anderson (33)	1011000110111110110111111	—18
	0111010011111011111101110	—13—31
A B Cartledge (39)	1111111001110111101110011110	—22
	0100011111000110110110111	—14—36
J Burton (35)	0111101110011110001110001	—15
	1111111110111111010101110	—20—35
J W Colflesh (39)	0101100100011110111011111111110	—19
	1111001011101100111010	—16—35
C Ball (38)	0110110110101011100001000101	—14
	1010000111110101011071	—16—30
G O Bell (40)	1010100111111001101111011101	—20
	0111001001000000100011111	—11—31
G Craig (39)	1101111000100311001100011110111	—18
	1000101111011001111000000	—11—27
W Harris (33)	0100100111011111100011001011010110	—18
	0101100010000100100000111	— 9—27
*J Carlisle	1110101100010010110010101	—13
	0100101101010011111111011	—15—28
*T Brown	1010110101101111111001100	—15
	0000101010110001000000010000	— 8—23
*T Cartledge	0100011110100011000000000	— 8
	1100011100001000000000010	— 7—15

* Did not shoot their handicap allowances in the Donaldson contest.

Cook County League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 8.—The annual meeting of the Cook County League was held at the Sherman House, this city, yesterday evening, Dec. 7, President T. P Hicks in the chair, Mr. E. E Fox acting as secretary *pro tem.* The following members and delegates were present: T. P. Hicks and C. P. Richards, Garfield Club; W. F. Cutler and R. W. Rexford, Garden City Club; O. von Lengerke and Dr. C. W. Corson, Eureka Club; E. E. Fox, F. G. Barnard, J. P. Goettel and M. J. Lowery, of Cicero Club; A. C. Patterson, of Calumet Heights Club. The first order of business was the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting and those of the several meetings of the governing board. The treasurer's report showed the flattering balance on hand of $167.47.

Dr. Carson wished to amend some features of the classification rules, and Mr. Rexford wished to institute a new class—Class D—for future contests of the League. This involving an amendment to the by-laws finally took the form of a notice served by Mr. Rexford that at the next meeting of the League he would ask that Section 1 of the by-laws be so amended as to create a fourth class or Class D, and so that three from Class B and three from Class C could combine and form a B and C class team, so long as their combined averages did not exceed the percentage of either class.

It was decided to be the sense of the meeting that no team or individual should be eligible for more than one prize during the season.

Mr. Patterson served notice to so amend Section 2 of the by-laws that the contests of the League shall hereafter begin at 1 P. M. instead of at 2 P. M., as heretofore. This will be desirable, as it has always been late when the club contests were finished, and the start has not always been made promptly at the hour set.

Ridge Gun Club handed in its withdrawal from the League, which was accepted, this club not having a large enough membership to send a team.

The secretary was advised to send notices to members, looking to early meeting for the purpose of shooting off such undecided ties as still remain in the season contests.

Dr. Carson served notice that he would ask addition to the by-laws of a section on providing for a paid manager and official scorer for the future League contests—another very good movement. It was suggested with great justice that Mr. F. E. Coppernoll would make an excellent manager and Mr. C. H Hitchcock an equally good scorer. The governing board will probably select these gentlemen.

Election of officers was held with the following result: Mr. A. W. Adams, of Eureka Club, Pre-ident; Mr. John H. Amberg, of Garden City Club, Vice-President; Mr. E. E. Fox, of Cicero Club, Secretary Mr. C. P. Richards, of Garfield Club, Treasurer; Messrs. A. C. Patterson, of Calumet Heights Club, M. J. Eich, of Douglas Club, and Dr. C. W. Carson, of Eureka Club, members of the governing board. Adjournment followed.

E. HOUGH.

1906 BOTOR BUILDING, Chicago.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

In New Jersey.

AT BUNN'S GROUNDS.

Nov. 26.—The following scores were made to-day at Bunn's grounds on very fast birds. The first three events were at 10 birds, $5, class shooting. In addition to these events two miss-and-outs, $3 entrance, were also shot, with the following result:

No. 1: Morfey and Hopper 3, Morgan 2, Doty 1, Christie and Smith 0.

No. 2: Morgan 3, Morfey and Hopper 2, Smith and Doty 0.

The scores in the three events at 10 birds were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
T W Morfey	0222102201—7	2220201100—6	2202222200— 7
T C Christie	2220110200—6	0222010202—6	0020222012— 6
Smith	2112002001—6	010200 w —2	2202120200— 6
Doty	1201021222—8	0222212012—8	2221102212— 9
E Morgan	0120120022—6	2201122222—9	2022222222— 9
G Hopper	....	....	2222221222—10

DUTCHER.

SOCIAL ROD AND GUN CLUB, OF PATERSON.

Dec. 5.—The scores given below were made by members of the Social Rod and Gun Club, of Paterson, in one of its weekly contests for medals. The club shoots every Saturday afternoon, weather permitting, and intends to make things lively in Paterson target shooting circles. The scores were as below:

	Club shoot, handicap.		Shoot off.
E Morgan (26)	10110110111110011110111010	—18	1111111110—9
G Hopper (25)	1001110110111111110010111	—18	1110010010—5
J Doty (26)	11 01001010101111011111011	—18	0111111110—8
A Doty (26)	01111011101111101110010110	—18	1101011011—7
E Foley (26)	11010110100101111011111011000	—17	....
J Subach (30)	100101100101000010000111011101001	—14	....
J Galliger (28)	1011010100100101011000110100	—12	....
J Terwilliger * (29)	10000000000101010000010000	— 5	....

* Did not shoot his handicap

DUTCHER.

BOILING SPRINGS GUN CLUB.

Dec. 5.—The monthly shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held to day on the club's grounds at Rutherford. The weather was perfect, hence the high scoring. The club shoot is at 50 targets, 25 known angles and 25 unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets, the allowance being shot off at unknown angles. Scores:

W H Huck (50). 11111111111111111111011111111111111111111011111111111—48
S Palmer (55) .11111111111011110111111101111111101101111111111101—44
10111 — 4—48
F Edwards (50) 11111111110101100111111111111111111111111111111111—46
G E Greiff (50) 11101111111111111111111011110111111110111111111111—46
P Adams (53) .01111111111111111111111101111101100111101101111111—43
111 — 3—46
T Baron (55)...10111011111110111111111111011100111101111111111110—41
10111 — 4—45
N Apgar (50)...11111111101111101110111111111111111111101111111011110—44
C R Wise (50)..10110111111010111111101111111111111101101111111111111—43
De Wolf (55)..01111011111111101101111111111101110011110101111100—39
01111 — 4—43
B James (55)..11111111111111001111011110111101101101100111000001—36
01111 — 4—40
C Lenone (50).11101101111101001111101111111011100111101101111111—39
Harding (50)..11101111111010111101111111010011111011110011101111—39
Marvin (65)....00010110101111111110001100000001111111110111011010—30
11100100110110 — 8—38
Lane (58) .....00011100111110111101110010000111101011111001101111—33
10011011 — 5—37
*E Collins.....11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101—49
*De Wolf......11111110011111111011111111011111111111111111001111—44

*E Collins shot along for the birds, making the high score. De Wolf also shot another string of 50 targets, scoring a total of 83 out of his 100.

The tie between Huck and Palmer was shot off at 20 targets per man, Huck allowing Palmer 3 extra targets. The shoot-off resulted in another tie on 17 each. They then shot off at 10 targets, Palmer receiving 1 extra target as an allowance. Huck won the cup by breaking 8 out of 10 to Palmer's 7 out of 11. The shoot-off was decided in a light that was scarcely good enough to see a target leave the traps.

Other sweeps, all at unknown angles, were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*
Collins	10	9	13	15	Greiff	..	..	14	..
Apgar	9	7	14	15	Marvin	..	..	10	6
Edwards	8	9	13	11	Baron	..	..	12	11
Adams	4	8	12	11	James	..	..	11	..
De Wolf	7	6	14	10	Lenone	..	..	..	12
Huck	8	6	14	12	Harding	..	..	..	12
Lane	..	..	7	14					

BERGEN COUNTY GUN CLUB.

Dec. 5.—Below are the scores made to-day on the grounds of the Bergen County Gun Club, the main event being a contest at 30 targets for a silver keg of Laflin & Rand's W-A powder. Bell was the winner of this trophy with 27 out of 30. Scores:

Bell.....................111111111111111111111111110010—27
Hebbard...............001111100111110111111111001111—23
Conklin.................010111110111011111101101111010—22
Lefferts................000101111101011001010111110110—18
Warner..................110101001111010010111010011001—17
Hall.....................110011100101010000110011111010—18
Blauvelt...............100100100011111010110100001110—15
Jackson................100010111001010111100010010000—13
Post.....................010111001000011110101001000100—13
Gardner................001000001000001001110111101000—11
U Thule.................010000000101010100001011001—11

Other events were as follows:

No. 1: Bell 8, Johnson 7, Banta and Warren 5, Post 4, Gardner 3.

No. 2: Gardner 5, Banta 4, Jackson 3.

No. 3: Banta 9, Warner and Jackson 8, Post 6.

THE ENDEAVORS DEFEAT THE BERGEN COUNTY MEN.

Dec. 9.—The Endeavor Gun Club defeated the Bergen County Gun Club, of Hackensack, to-day, on the grounds of the former at Marion, N. J. The weather was very unfavorable for good shooting, there being a high wind blowing across the traps. Louis Piercy, the boy member of the Endeavor Gun Club, did some excellent work, breaking 29 out of 30 in the team race. To-day's contest decided the series between these two clubs, the Endeavors making the record two straight. Scores:

Endeavor Gun Club.

E Collins..........................101011111011011011110111111110—23
L Piercy...........................011111111111111111111111111111—29
A Woodruff.......................011010111101111101001110111111—22
M Herrington.....................111111011100111000101111110111—22
E Taylor...........................110111111110110101111111011110—24
H S Welles........................111111101110011001110001010111—20
C von Lengerke..................100110110100110001101010001111—16
G Piercy ....101111110110101111101111111010—23
E Ingram...........................000101011111110010100100101111—17—196

Bergen County Gun Club.

C W Dudley.......................110111111111111111111110001111—26
J S Remsen.......................111110110111111011010111110011—23
G Ricardo ....101011111010100111001000011010—18
Conklin..............................111111110111101100011100101101—21
B James.............................001001000010000010111010101001— 9
N Apgar.............................111110111111111100101111111011110—24
Job Lott.............................100111111111011111110011111110111—24
H P Fessenden...................111111110100111101010110110111—22
J W Hildreth......................101111111111110011101111100110—23—187

Other sweeps were shot as below, the average of the scores made being very low, owing to the wind:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*15*	*20*	Targets:	*20*	*20*	*15*	*20*
G Piercy	13	17	13	17	Ingram	11	..	..	18
L Piercy	18	..	..	..	Woodruff	..	14	13	18
Hildreth	11	14	10	11	Remsen	..	20	..	16
Collins	18	18	13	18	Dudley	..	13	..	..
Strader	17	16	13	15	Cameron	..	11	10	..
Lott	11	14	..	15	Apgar	..	17	..	18
Welles	14	17	..	9	Taylor	..	..	11	16
Herrington	15	15	..	12	Earl	..	..	10	9

A. R. STRADER.

AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Dec. 11.—W. R. Patten and Phil Daly, Jr., shot a 50-bird race to-day, Daly conceding his opponent the very large odds of 8yds., standing at 31yds. as against 23yds. Patten outshot Daly under the conditions, the latter retiring at the end of the 46th round. Scores:

W R Patten (23) ....12221222201222222021020—21
2102220120221111202220w—18—39
P Daly, Jr (31) ....1202020222122212202120002—19
0020021020222222202w —14—33

FORESTER GUN CLUB, OF NEWARK.

Dec. 12.—The regular monthly target shoot of the Forester Gun Club, of Newark, was held this afternoon. Only four shooters were present, some of the boys laying back for Christmas, when we have a good shoot for turkeys, the shoot being an all-day one. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Jewell	8	6	6	7	6	8	..	..	7	..
Winans	7	8	6	5	5	3	1	..	8	..
W Smith	..	7	10	8	10	10	6	8	10	10
Wambold	..	..	9	7	7	9	6	6	..	..

Nos. 1, 2 and 6 were at known angles; Nos. 3, 5, 9 and 10 at unknown angles; No. 4, reversed order; Nos. 7 and 8 at 5 pairs.

H. E. WINANS, Sec'y.

REMSEN WON AT HACKENSACK.

Dec. 12.—The contest for the *Recreation* cup at Hackensack, N J., took place to-day under the auspices of the Bergen County Gun Club of that place. There were only ten entries a number remarkably small when one considers the generous conditions under which the trophy is offered for competition. Of these ten entries only eight completed their scores. J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., winning the first shoot for the cup by a margin of 3 targets from his nearest opponent, Edwards, also of Brooklyn, who secured $5 for running into second place. Ed Taylor, of Laflin & Rand, was third, and received back the amount of his entrance fee, $3. In addition to these prizes there was an optional sweepstake of 75 cents on each string of 25 targets, which added considerably to the interest of the shoot. The conditions were 100 targets per man, 50 being shot at known traps and angles, and the other 50 at known traps, unknown angles.

The scores were ridiculously low, 82 winning the first contest for the cup. (This cup has to be shot for seven times, once every two months, the man winning it the greatest number of times out of the seven becoming the ultimate owner. Thus Remsen starts in with one win to his credit.) It is rather a mystery what caused the low scores. Nobody could make a good score, Remsen's 23 in the first 25 being the best effort; his three next strings were 19, 19 and 21. Neaf Apgar could do no better than 71, a total that disgusted him and amazed everybody else. The secret of the trouble seemed to be the poor background and hard-breaking targets, the number of "dusted birds" being far above the average. The targets also were thrown low and far, but there was very little wind to bother the shooters. The scores in the 100 target race were as follows:

J S S Remsen 11111101111111110111111110111011011101111101111011—42
11011111111011111110001011111111100111111011111011—40—82
F S Edwards..11101111110011011111111111111111110111011111011101—42
11111111011110011101111101110001101101001101111111—37—79
Ed Taylor....11110111101110101110001111100011111011011001111110—35
11111011110110111111111100111111011111111011010111—40—75
Neaf Apgar...10111011111011001111111110011111111111100111101101 1—39
01111100010111110111101011011011110000011011101101—32—71
Conklin.......11100001110100111011011011101000000111111111111111—33
00001111011110101100101010111110111000110111111110—32—65
Hexamer......00011111110101100011000100011110100011111111101101—30
10111101111101001000110010110000000100110011110010—25—55
J W Hildreth..10101001101110110111010011110011011111001110100101—31
11001010000010011010110110101100010100100101101100—23—54
C F Lenone...11010011001001111110001100101010110000101101111101—28
01100010110011100001110000000000110100000001000110—16—44
*C C Hebbard.00101110011111010111001001111110000100100000010010—24
0000111111001110100000010w —11—35
*T Bell.... ..01111000101100000110101101000000100011011011011000—22

* Hebbard withdrew at the end of the 75th round, Bell withdrawing at the end of the 50th round.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 9.—Live-bird scores made here to-day were as below:

Dr Carver...........................1121212221210120220002222 —20
1222122012211102021222112201121202021—30
G Roll.................................2222111212121112222221001 2 —23
21111220101211122712211200112 12 —26
Sibley.................................1210200120122112 0001 —13
Bocci..................................22200102022200102020 —11
Barto..................................201102011012 2702 —10
Amberg...............................010012100211020 — 8
Laird..................................020000211110 0101 — 8
Simeslitte............................2202111020 — 7
Rehm..................................20111 20001 — 6
Church................................1100100001 — 4
Bear...................................0001100210 — 4

Dec. 10.—John L. Winston (147) shot at 21 birds here to-day, scoring 19 of them, as shown below:

Winston ....222220222221022222222—19

Dec. 11.—Both Winston and Carver were on hand to day to do a little practice shooting, 147 scored 37 out of 38 birds shot at:

Winston..........................1212220222222222222222222222222222222—37
Carver............................222011022121202112201102 2 —20
2211102111211202221012121 00110 —24

Dec 12—There was quite a lot of shooting here to-day. Carver and Roll shot at 30 practice birds, each killing 28. Winston shot at 54, scoring 44 out of that number. Records made to-day were as below:

Winston ....02222222210022212222222 0 —21
222222202222222122220202202 02 —23
Carver...22122222022122202222122212 2212—28
Roll..2220222222111222222222 2?111202—28
Goodrich......................................00012?0202212201222121112 —18
Frothingham..................................121001211122101 22100 —15
Rehm..112112012 010110 —11
Lord...102202000021020 — 7
Fish..1101010012110211001012200012 —17
Comley..2202101022122111111111111122 —25
McHie...1211102211 — 9
Amberg..1211122210 — 9
Laird...0111201022 — 7
Burke..1010200211 — 6
Lee...0201201111 — 7

RAVELRIGG.

Another Tie Race at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 8.—This city is getting rather famous in the trap-shooting world, by reason of the numerous tie races that have been shot here lately. Dick Merrill and Dr. Williamson have been responsible for three of them, while to-day Dr. Williamson and George Deiter added another to the list. This was a 200-bird match, J. A. Bush looking after Deiter's interests, while Merrill handled his late opponent, Dr. Williamson.

In the first half of the match Deiter shot poorly, and seemed unable to do anything with the birds. The score at the end of the first 100 stood 88 to 81 in favor of Dr. Williamson. Then an adjournment was had for lunch, and the interval seemed to brace up Deiter, who went in and ran 74 straight out of the second 100, his straight run being 77 all told. Out of the last 26 birds he lost 5, completing the match with a total of 176, scoring 95 out of his last 100. Dr. Williamson did not go to pieces as a result of Deiter's long run, but kept shooting away at a regular gait and finished with 176 also, scoring 88 out of each 100. His double-figure runs were: 20, 19, 19, 14, 12, 12, 10, 10. Deiter's runs were: 77, 14, 12, 10. The scores were:

Dr. Williamson...... ....2221111111122222222o?112o—23
1211121220o01o11101108122—19
211112212o1121102o222121—24
12?01221212201110?2212?12—22
222022?11oo?11211?o121111—20
012?211211?012222?10?2212—22
[illegible]—23—176
G. Deiter ....[illegible]—22
[illegible]—19
[illegible]—20
[illegible]—20
[illegible]—25
[illegible]—25
[illegible]—24
0222020?o22220112112222—21—176

Quail from the Trap.

NOT very long ago we were told that quail had been shot from the trap at Morristown, N. J., and were much surprised to learn that several local shooters had taken part in the shoot. When the affair was reported to us by one of the participants, we expressed our opinion of such a "sport." It seems that we are by no means isolated in our position on the matter. The following extracts from Pittsburg, Pa., newspapers explain themselves:

No. 1 is from the *Daily News* of December 8 and reads thus: "William French, H. Harper, George Ziegler and S. Brown, of Butler, Pa., were in Pittsburg this morning and announced that on next Monday they would hold a quail shoot at Butler. They claim to have 500 of these delectable birds to trap, and invite all of the Pittsburg wing shots to take aim at them. The question has been raised as to the legality of the gentlemen named in disposing of quail in this manner, and many Pittsburg shooters claim that it is unlawful to do so. Before going to Butler on this intent they will consult an attorney as to their right to so and the existence of these birds."

No. 2, from the *Commercial Gazette*, is as follows: "That proposed quail contest at Butler caused a great deal of talk among local shooters yesterday, and not a man could be found who indorsed the affair. There was an unanimity of opinion in denouncing it as being unsportsmanlike and decidedly unfair. Elmer Shaner, who is perhaps the best posted shooter in the State, was quite indignant yesterday, and said he was glad that the shoot was not to be held by any recognized club, but by a few parties who ought to have better sense. If the shoot was by a club he would at once take action toward having it expelled from the State Association. So far as he knew, there was no law to prevent such a shoot, but he felt certain that no true sportsman would participate in such a contest, as they would lay themselves open to be called pot-hunters. He was certain that none of the local shooters would participate in the contest, and from what he knew of Butler county shooters he felt that they would do everything in their power to prevent its taking place."

Later news from Pittsburg is contained in the following dispatch from Butler, Pa., Dec. 12, to the Pittsburg *Leader*: "The live quail shoot which was to have been held here on Monday by the Butler Gun Club has been called off, owing to the opposition of Pittsburg sporting men. The members of the club thought a live quail shoot would be all right, and it met with the approval of all the sportsmen they had consulted. It was the intention to get 600 quail and turn 100 loose, and it was expected that a couple of hundred would escape from the marksmen, thus stocking the surrounding country with birds. They did not expect any opposition, but since it has come they have decided to call the shoot off, which is a matter of regret to a majority of the sporting people of the vicinity."

Cartridge Loading Machines in Court.

THE Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, O., sends us the following account of the ending of its nine years of legal warfare against the Standard Cartridge Company, of Chicago:

"The United States Circuit Court of Appeals has just decided the case of the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, against the Standard Cartridge Co., of Chicago, in favor of the Peters Company. The Standard Co., which now has an existence only in the courts, was composed of several of the leading powder companies, and boasted of having $30,000,000 at its command. A certain machinist who had assisted in building the Peters cartridge machines, adopted their inventions and proceeded to build machines which the Standard Co. operated, although warned that these machines were gross infringements upon the rights of the Peters Cartridge Co. Going into the Patent Office, it sought to have set aside the various patents and pending applications of the latter company, and secured for itself a number of exceedingly expensive interference suits, every one of which was decided in favor of the Peters Cartridge Company. Not satisfied with this, it carried two of the suits into the United States Court. That referring to the 'Round Table Machine' was dismissed at complainants' cost in the U. S. circuit court. The 'Endless Chain' case was fought from one court to another, much additional testimony being taken, but all the decisions were in favor of the Peters Cartridge Company. The judge of the circuit said in delivering his opinion 'That the attempt to appropriate the invention was fraudulent.' The judges of the Appellate Court reaffirmed this. Long, tedious and expensive litigation of almost nine years has thus ended. About 5,000 printed pages of testimony were taken. This leaves the Peters Cartridge Co. sole owner of these two types of successful shell-loading machines."

Trap Around Pittsburg.

NORTHSIDE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 2.—There was quite a good attendance at the grounds of the Northside Gun Club this afternoon. Six events, all 15 targets each, were shot during the afternoon, the following scores being made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Moyer	11	8	6	7	10	11	Zuemmer	..	13	10	13	10	11
McClaran	9	8	7	5	11	9	Major	..	3	5	11	9	8
Kinzer	5	7	..	5	6	7	Bollen	..	8	10	12	10	11
Mack	8	8	7	8	8	9	Young Flicker	..	5	8	7	7	..
Jones	4	5	5	8	5	7	Jiles	..	3	..	4	..	..
Shaner	14	10	12	13	11	13	Cullen	..	..	4	7	8	10
Thomas	11	12	11	7	8	11	Stewart	..	..	..	3	8	7
Smith	6	7	8	8	8	10	Daub	..	..	..	..	10	..
Budd	..	10	11	..	..	..							

ALLEGHENY CITY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 3.—At the weekly shoot of the Allegheny City Rod and Gun Club, held to-day at Thomas Farm, Capt. Hulings won the club badge with 24 out of 25 targets. Scores:

Hulings 24, Jos. Fuchs 23, John Fugger and John Gerber 21, Henry Noll 20, J. G. Eckerman and H. T. Thomas 19, J. Meyer 17, F. L. Ober 15, Mike Glitch 13.

M. GLITCH, Sec'y A. C. R. and G. C.

In another portion of these columns we have made a note about "Quail from the Trap." The stand taken by the sportsmen of Pittsburg, Pa., against such an unsportsmanlike proceeding cannot be too highly commended. This is not the first time we have heard of quail being shot from traps, but we hope it will be the last. If you want to shoot Bob White, go after him into the stubbles and woods with a dog and gun; when you place him in your pocket then you have not committed murder. It was you and your dog against the quail, heavy odds maybe, but it was not a massacre.

New Jersey trap shooters ought to take a brace and get to work reorganizing the State Sportsmen's Association. New Jersey shooters ought also to see to it that some radical changes are made in the game laws of that State. The open season on ruffed grouse ends on Dec. 10, yet hunters can scour the woods until Jan. 1 in search of quail and rabbits! The State Association could do something to help in rectifying such manifest errors.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

T. H. E., East Boston.—The *Youth's Companion* story about frog farming has an air of fiction, and is not to be taken as demonstrating the actuality or practicability of frog farming.

A. E. E., Lodi, O.—Your description is rather vague, but we imagine that your bird is a loon (*Urinator*), perhaps *U. septentrionalis*, the red-throated diver. Did you note anything special about the position of legs?

SANDUS, Sandusky, O.—1. Will a 28in. shotgun barrel give as good results at the trap as a 30in. barrel? 2. Can you cover the target quicker with the 28in. barrel? Ans.—1. With smokeless powder, yes; with black powder, no. 2. Yes.

J. H., Belize, Br. Honduras.—If I ordered a 38-55 Winchester rifle, would it come with a "cast off" in the stock for a right-armed shooter, or are the stocks without cast off. Being a left-armed shooter, should I state this in ordering a rifle? Of course, if the stocks are always furnished straight then it would not be necessary. Ans.—Stocks are always furnished without cast off.

C. J. A., New York.—Are there any Great Dane kennels? If so, will you kindly give me their addresses? Also what is the natural disposition of Great Danes? Ans.—There are a number of Great Dane kennels in this country, but most of them seem indifferent about their addresses being made known. The Great Dane is mild in disposition, though courageous. They are rarely vicious in temper.

C. L. J., London, Ont.—My pointer pup is apparently in good health but for a slight cough, which affects him only when first let out of his kennel. Then he appears to have some slight obstruction in his throat and coughs a few times till he succeeds in coughing it up. He is kept in a shed about 10×12, and supplied with plenty of good dry straw; has plenty water, and is fed mostly on porridge made of shots and corn meal. My old setter is similarly affected, but much more so, as he is seldom without more or less of a cough, and has had it for some two or three years, more or less. What would you recommend? Ans. Apply tincture of iodine around throat daily till skin becomes sore, then stop. Give following mixture:

Tr. camph. opii.......................................℥ v
Vin. ipecac..ʒ ii
Morph. sulph..grs. iii
Syr. simpl...℥ ii
Aq. ⊙..℥ vi

Give one teaspoonful three times a day. Older dog should have mixture oftener—four or five times a day.

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